

Ladies' Home

# JOURNAL

450

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Hasselriis

*Not for Love*

A New Serial by **ALICE DUER MILLER**





*"Thank goodness...  
they're wrapping lingerie  
in Cellophane!"*

## DAINTY AND CLEAN... WHEN YOU BUY IT

There's nothing messier than lingerie that's been pawed over by the hands of the shopping mob.

There's nothing neater and cleaner than fresh, new lingerie sealed up in Cellophane.

That's the reason why women are choosing lingerie in Cellophane transparent wrapping,

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Try buying lingerie this sensible way—and you, too, will say, "Thank goodness!"

**Cellophane**  
TRADE MARK



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# Hearts were Trumps

[ UNTIL SHE SMILED ]



THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—an opinion is formed, an impression made.

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

## NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your gums are tender—if your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—see *your dentist*. For "pink tooth brush" is

**She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"**

a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

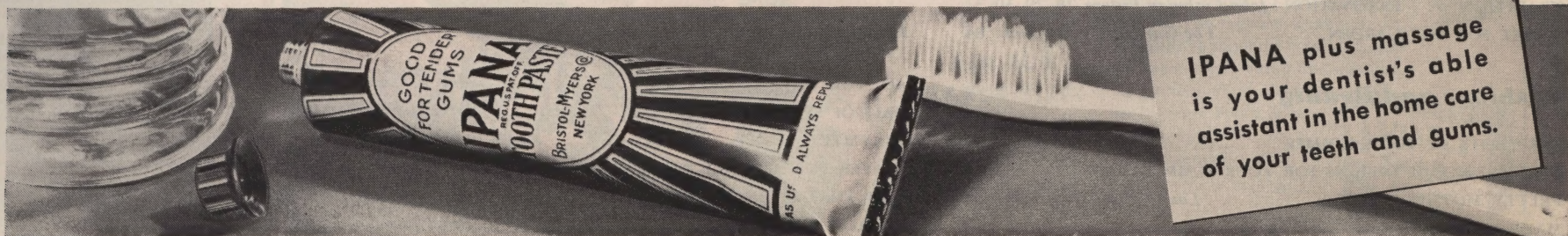
*Don't take chances.* You may not be in for serious trouble—but *your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, under-worked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps

teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana

on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Tender tissues become more sturdy. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will not only keep your teeth brighter but will do much to give you firmer, healthier gums. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

**LISTEN TO** "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

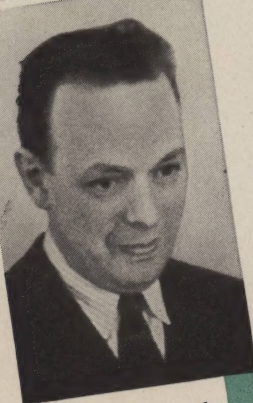


**IPANA plus massage**  
is your dentist's able  
assistant in the home care  
of your teeth and gums.



# LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

LEAVITT



Richard Pratt



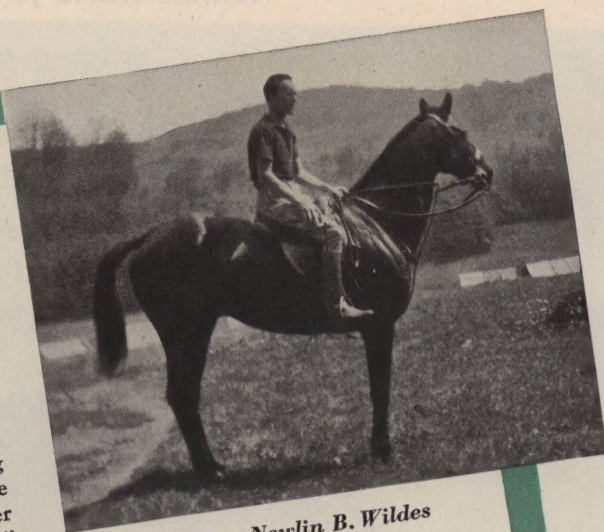
Alice Duer Miller

■ NEWLIN B. WILDES: "Honestly," he writes, "I don't know what to tell you that would be interesting and chatty. My early years were spent in the far West, with summers on a ranch where I learned to be keen about horses. Then the East for prep school and Harvard. I have a place of my own in Vermont and care more about riding through its hills than any other diversion. I'm writing stories because I want to be able to do a lot of things and because a friend of mine, who happens to be an editor, told me that my writing probably wouldn't amount to anything because I wouldn't stick to it. I don't know yet whether he was right or not. That was two years ago."

■ RICHARD PRATT: Leaving Pennsylvania long ago for New York City to become a landscape architect, he quit landscape architecture after the war to become a music critic, art critic and writer on garden and architectural subjects, then to be managing editor of *House & Garden*. After that he was editor of *The Seven Seas*, and got in a lot of travel abroad, returning finally to a lovely old Pennsylvania farm. He edits the JOURNAL'S picture page, writes the Fifty Years Ago column, runs the garden department, and is the Gardener's Assistant—both in the magazine and at home. He has a fifteen-year-old daughter who is going to be an illustrator, and his heroes are Ring Lardner and Johann Sebastian Bach. "May I say here," he asks, "that I'm trying to collect old catalogues?"

■ ALICE DUER MILLER: Perhaps because she is the least Bohemian of writers—looking, indeed, like one of Edith Wharton's lovely and patrician New Yorkers—Mrs. Miller knows everyone in the artistic world, from Harpo Marx to Noel Coward. Likes them as much as they like her. Her pleasant apartment overhanging the East River has long been the place where good writers go while they live. Though she was born in New York and, in a way, has always lived there, she has spent a few years in Costa Rica and many months in Scotland, Styria, Antibes and London. Most of the time she, despite her leisured appearance, works very hard at writing, either in New York or Hollywood. When not busy writing, she is swimming, playing cribbage or jousting at anagrams with Alexander Woollcott.

JUNE, 1937  
Volume LIV, No. 6



Newlin B. Wildes

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (The Home Journal) is published on the tenth of the month preceding its date.

THE NAMES of all characters that are used in short stories, serials and semfiction articles that deal with types are purely fictitious. If the name of any living person is used, it is simply a coincidence.

BRUCE GOULD and BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, Editors. Stuart Rose, Elizabeth Woodward, Frank Eltonhead, Julia Coburn, Alice Blinn, Ann Batchelder, Grace L. Pennock, Louise Paine Benjamin, John Cushman Fistere, Rosalie Schachner, Richard Pratt, Henrietta Murdock, Mary Cookman, Associate Editors.

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THE PRICE of the Ladies' Home Journal is ten cents the copy. By subscription: U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador, five years, \$3.00; three years, \$2.00; two years, \$1.50; one year, \$1.00. . . . Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, and South America except the Guianas, \$1.50 the year. In Great Britain only, 12s. 6d. Other countries, \$3.00 the year. . . . Remit by Money Order or by draft payable in U. S. Funds. . . . All prices subject to change without notice.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY also publishes *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. and Canada 5c the copy, four years, \$5.00; three years, \$4.00; two years, \$3.00; one year, \$2.00 (52 weekly issues), and the *Country Gentleman* (monthly), in the U. S. and Canada 10c the copy, five years, \$2.00; three years, \$1.50; two years, \$1.00.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Founder and President from 1883 to 1932.

WALTER D. FULLER, President.

PHILIP S. COLLINS, Vice-President and Treasurer.

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ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES—for advertising business only; subscriptions not received—are as follows: Philadelphia, Independence Square; New York, 60 East 42nd Street; Chicago, 333 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Avenue; Boston, Statler Office Building, 20 Providence Street; San Francisco, 235 Montgomery Street.



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*...sensitive skin and  
pure Ivory agree!*

Here's some beauty news to interest every woman! Scientists of a famous university recently tested six leading toilet soaps on every type of complexion—dry, oily, normal, sensitive—and even "problem" skins. And here's what they found:

"Ivory Soap, pure and free from dyes and perfumes, agrees better with more types of skins than any other soap tested."

What does this mean to you? It means that undoubtedly your type of skin was studied in these tests, too. And that your skin can be even lovelier in the care of a soap that truly "agrees" with it.

If your skin is sensitive . . . it should find its perfect beauty treatment in the soap that doctors advise for a baby's sensitive skin . . .

## IVORY SOAP

*99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure • It floats*

### Love Plays a Hand in Bride's Triumph

...AND COLONEL, I'D LIKE TO MARRY BETTY LOU.

WELL, SIR, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP MY LITTLE GIRL HAPPY, ON YOUR SMALL INCOME?

OH, DADDY! I'D JUST LOVE TO COOK AND WASH DISHES—FOR WAYNE!

TWO MONTHS LATER

THAT WAS A SWELL DINNER—WON'T YOUR DAD BE PROUD OF YOU WHEN HE COMES NORTH NEXT MONTH!

PROUD! HE'LL HAVE A FIT...

JUST WAIT 'TILL HE SEES HOW AWFUL MY HANDS LOOK FROM DISHWASHING!

DARLING, MAYBE YOUR SOAP IS WRONG. HOW ABOUT IVORY?—YOU USE IT FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!

A WEEK LATER

WASN'T I SILLY NOT TO HAVE THOUGHT OF IVORY MYSELF! WHY, MY HANDS ARE A LOT SMOOTHER ALREADY.

TWO WEEKS LATER

BETTY LOU, YOU'RE A NATURAL BORN COOK! TO THINK YOU DID IT ALL YOURSELF WITH THESE PRETTY LITTLE HANDS.

AFTER DINNER YOU'LL SEE WHY MY HANDS ARE STILL PRETTY—I'M WASHING DISHES WITH IVORY.

AND HONEY, I FIGURE IT COSTS ONLY ABOUT A CENT A DAY TO WASH DISHES WITH LARGE-SIZE IVORY!

When pure gentle Ivory costs so little, it's folly to use washday soaps for dishes. These soaps are fine for the regular weekly wash, but they're too hard on your hands for three-times-a-day dishwashing. So protect your hands with gentle Ivory Soap—"it's safe even for a baby's sensitive skin!"

ASK FOR  
"LARGE-SIZE"  
**IVORY**  
99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE

**IVORY SOAP**  
Procter & Gamble

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



## FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

**E**GGs, in 1887, were twelve cents a dozen; butter was seventeen cents a pound; sirloin was eleven cents, and strawberries were five cents a quart—the same as milk. Pug dogs and dandelions were all the rage, and Pasteur was completing his work on rabies. Mrs. Cleveland was making plans for her twenty-third birthday, while the President, fifty, fished for trout at Saranac; and Brahms, at fifty-four, in Vienna, was finishing his Fourth (and last) Symphony. Lord Tennyson was unable to attend Queen Victoria's Jubilee on account of the gout, and ladies wore gloves of *sang de boeuf* suède with white kid between the fingers.

A controversy in the JOURNAL for June, 1887, indicates that there were

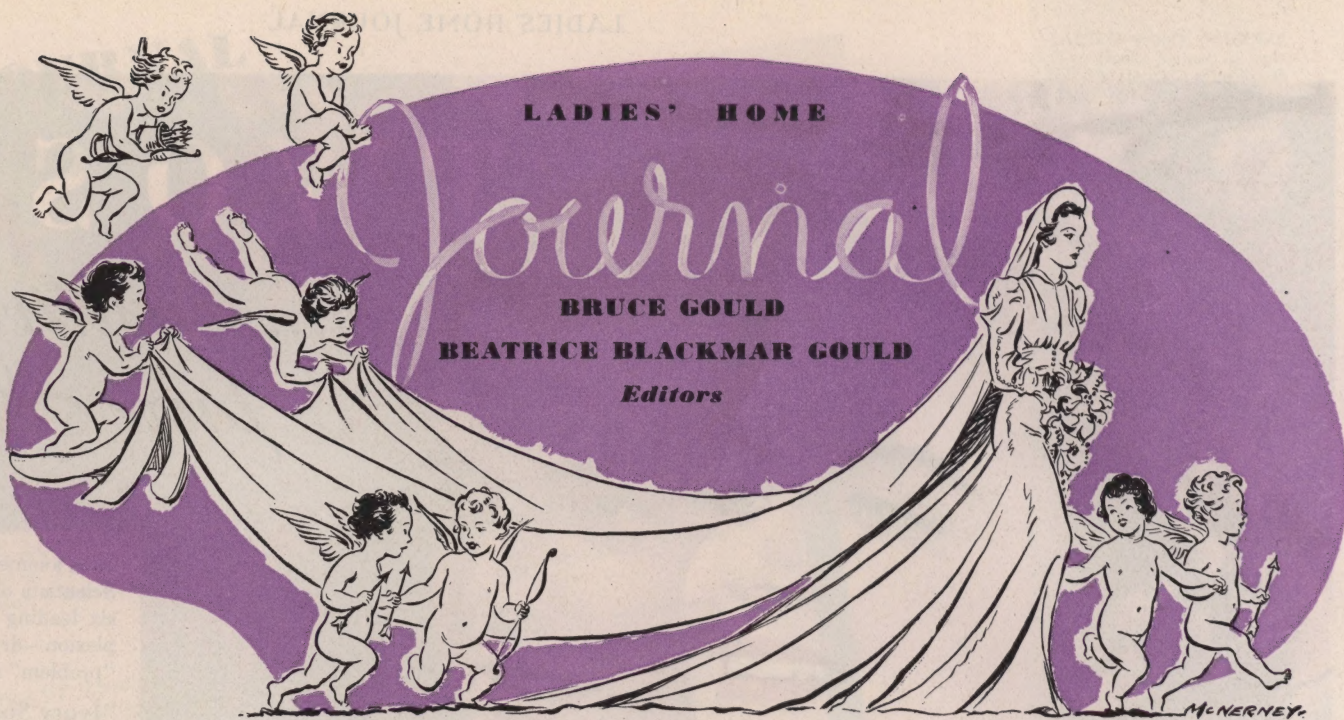


more married women in business than you might suppose. An article by Mary Card-will in the March number had been rather critical of the "selfishly energetic business wife" whose career "exhibited to the world the sad spectacle of a husband rendered contemptible . . . his spark of manliness extinguished." To which, among others, Mrs. Claire Alix, of Los Angeles, was now replying, at length and with considerable heat. Mrs. Alix made it clear that in her case it was "marital co-operation, not competition," and "as far as neglect of my husband is concerned, I am back home at night two hours before he comes, and so he finds his supper and me just as attractive as if I had spent the day making a crazy quilt or reading a new novel."

In the same issue Miss M. A. Turner, who evidently had been disturbed by the "prevalent opinion that literary women are slovenly in their dress," rustled to the defense of certain famous contemporary figures. "Rose Terry Cooke," she asserted, "dresses handsomely." Ella Wheeler Wilcox composes her passionate poetry in a Directoire dress with short sleeves and low neck. While Frances Hodgson Burnett likes to work in dainty lace."

The magazine opened with a story by the same Rose Terry Cooke who "dresses handsomely"; a story called *Begun Wrong*, which began: "She stood there amid waves of pale glittering satin, that a dress-maker was draping about her slender figure." . . . Fanny Fanshaw's piece on *Over-anxious Mothers* came right out with the statement that "The mysterious power of mind over matter must account for the constant ailments of most children." . . . While an exhaustive treatise on house cleaning, which included "working over all the wallpaper with corn meal," made the most meticulous of modern methods seem terribly slipshod.

**BEAUTY NOTE:** "Fine salt, well rubbed in, is excellent for the growth of the eyebrows, whose appearance will be further improved by judicious trimming."



### A GRIM FAIRY TALE

**O**URS is a government of checks and balances. Though we have our troubles, we have only to look about at other nations to see how good and workable our type of government is.

Ours is a government of checks and balances because those currently much-abused Founding Fathers discovered how easily intelligent and well-intentioned persons could be led by temporary emotions and opinions into ill-considered paths and actions.

At the moment this is written the nation is deep in a discussion as to the propriety of President Roosevelt's adding a younger Justice to the Supreme Court bench for every Justice over seventy. The legal profession is six to one against the plan. Even the electorate which returned the President to his second term by a ten million majority is, according to the American Institute of Public Opinion's poll, slightly against this proposal. The chance of Congress resisting the will of an all-powerful President seems remote, however.

Sometimes proposals show up in their true light when one looks at them in reverse. So, since our government provides for three branches, Executive, Legislative and Judicial, each to check and balance the others, let us suppose that the Judiciary branch, intoxicated by the new blood of the presidential transfusion, feels so rejuvenated and frisky after a year or two, it decides President Roosevelt, himself, is a little slow. Decides that he isn't feeding the augmented Supreme Court with enough suggestions for making over the world in a few years, to keep that now reinvigorated body sufficiently busy. The Court wants more work than the now glutted and somewhat lethargic President is providing. And the Court feels that since, in one case, the President took over their Judicial arm and restored its vigor, it is only fair they should respond in kind by strengthening his Executive arm. They suggest, therefore, they should have some new, supplementary Presidents—say two, two younger and more radical men—to keep newer, more revolutionary measures coming along for Supreme Court validation. The constitutionality of this at first surprising plan they would sidestep, of course, on the, to them, obvious plea of immediate public good.

This sounds like a fairy tale. It is. But it is no more essentially fantastic in its conception that the Supreme Court should assume control over the President than was the President's startling suggestion that he make this democratic country's laws by aid of a supine Congress and then have them declared constitutional by means of a Supreme Court of his careful selection. Both mean the end of our government of checks and balances.

### A MEMORY FOR THE FUTURE

**W**E PASS a country church by the crossroads on our way home, and every year at about this time we notice the sexton setting out fresh little flags here and there in the green shade of the graveyard. But on Memorial Day itself we are always startled when suddenly the sound of guns in the distance rattles across the quiet orchard and drops into our garden like pebbles falling on a board. We look up and listen for the mournful "Taps" that follows faintly on the breeze. Every year from this churchyard over the hill there are these three rifle volleys, and then the bugle call that says, "Go to sleep." And we wonder if this salute to the dead who once wore the uniform of war cannot also be construed as a warning to the wives and mothers and sweethearts who waited. . . . For in the papers we look at pictures of women in European factories making gas masks by the million; of children wearing them at school for practice, and of other people wearing them at work and play, for publicity. They do look rather grotesque in the pictures, but they really aren't very funny. And of course they are across the ocean; but how can we forget so soon that oceans aren't so wide as they seem? . . . So maybe Memorial Day, as long as it is meant for memory, is a good day to remember the living too.

INTERNATIONAL



"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

### FIFTY YEARS AGO—AND NOW

**I**F ANY of our younger readers think this Fifty Years Ago column on the left is merely a compilation of quaintness rescued from the fading files of the JOURNAL, they should see

the letters we get from people for whom the magazine of 1887 is still as fresh and real as any recent issue. Fresher, if anything. Just let us slip up on a phrase, a name, a date, an incident, and our mail is filled with reproof—some of it rather stern. The wave of reminiscence that follows each column's appearance makes us feel that time marches in two directions, and we must admit that these backward glances are growing on us. Almost every glimpse into the past provides us with another example of history repeating itself. For instance, in the JOURNAL for January, 1901, the first article we see is entitled *The Baltimore Belle Who Made the Most Brilliant Match of Any Girl in America*; while in the March issue of the same year appears *The Only American Girl Who Ever Married a King*. The former refers to the Mrs. Patterson who "in London attracted the eye of the Prince himself," and who shortly thereafter married the Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother. The second article is about Elise Hensler, of Boston, who married King Ferdinand of Portugal. Even so, it is quite a coincidence.



*Growing lovelier day by day...*  
**The Dionne Quins use only**  
**PALMOLIVE**  
*the soap made with Olive Oil!*



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**NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH,  
 TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!**

HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT,  
 SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!

WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY,  
 MADAME, BY USING ONLY  
 PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND  
 NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING  
 ENOUGH FOR THE  
 QUINS' UNUSUALLY  
 SENSITIVE SKIN.

YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE  
 BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO.  
 ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE  
 SOOTHING—BECAUSE PALMOLIVE  
 IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS  
 WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED  
 FEAR DRY, LIFELESS,  
 "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF  
 PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR  
 THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS  
 MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN  
 PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY  
 THE COMPLEXION SOAP  
 FOR ME!

**IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING  
 AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?**

Are you *sure* the soap you're now using  
 is as pure, gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made  
 from a blend of real beauty ingredients,  
 gentle, soothing Olive and Palm oils  
 —famous as beauty aids since lovely  
 Cleopatra's time.

That is why Palmolive gives your  
 skin such matchless beauty care . . .  
 Why more than any other soap, it  
 brings you the promise of a lovelier,  
 more alluring complexion!

**DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY  
 HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!**

"At the time of the birth of the  
 Dionne Quintuplets, and for some  
 time afterward, they were bathed with  
 Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived  
 for soap and water baths, we selected  
 Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily  
 use in bathing these famous babies."

*Allen Roy Dafe*

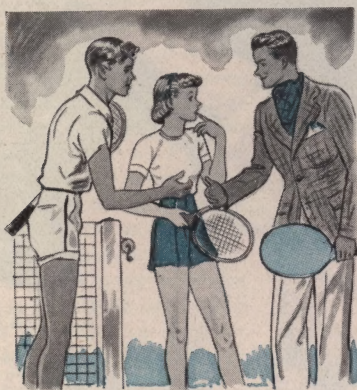


TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



# What Would You Do If—

**—It's Time to Go?** Mother announces that curfew rings at twelve sharp, no matter what state the party's in. What do you do in the way of obeying the rules? Seize your date and run sobbing from the site? Take a chance and ignore the summons? Whine, "Mamma says I must"? It's a wise child that takes credit for itself. You'll keep everyone happy if you announce gaily that your book on how to treat parties says to leave 'em while they're young. And it doesn't hurt to exit before your curls and make-up slip!



**—Your Introduction Flops?** You've worked up a graceful introduction, in your very best style, only to discover that old Lenny knew old Buck way back when. After all your reasons why they should know each other, beginning and ending with tennis, you're told for your trouble that they're old chess rivals, thank you. Do you duck out quickly and forever? Do you first blush and then pout? Do you cover your confusion with a monologue on chess? Or do you ask them in the very first place, "Do you two know each other?"



**—His is a Kissing Game?** It isn't engine trouble, or no gas, or hardening of the arteries. Here comes that question again! There's the moon and here are we, and how about a kiss? It's easy to say yes—or nothing at all—and charge it up to the moon and the fun you had at the party. It's even easy to say no—a couple of times. But can you keep it up? Can you sell him the idea there's no car like his—when it's running? Or you're training for opera—so night air's out? Or you don't play kissing games?



**—He Doesn't Show Up?** You get yourself all macked out in your best bib and tucker. And it's timed to make him wait a few split seconds for you. But you're the one who waits. And waits. And he never shows up or phones to explain. Would you buzz him on said phone and give him what-for in your most ferocious voice? Or would you take off your finery and just plain go to bed? And from that day forward be darned busy when that lad calls and asks for dates? You *are* too busy to waste time waiting around for dates that never happen, aren't you?

**—It Isn't True?** You stumble on a large gray rumor that makes you out to be the author of pretty nasty words. You get the dingy details of what you said about whom. And not a word of it is true. You could, of course, put on a big publicity campaign to air the injustice and maybe set things straight in everyone's ears. But wouldn't it be more fundamental to set yourself straight with the injured party, and re-establish friendly relations? When your public sees you two arm-in-arm—won't that scotch the rumor?

**—You Used to Know Him Well?** You were desperately in love with Don and he with you—and then came the deluge. You're not sure exactly what happened except that it was over. And you were broken into a million tiny pieces and scattered over the countryside. And after months and months you lifted the receiver to hear his voice asking if he could see you. You probably gurgled yes. And then what? Would you carry on in the same old style, or treat it as something new? Would you rake up ancient history, or start again as of even date? Would you be the same old shoe? Or a new discovery?

**—You're Not a Prude, But?** "I don't smoke, and I don't drink, but I certainly do love flowers" will help when the crowd is making you feel a prude. Must you dabble in minor vices if you don't enjoy them? Isn't a glass of lemonade in front of you something to do with your hands?

**Behave Yourself!** That's my motto—and also the title of the newest Sub-Deb booklet. It's what you want to know about men—from meeting one to kissing him good night. And all for three cents. Send a stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for booklet No. 1329.

## THE SUB-DEB

BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

**—Three's a Crowd?** The roving eye of your best friend's favorite lad comes to rest on you. You suddenly find yourself the unwilling apex of one of those sharp little triangles you read about. Not that you have anything against Tom, but Betty and you have been practically Siamese since the second grade. Are you going to paste Tom away in your scrapbook, along with Dick and Harry? And blight Betty's young life on purpose? Or would it prove something if you played statue to Tom and stayed friends with Betty?



**—You've a Better Half?** You and your girl friend put on a swell sister act—or do you? You go on double dates and share the fun and lime-light. Or don't you? When it boils down to a foursome—or what's worse, a threesome—does Kate know the answers, and say them out in meeting? And get the man? While you sulk and stay silent? Or talk your curls off till you get noticed? Or could you use a little imagination and good sense and not be the girl that always seems to get left behind on the side line?



**—He Catches Up With You?** You tell Ted you're awfully sorry you can't go to the movies with him—but you have to stay at home and wage war on French irregular verbs. And then Jim calls up—and you decide to postpone the victory. And at the ticket window you bump plunk into Ted. Will you swallow hard and mumble something about being able to go out after all? Or will you be a bright girl, and tell Ted at the beginning that you are going to be busy, just busy? And avoid swallowing words?





JIM: "Not leaving? It's the very shank of the evening."

FRANK: "You'd leave, too, if you had to dance with the girl I brought. She's got 'It'\*—the wrong kind."

\*Nothing offends like halitosis (bad breath); nothing remedies it so well as LISTERINE.

## Cute but Careless

By Jane Brown

AT A RECENT house party, to which I was unlucky enough to be invited (I had a good book at home to finish), my attention fell on an exceptionally attractive young girl—the kind of a girl you'd think men would simply lose their minds about. Yet everywhere in that gay crowd, she seemed a sort of fifth wheel.

Young men would drop down beside her for a moment, then dash off. Occasionally they danced with her, wearing expressions indicating acute martyrdom.

I couldn't understand it, so I asked my hostess about her.

"Marjorie?" she confided, "of course she's cute . . . but she's also careless."

"Certainly not about her clothes!"

"Not about her clothes or her manners, but about

her breath. It isn't . . . well . . . nice, and nobody has the heart to tell her about it."

I suppose I should have been shocked, but in my work I've come in contact with so many girls, so many women also, with exactly the same trouble, that I merely shrugged.

For the life of me, I can't understand why any woman in social or business life dares to assume that her breath is always beyond reproach, when so often the reverse is true.

And when it *is* true, what a terrific hurdle the woman has ever before her.

As I said, I can't imagine any woman, or man either, running the risk of offending others when a good mouth wash like Listerine will take care of an unpleasant breath so promptly.

## ACTS TWO WAYS TO SWEETEN BREATH

Don't expect tooth paste, powders, or digestive tablets to cure halitosis (unpleasant breath). What you need is a safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against halitosis for two reasons: First, it quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth and mouth surfaces—a major cause of breath odors. Second, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

After you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is fresher, cleaner, more hygienic, and your breath is sweeter and hence more agreeable.

Never go forth to a business or social engagement without first using Listerine Antiseptic; it is your assurance that your breath will not offend others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE**  
checks Halitosis





"MIRACLE WHIP'S  
DELICIOUSNESS  
IS CERTAINLY  
HARD TO DESCRIBE.  
I'VE NEVER TASTED  
SUCH TEMPTING  
FLAVOR IN ANY  
OTHER DRESSING"



*Spring-Medley Salad* At Mrs. Fred Wolff's buffet luncheon this salad wins many a compliment. Heap up a salad bowl with crisp lettuce. In separate lettuce cups put generous portions of peas, cauliflower flowerets, Julienne green beans, Julienne carrots, sliced radishes and sliced tomatoes. Place these cups around rim of bowl; fill center with watercress. Mrs. Wolff serves each guest with watercress, lettuce, an assortment of vegetables—and then *Miracle Whip*! "It's this dressing," says Mrs. Wolff, "that gives vegetable salad the right dash!"

# Millions prefer this flavor "that is different"

An entirely new type of  
salad dressing  
... exclusive with Kraft

In bungalows and penthouses ... in great cities and little towns ... the swing is to *Miracle Whip*! It's a nation-wide swing to a wholly new flavor in salad dressing ... a flavor that is not too tart, not too bland, with just the right piquancy!

A skillful combination of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing—that's

what has won America! *Miracle Whip* now outsells the next 20 leading salad dressings combined!

Back of this remarkable popularity ... back of *Miracle Whip*'s tantalizing flavor ... stands Kraft's special recipe. It calls for far more of the expensive ingredients than are ordinarily used in commercial mixtures. And Kraft's exclusive *Miracle Whip* beater fluffs these ingredients to a superb creaminess never achieved before!

Taste *Miracle Whip* on your pet salad soon! You'll join the millions who have switched permanently to *Miracle Whip*!



HEAR THE KRAFT MUSIC  
HALL PROGRAM. Bing  
Crosby, Bob Burns and fa-  
mous guest stars! Every Thurs-  
day night, N. B. C. stations.



No skimping of costly ingredients here!

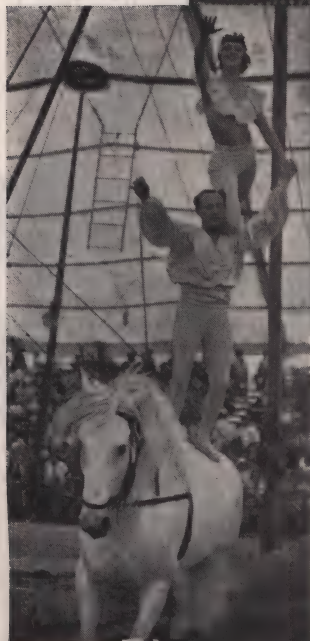
If ever you waver between *Miracle Whip* and a "just-as-good" dressing, remember this: in many dressings, expensive ingredients are deliberately skimmed. In making *Miracle Whip*, Kraft uses more—far more—of these costly ingredients. That is one good reason why millions prefer this unique product which is a cross between mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing.





**Oh-h! What's Coming Next?** Clowns, tumblers and trick riders wait their turn in the entrance gangway. The clown with the little hat and big feet is the famous Felix Adler.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LEAVITT FROM BLACK STAR



**Horse Sense.** The well-padded white horse gravely circles the ring.

## Circus



**From Down Under.** Eager faces and stilled feet in the audience tell the story of the circus almost as clearly as the performance itself.



**Hold Everything!** While thousands sit breathless this family group rides the tightwire just under the big top.



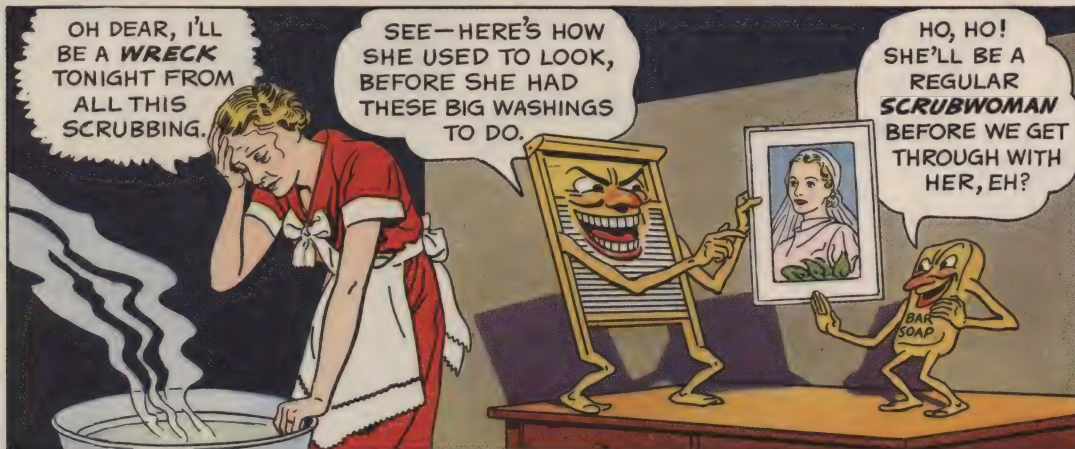
**Pachyderm Precision.** The elephants are favorites of the sawdust arena; only it's shavings, not sawdust.







# THE "OTHER" MRS. OLIPHANT



## NOW! SOAK CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER

No Scrubbing, No Boiling . . . This Amazing Way



### My Clothes are Whiter and Brighter Than Ever

"I had used so many different soaps that when I heard about Oxydol, it was a little hard for me to believe the things you said! I had always washed on the board—the hard way—but when you said OXYDOL soaks out dirt, I decided to give it a trial! And since changing to Oxydol six months ago, truly I haven't used a washboard at all! Never! And yet my clothes are whiter and brighter than ever before."

Signed Mrs. E. Smith

Redwood City, California

### Yet This Soap is So Safe It Won't Fade Any Washable Color, or Injure Hands

The wonders of science now bring you this new "15-minute soaking" soap, that's safe as can be for colors, hands!

All you do is soak clothes 15 minutes to the tubful, and see them wash snowy white! Even grimy spots come clean with a gentle rub! No more backaches from hard scrubbing, no more tedious boiling. And no more red hands or faded colors, such as harsh soaps cause.

Developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, OXYDOL works on an utterly new principle. It is the result of a patented process to make soap far faster acting . . . and a new formula that makes mild gentle soap 2 to 3 times whiter washing, yet keeps it safe!

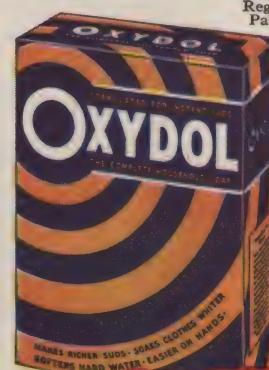
With OXYDOL you can get thick, 3-inch suds in any water—hard or soft. Suds that go to work almost instantly and do these 4 amazing things:

- (1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy collar bands come snowy white with a gentle rub.
- (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine.
- (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific Tintometer tests.
- (4) Yet so safe that even sheer cotton prints washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds, showed no perceptible sign of fading. And your hands stay soft and white.

Why go on with long, tedious hours of back-breaking scrubbing, when OXYDOL will end all this? Each week new thousands of women are discarding other soaps and adopting it.

OXYDOL is economical, too. Tests show that it will go one-third to one-half again as far as even the latest soap chips on the market. Get OXYDOL from your dealer today. Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE



the NEW  
"NO-SCRUB—NO-BOIL"  
LAUNDRY SOAP  
THAT'S  
REALLY  
SAFE

Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.



# Not for Love

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



*She managed to get to her room; she said she felt faint. But she did not feel faint; she felt as if she were dead.*

THE organist pulled out a stop and slid from the Largo into the Ave Maria. He had been doing it for so many years that he acted without conscious thought; he knew all the places in all his pieces at which he could break into the wedding march. Once, he remembered, when he was young he had played a scrap from the Venusberg music, quite unaware of what it was; but his bishop had been a musician and recognized it at once and reproved him afterward—that indecent pagan music as a prelude to the sacrament of marriage! *Eh bien, le mariage*; nowadays—he shook his head—even among good Catholics marriage was not quite what it used to be, and this bride being an American — He had a poor opinion of Americans, though he had never known any. Such whispering in the little chapel . . . the bride was late; once he had played for the marriage of a bride who never came—or no, that time it was the groom.

There was, as a matter of fact, a good deal of whispering. Among the groom's friends and relations it was very discreet and carried on in Italian or French: "*Ecco, Angelo. . . . Dis donc, Gabrielle. . . .* Is it solid, or one of those American fortunes that melt overnight? Like poor Antonio—saddled with that dreadful old woman, and not a lira left. . . . No, no, this is perfectly sound, and belongs to the girl herself—she came of age last year. Louise was most careful. She knew the mother at school, and as soon as she heard that they were coming over, she wrote to her and brought Ernesto to Paris. He is very much in love, they say. He is so charming—the girl is lucky. Louise told me that he fell in love at first sight before he knew she had a fortune. . . . *Oh, ma chère, quelle blague!* . . . I don't believe it, but that is what mothers always say. I shall tell the same story myself as soon as Leon is old enough to be married, and I find the right heiress for him."

Among the bride's compatriots speech was franker and carried on in tones not always so well controlled: "Who is this guy, anyhow—nothing bogus about him, I suppose? . . . No, the real thing. . . . Would it be any fun to be a princess? . . . Not much nowadays, if you ask me. . . . But how come? I thought Gennie was supposed to be all hot and bothered about Alan Bruce? . . . Oh, hush; didn't you hear? Alan let her down. . . . Let her down? Alan? With



all that money? And she adored him so. . . . Too much; Alan isn't a man you can — Darling, no man is if you come right down to it. . . . How right you are, and was Gennie terribly broken up? . . . Well, you see what she did—she stepped out and got herself a nice-looking prince; that's showing them, isn't it? . . . Oh, is he nice-looking? They mostly aren't, in my experience. . . . Judge for yourself. There he is." For the organ had begun those unmistakable transitions, and the groom came out of the sacristy, with his best man. "Wouldn't you call him good-looking? . . . O.K., but not beautiful like Alan. Still, he has an air."

And now the solemn beat of the Lohengrin march was heard, the tap of the guards' tall wands, and every head turned. The bride could be seen on the arm of her uncle—summoned from his holiday in Monte Carlo and acutely conscious of his importance in the ceremony—and behind them the long cortege of relations, the men holding their cherished high hats aloft on their sticks, for fear that the crowd would somehow dim their new-brushed sheen.

The bride was pale—pale as the old lace of her veil. She stared before her—not at the groom, but at the altar behind him; her hand just rested on her uncle's arm, but her whole figure inclined a little away from him, as if any human contact was to be avoided. Her veil had been put on in such a way that all her hair was hidden; with her pale face and her white dress there was no color to be seen anywhere about her, except for her bright blue eyes—startlingly blue, as if some modernistic sculptor had decided to set two turquoises in an ivory head of the madonna. She was slim, with a long throat and fingers so fine that they looked like a child's drawing of a hand—just five lines. The Americans preened themselves, thinking that this daughter of a democracy had more the appearance of a princess than any of the princesses in sight. But the Europeans, more realistic in their admiration, would have wished for a little more color—a little more bulk. Was Ernesto marrying a ghost?

The groom could not be accused of pallor. Many summers of Mediterranean sun had bronzed him to

a fine copper color; his thick, smooth hair was like a black cap on his head, a cap drawn rather low in a peak on his forehead; his eyebrows were two black wings above his black eyes. He stepped forward, but still his bride did not move her eyes from their fixed stare upon the altar.

To the two American girls who had been discussing the bride, the familiar words of their own Bible sounded strange, almost impious, in French:

*"C'est pour cette raison que l'homme quittera son père et sa mère, et qu'il s'attachera à sa femme. . . . Que l'homme ne sépare point ce que Dieu a joint. . . ."*

One of the girls gave a soft chuckle: "It doesn't sound as desperately solemn as 'Those whom God hath joined.'"

"But I fancy it works just as well—better, in fact."

As the ceremony ended, the groom cast a flashing smile at his mother, but the bride did not break the lovely mask of her face by any expression whatsoever. The company surged into the sacristy.

*"Figlia mia . . . ma"* (Continued on Page 86)

## TO THE GIRL GRADUATE

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

ABOUT half a million of you are graduating from high schools and colleges this month. In halls hung with banners and festooned with flowers, in new white frocks and unaccustomed black robes and mortarboards, each of you will receive into your hands a diploma, and for most of you it will indicate that your days of formal schooling are over. You will be exhorted by eminent men and women from your own schools and elsewhere, and by the chosen amongst your schoolmates, and I have no doubt that they will tell you that you go out into a revolutionary world, a world pregnant with changes. And if you graduate from college, you will be welcomed "into the society of the educated."

That last, of course, is poppycock. No one leaves school educated. If you are lucky and have been well taught, and if you have been wise and have been teachable, you may have gotten some inkling of how to become educated. You may have learned what the values of educated people are. You may have learned to despise falsehood, to love truth, to recognize and admire quality, whether it be quality of thinking, or expression, or material, or performance. You may have learned to spot what is second-rate, shoddy, superficial, meretricious, cheap. If you have made progress in these directions your education has begun, and you can continue it through the rest of your life.

When I was young, when I was your age, a good and wise man gave me three pieces of advice. He was my father. There was nothing very astonishing or very brilliant about the advice, but it was as good as any I have heard since. He said: "The world is divided into givers and takers. It is pleasanter, as well as safer, to be a giver." He said: "Education may not make you a creative person. Creativeness is a gift of the gods. But education gives you the power to appreciate creativeness. That appreciation is the source of constant happiness, always, under all circumstances." He said: "Never look for a job. Find out what you really want to do and start doing it. Somebody eventually may even pay you for it." I remember that he gave me that advice, because he wrote it down in a book which I got for graduation.

No one is always a giver, and lately I have come to think that the capacity to take graciously and gratefully has been underrated. But the cultivation of the power to appreciate cannot be overrated. Difficult or not, revolutionary or stable, unspeakably ugly as it is in spots, unbearably unjust as it often is, and with pain not always to be avoided, this world is a fantastically interesting place, full of beauty, touched with nobility, flashing with the loveliest sights, trembling with the loveliest sounds, dotted with libraries full of wit, with art galleries full of magic, and all more available to you than ever before, if only you have eyes to see and ears to hear and a mind to attend. That you can twist a dial and hear Toscanini conduct Beethoven; that Mozart and Handel and Debussy will be played for you in your rooms, is a gift which a whole galaxy of genius has given you—a combination of physicists and engineers and composers and artists. And all you need pay is an appreciative ear. The world you live in is a creation of genius, of men who could bring down fire from heaven, but whether their genius really makes a civilization depends upon whether there is an audience. Where ears are deaf, and minds dull, and eyes unappreciative, genius becomes discouraged and stops producing. Then the world really becomes ugly and dull. If you cannot create—and how many can?—you can be that other fine thing: one who appreciates.



Some of you, of this graduating class, may write poems as lovely as those of Edna St. Vincent Millay, as clear and fine as those of Elinor Wylie. Some of you may paint pictures as magical as those of Georgia O'Keeffe, or make sculptures as superb as Malvina Hoffman's. Some of you may be business executives, or social organizers, or rise in the world of politics as high as Frances Perkins has. But most of you won't. Just the same, how you live your lives, how you behave, what you cherish, what you admire, what you spend your money for, will help determine what kind of country you live in.

Do you like to think of yourself as a statistic? Probably not. Who does? But statistically speaking, there are two chances to one that you will marry. If you do, you will spend, in all probability, 70 per cent or more of a family income. Just by the mere fact of being a woman, you belong to an economic group, and this whether you earn your living outside your home or in it. For women are the chief consumers in this country. They earn only a small proportion of the national income. They spend most of it. You will spend it for food, for clothing, for rent or for payments on a house, for recreation, for health, for continued education. How well do you know how to spend money? Can you keep a budget? Can you take care of a family of four on \$150 a month? That is—statistically speaking—about what you are likely to have. I know women who can do it, and do it beautifully, and I assure you it takes more wit, brains, organization skill, executive ability and general all-round talent than it does to be a businessman's stenographer. It means that you must know how and where to buy; what prices indicate quality and what merely indicate snobbery; what clothes show good materials, styles that hold and honest sewing, and what are just shoddy copies of high-priced models. It means that you must know how to cook, really to cook, with variety and tastefulness and economy. You ought to know how to cook anyhow, no matter what your income. Only women who understand good cooking ever have good cooks, even if they can afford to hire them.

It is harder to be a woman than to be a man. But more fun because more various. If you have a job outside, you will have another one at home. If you help out the family income, you will still have to manage most of the affairs of the family. So don't overreach yourself. If you marry, and have a couple of children, and bring them up to be good people, and spend your husband's money wisely, so that it blossoms into comely living, into cleanness, and comfort, and gaiety, don't feel inferior to women "with careers." You don't need to. It is harder to be a good wife than a good newspaperwoman. Harder and rarer.

The way you choose to live, with the resources that you have, you, and the girl graduates who come after you, will determine what kind of civilization this is. How you spend your money, or your husband's, will decide what kinds of goods are produced—whether they are tawdry and perishable, or craftsmanlike and honest, whether produced by decently paid workmen or by sweated labor. The standards you demand will decide whether we live in jerry-built houses or in dwellings which will still stand in another generation, whether the young are brats or better than ourselves, whether life is dignified or cheap, whether it is gay or only noisy.

Women make modern civilizations, because women set the tone, set the standards, of those civilizations. They set them by what they choose. By the kind of men they choose, by the kind of goods they buy, by the demands that they make in the way of production and behavior. Wherever you occur in the statistics, that will be true for you too.





*The bride was pale as the old lace of her veil. She stared before her; her hand just rested on her uncle's arm.*



# This is My Story



*When I was fifteen I sailed for England. I did not enjoy the trip, as most of it was spent in my berth.*

**BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT**

## III

**I**N THE autumn of 1899, when I was fifteen, I sailed for England with my aunt, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, and her family. She took me in her cabin with her, and told me beforehand that she was a very poor sailor and always went to bed immediately on getting on the boat. I must have thought this was the proper procedure, because I followed suit. As a result I did not enjoy that trip at all, as most of it was spent in my berth, and I arrived in England distinctly wobbly, never having stayed indoors so long before.

I did not know Auntie Tissie quite so well as I knew my two younger aunts, but I was very fond of her and she was always kindness itself to me. She was very beautiful and still is today. Tall and graceful and distinguished looking, I think she felt more at home on the Continent and in England than she did in the United States even then. She had many friends in that little London coterie known as "The Souls." She was one of the people that the word "exquisite" describes best. I was to grow to know her very much better in the next few years, for she really looked after me in many ways during the three years I was abroad.

There had been much discussion as to where I should go to school. Finally it was decided to send me to Mlle. Souvestre's school, "Allenswood," at a little place called South Fields, not far from Wimbledon Common and by the tube, which corresponds to our subway, a short distance from London. The reason Mlle. Souvestre's school was chosen was that my father's sister, Mrs. Cowles, had gone to her school years before at "Les Ruches," outside of Paris. To be

promise that I would spend Christmas with her in London. I felt lost and very lonely when she drove away.

I unpacked, and found my roommate, Marjorie Bennett, a very shy, gentle girl who was a little bit younger than I was, quite ready to show me around and tell me about rules, and so on. There were a great many rules and the first one was that everyone had to talk French; and if anyone used an English word, she had to report herself at the end of the day. A girl stood in the dining-room door as we went in to supper and we told her the horrid truth, so far as we could remember it. This always seemed to me a rather ridiculous rule, as we all knew quite well we could not be accurate, but perhaps it made us remember that French was the language we were supposed to converse in.

As my first nurse had been a Frenchwoman and I spoke French before I spoke English, it was quite easy for me; but for many of the English girls who had had very little French beforehand, it was a terrible effort.

On the inside of each bathroom door were pasted the bath rules, and I was a little appalled to find that we really had to fight for three baths a week, and we were limited to ten minutes, unless we happened to have the last period, and then perhaps we could sneak another five minutes before "lights out" was sounded.

Of course, we had to be on time. We had to make our own beds before leaving the room in the morning, so that meant that when we got out of bed we had immediately to take all the bedclothes off and put them on a chair to air. Our rooms were inspected every morning

after breakfast, and we were marked on neatness and the way we made our beds. Frequently our bureau drawers and closets were examined, and any girl whose bureau drawers were out of order might return to her room to find the entire contents of the drawers dumped on her bed for rearranging. I have also seen beds completely stripped and left to be made over again.

The day began with an early breakfast—*café au lait*, chocolate or milk, rolls and butter. I think eggs were given to those who wanted them.

Mlle. Souvestre, older and white-haired and obliged to take a certain amount of care of her health, never came to breakfast, but we were well watched over by Mlle. Samaia, a very tiny and dynamic little woman who adored Mlle. Souvestre and waited on her hand and foot, ran all the business end of the school and gave Italian lessons to those of us who took Italian.

To be in Mlle. Samaia's good graces you had to show practical qualities. The girls who were singled out by her to hold positions of trust were dependable, could usually do almost anything with their hands and had the ability to manage and lead their fellow students. It took me a long time to get into her good graces, for I was a good deal of a dreamer and in any case an American, which to her was an unknown quantity.

Mlle. Souvestre, on the contrary, had a very soft spot for Americans and liked them as pupils. This was not surprising, because a number of them became rather outstanding women. Auntie Bye, for instance, was one of the most interesting women I have ever known.



*Paris was like a dream.*

*Florence captivated me.*



*Mlle. Souvestre had been Auntie Bye's teacher, so I was sent to her school in England. She liked American girls for pupils—quite a number of them turned out to be outstanding women.*



*In St. Moritz I found peace.*

*Pisa has a charm of its own.*

sure, that had been before the Franco-Prussian War. The siege of Paris had been such an ordeal that Mlle. Souvestre had left France and moved to England. Naturally she was considerably older than when Auntie Bye studied under her, but at least there was a personal tie, and I think the family felt that, as I was to be left alone at school when Auntie Tissie returned to the United States, it would be pleasanter to feel that the headmistress had a personal interest in me.

We went to Claridge's Hotel in London and I spent only one night there. My first impression of London was rather bewildering. There were quiet little back streets and alleyways, but the main thoroughfares were appallingly crowded with traffic. London seemed to me a most tremendous city, for you could go for hours in any direction and still apparently be in the heart of a great city. The next day Tissie took me out to see Mlle. Souvestre and I was left there with the

My Grandfather Roosevelt's interest in cripples had first been aroused by the fact that he had consulted many doctors to try to do something for his eldest daughter, who was our Auntie Bye. She was not exactly hunchbacked, but had a curious figure, very thick through the shoulders, evidently caused by a curvature of the spine. Her hair was lovely, soft and wavy. Her eyes were deep-set and really beautiful, making you forget the rest of the face, which was not beautiful.

Auntie Bye had a mind that worked as a very able man's mind works. She was full of animation, was always the center of any group she was with and carried the burden of conversation. When she reached middle age she was already deaf, and the arthritis which was finally to cripple her completely was causing her great pain, but never for a minute did her infirmities disturb her spirit. As they increased she simply





*I loved the Passion play at Oberammergau.*



*The Austrian Tirol—breath-taking views.*

*At sixteen, I felt really grown up.*

seemed to become more determined to rise above them; and her charm and vivid personality made her house, wherever she lived, the meeting place for people from the four corners of the earth.

She had great executive ability, poise and judgment, and I am sure her influence was felt not only by her sister and brothers but by all her friends. To the young people with whom she came in contact she was an inspiration and one of the wisest counselors I ever knew. She always listened more than she talked when alone with anyone, but what she said was worth listening to.

From the start, Mlle. Souvestre was interested in me because of her affection for Anna, or Bamie, as she called Auntie Bye, and day by day I found myself more interested in her. This grew into a warm affection which lasted until her death.

Miss Boyce, the English teacher, was always less important to me. She was, naturally, primarily interested

in the English girls. I had very few classes with her and found her cold and rather forbidding. I am sure now that she was simply shy and retiring and I think I made no effort to know her.

As it was, Mlle. Souvestre and Mlle. Samaia stand out as the two most important people in this period, with Mlle. Souvestre far and away the most impressive and fascinating person. Mlle. Souvestre was short and rather stout, with snow-white hair. Her head was beautiful with clear-cut, strong features, a very strong face and broad forehead. Her hair grew to a peak in front and waved back in natural waves to a twist at the back of her head. Her eyes looked through you and she always knew more than she was told.

After breakfast we were all taken for a walk on the common, and you had to have a very good excuse to escape that walk! From about November on it was cold and fairly foggy and the fog rose from the ground

and penetrated the very marrow of your bones, but still we walked.

At home I had begun to shed some of the underclothes which my grandmother had started me out with in my early youth, but here in England in winter I took to warm flannels again; and while we had central heat, which was most unusual, one had to positively sit on the radiator to feel any warmth. There were only a few of us who had grates in our bedrooms, and those of us who had open fires were considered extremely lucky and envied by all the others.

I can remember crowding into the dining room in order to get as near the radiator as possible before we had to sit down. Nearly all the English girls had chilblains on their hands and feet throughout most of the winter. I did not suffer from these disagreeable things; and though I have never considered the English winter climate very attractive, (Continued on Page 100)



# Temple Belle

BY AGNES BURKE HALE

**T**HAT bright April morning, the first day of her first job, Margaret Cornish descended early upon the downtown subway. Libby Travis, the saucy-tongued copy writer with whom she shared a flat, rode with her as far as Thirty-fourth Street.

"Farewell, Snooks," she said, leaving the neophyte. "Don't be scared. Everything is big downtown—the buildings and the talk and the hullabaloo. Now don't you be frightened. I wish your proud mother could see you. You look like a honey."

So encouraged, Margaret arrived on the twenty-eighth floor of the Jupiter Building, where she was to work for a Mr. Temple, of Good Indian Financing, Inc., whom she had not yet met. Miss Seager, the austere office manager who had hired her from the candidates of Miss Ellis' select business school, announced reverently that Mr. Temple would be late this morning. She ushered the shaking Cornish into his office, and instructed her to open his mail, dust his desk, sharpen his pencils and inspect his files.

Miss Cornish, after a few minutes of economic freedom, regained her calm. Her mother, out in Toledo, was very much opposed to the mad unrest which had of late years injected gently bred girls into financial areas where they would work for no one knows whom. Margaret's mother was like that. Well, Mr. Temple might be a dreadful, impossible person, but so far Margaret liked his office, his view of the East River, and the wonderful zest of expecting a salary.

"Nuts, mother darling," she thought as she stood behind Mr. Temple's desk, when a young man with

very dark blue eyes, and a very definite sureness of manner, came marching in upon her. Into her mind, willy-nilly, came the odd thought, "Dear, dear. I do like this one." She stared the intruder back, magnificently, said, "Mr. Temple hasn't come in."

"Oh, yes, he has." He laid a brief case on the desk. "I said he hasn't come in," she argued. "Will you sit down?" She walked toward him.

"I certainly will." He walked around the desk and sat down. "I take it you are my new secretary. My dear girl, I am afraid you won't do."

"Oh! Why not?"

"Did you know Miss Baker?"

"No."

"Miss Baker was forty, dependable, tireless and devoted. Last week she married a widower in Flatbush. You do not remind me of Miss Baker."

His appraising eyes enraged her and she longed to say so and walk out. However, she wanted to keep this job. She wanted terribly to stay on in New York.

"You haven't any right to treat me like this," she said bravely. "How do you know I can't do your work?"

"You look too young and too, too, too —" He waved his hand around in annoyance. "I want a good, strong, ordinary girl. A slave. I work hard, and I need help. What's your name?"

"Margaret Cornish."

"College?"

"No, business school," she told him. "I'm a good stenographer. I've got references. I do need the job."

**"Your mother's having hysterics," Margaret told Baba. "You'd better come home."**



"Oh, you do, do you?" he said, frowning at her. "Well, that's different. Get your book and let's see." He sat down and pounced on his mail.

"Courage," she told herself; "he is just a young man, and the worst he can do to me is to fire me."

When she came back, he was reading a blue letter beginning "Darling"; and having stuck it into his pocket, he picked up a telegram.

"Take a telegram. 'Peter Winship, 39 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Long to join you for noblest sport unable to leave city worst of reasons Bats.'"

"Bats?"

"Bats. A nickname. *B-a-t-s*."

"Oh." He must be human after all.

"Take a letter." He began on Magneto, and dictated on that and other strangely named corporations for an hour. Then he said, "Reserve me six seats for Keep Me Guessing, tonight, at Hennessey's Agency, and get me O. B. Lapham at Solid Cement, and then shut the door and keep everyone out. I want to do some figuring."

He was certainly a commander, but his orders were clear. At twelve noon a man from Chicago came in and went out, and then appeared a delegation from Seattle, with whom Mr. Temple went to lunch. Margaret typed until 3:30, thinking they do have fun, eating for hours and hours. Then he appeared again and the excitement started afresh. He signed his letters, and said:

"Well, Miss Cornish, you've done a good day's work. Now, will you please get me Henry McCarty from the western division, and stand by and take notes. I won't be here tomorrow, but read my files so that when I say write a letter to Gilhooley, you'll know his name is Eddy. And telephone Lorenz, the florist, and tell him to keep on with those flowers as ordered; and if you want me, I am at Jericho, New Jersey, two-three-six, but try not to want me lest I have you be-headed."

"Yes, Mr. Temple," said Margaret, and met his eyes. The insides of her heart caved in, and a thin line of ice raced down her back. Good heavens, what was the matter with her?

Poor McCarty, of the Chicago office, had lost the firm's money and made enemies and was in despair. Cleverly Mr. Temple got the facts and dictated the scheme whereby McCarty was to salve injured feelings, refinance the ruined project and regain his face. Lucid and quick, he was also nice about it. "I would like," thought Margaret, "to be managed by such a wonderful caretaker!" There he sat, talking, one hand holding a paper, the other waving around—oh, so delightfully—in the air, his full, deep, man's voice tearing at her ears. As men go, he was a winner. Why did he have to be her employer? Why did she have to behave in his presence as if she were a member of the Office Furniture family?

SHE survived her first week with glory, and slid slowly into the army of the well-trained and experienced. Almost immediately Temple accepted her as he accepted his desk and his buzzer. She was there, and he worked her hard. He was a rising young man, and well he knew it, but he was not yet so sure of himself as to have become hard or dull, or worldly. There was a carefree elation about his flight upward which made it fun to fly along with him. Margaret saw that her mind and powers, expanding, could keep along with his. This was lovely fun, of a new kind altogether. As the weeks passed, she felt skill growing within her, and joy in her heart.

One night she said to Libby, "He's going to be made a vice-president, and he certainly should be. He was the one who really put through that Seminole merger."

Libby was setting her hair. Turning her blond head carefully, she said, "You do admire that man. Why don't you snatch him for your own?"

The bold idea, so harshly uttered, hurt Margaret's heart. "I think he has a girl," she said casually, bringing the thing into the daylight. "He doesn't know I exist. He knows piles of girls, but now he seems to be narrowing his range."

"Men do after the first grand scramble. Who is to be his queen, dear?"

"That girl whom he visits out in Jericho, New Jersey. Why, he stayed out there today until noon."



ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

And then he telephoned her as soon as he got into the office. Jericho 236. Barbara Bellruss. I don't like that name, do you?"

Libby's mouth popped open, her eyes dilated; she stood dramatically pointing the comb at her friend. "Barbara Bellruss! She went to my school. Years behind me. Noisy, rich and sickeningly pretty, like a doll. Listen, sweetheart, don't you see the picture? Her father has the controlling stock in Seminole. Through the merger comes the heiress."

"I see it," said Margaret, "clearly. It's funny the way men do things. Who can blame them, though, when they can always do as they please?"

"They do and they don't. Maggie, darling, I'm sorry for you. You should have opened your eyes earlier. These rising young men always solidify their positions when they marry. Didn't your mother ever tell you that?"

"My mother told me so many things I ran away from her," said Margaret soberly.

WHAT disaster, to have one's heart pre-empted by an ensnared man who didn't know one existed! Oh, for a fair fight in an open field, where Margaret Cornish could use all her weapons. Nothing could keep Temple down; and as he rose, he would want a wife to rise with him. Why couldn't he see that Miss Cornish, who handled his affairs so well, would soar as gracefully with him? Had he no eyes to see the girl behind the notebook, Mr. Cornish's favorite daughter and Mrs. Cornish's favored flower? No. To him, she was his secretary, who knew where he lived, and what he liked to eat, and when he was tired, and when he was frightened, and what suits became him most. She knew that a Mrs. Trevelyan was crazy about him, and that his Uncle George was buried in Vermont, and that the dentist wanted to extract his upper wisdom teeth. When he looked at her, he said, "Do this," or "Do that," or "Clear out of here, and go home, and finish it tomorrow."

Early in July, Mr. Temple began to spend more and more time in Jericho, leaving the office early at night, coming in late mornings.

The Monday morning after the Fourth, at breakfast, Libby handed Margaret the newspaper. There it was, on the society page, with the chosen one's picture in a two-column spread.

"Very elegant," said Margaret, meeting the Bellruss eye to eye. "I don't blame him."

"No, she's awful," insisted Libby. "A silly girl. She will start well, but she won't finish. She hasn't a laugh in her and nothing on the ball but the cover. Wait and see."

Margaret, her back cold, and her throat lumpy, and her hands almost shaking, read the gilded news again. "She must have something," she insisted. "He's no fool."

"Sometimes the brightest men, when they marry with their eyes open, are very dull."

With this opinion, Miss Travis kissed her friend, and left her alone. The tears rimmed Margaret's eyelids, but she let them get no farther. "Courage, Cornish," she cried. Tossing the paper on the floor, she dressed herself impeccably and descended to the subway to renew life at the pencil point.

The felicitations uptown and downtown were tremendous, and Margaret transmitted them so continually, by word and wire, that she felt like one of the principals of the romance. She knew when he went to meet Miss Bellruss here, or to take Miss Bellruss there. In that one July week, he was made a vice-president, the International Wire Fence reorganization started, and his fiancée went into a tennis tournament. The strain was terrific!

"Well," said Libby to Margaret, "what are you going to do after the nuptials? Stick?"

"Why not?"

"Why torture yourself?" Libby asked. "There are thousands of other men, many of them mentally par. Why nurse downtown what Baba will wreck on Park Avenue?"

"Baba" was the label by which the Bellruss family knew their pet, but in the office she was known as Booby. Several times she had called for her Mr. Temple, and the office vote had gone against her. A tall, leggy, big-eyed beauty, she confused a husky-voiced intensity with the grand (Continued on Page 120)



Margaret met Temple's eyes. "Heaven help me," she thought, and turned to go.



# *This is the Town*

BY JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

CHARLIE MacKAY needed an idea. It was his job to sell the London Revue to the theater-going public, and with nobody much left in the Revue but Trina Angler, there was no sale. So, in search of the idea, Charlie took himself to Penn Station and started counting the pretty girls. He counted up to seven—seven, for luck. The seventh girl was Happy Shannon.

Happy Shannon: Slender and cool—cool in the eyes and the smile and the laughter, but with a warmth behind it, with a long swing to all the life in her. She had come to New York, she told Charlie, to escape the impetuous wooing of Carter Newhall. Helena Cort had offered her a job in her nursery school. Happy could also, she told Charlie, dance. The last bit of information brought a groan from Charlie.

"Listen," Happy told him. "Did you ever know anyone, did you ever see anyone, did you ever hear of anyone who could turn each knee in, in turn, and in slide breaks kick each leg over to the opposite arm on the other side of the body, in front or in back?"

"It sounds crazy," Charlie said. "Will you draw me a picture of that foot-going-places business?"

"No," Happy replied. "It's got to be danced."

So Charlie took Happy to Durando's—Jack Durando is perhaps the greatest dance master in New York—and Happy held Charlie and Durando spellbound with her dancing. Charlie had found his idea, and immediately took it—and Happy—to Barry Dunne, the producer of the London Revue.

While they were talking Barry's apartment became full of a wild-eyed, six-foot-four cousin from Maryland, none other than Carter Newhall, pulling the town apart in his search for Happy. Ted Dreher, a young playwright, saved the day for Happy, and helped her to evade her violent suitor.

## III

THESE are the things that made Happy Shannon. A rosewood melodeon that came over from Baltimore by oxcart. A redheaded Maryland farmer who took the bowels out of a Hessian with a grass hook, in the mud at the Battle of Brooklyn. Four silver candlesticks from a white-paneled brick house in Virginia. And her father—Poofoo.

When she was twelve Happy used to ride rounds with Poofoo—a slim little girl wrapped to the chin in a red tippet with a boy's felt earlap cap pulled down inside the turned-up collar of her brass-buttoned reefer. Her feet in two pairs of woolen stockings with great arctics pulled over them and buckled almost to her knees. All you could see of her was her gray eyes and her nose, slightly moist—but her mittens took care of that.

Poofoo carried calomel in a pint whisky bottle on his left hip. On his right hip he carried a pint whisky bottle. Needles and catgut thread he kept over his great heart, in a tin fly box. In the right-hand pocket of his coat, he had a hypodermic needle. In his battered bag between his feet he had a lancet, a blue carton of cotton, a few assorted rolls of bandages—one or two of which had already been used as outer dressings and carefully rewound for future reference.

He had a small jar of what he called dynamite, four split shingles, a volume of Hakluyt and his head forceps.

Her father was a local tribal deity. Men touched their caps to him and came to him to have him perform his miracles. He brought life into the world and slapped it soundly on its pink, wrinkled buttocks until it yowled through blue lips. His hand was the last one people held when they slipped over the outer threshold where the lonesome winds howl through the dead stars. He never lied when people asked him if they had to go. His people didn't need lying to.

A slim little girl, Happy, in those days, with long delicate fingers and a pale mop of light hair that was just coming into the warm life it was to have. Clean hair and fine-stranded—morning sunshine on the white sand of far beaches, the far glint of a yellow moon on distant waters.

They would sit with her mother's four Virginia candlesticks on the black-walnut table between

them—the dessert plates empty and spooned clean. The great clock grunting in the hallway outside.

"Love can fool you, Happy. It usually looks real, that's the pity of it—but it's only real once. Nobody can help you about it—you have to know when it comes."

"But how can you know, Poofoo?"

"You'll know." The doctor nodded. "If it really comes, nothing else makes any difference. That's how you know. The pity of it is that sometimes you've let something else fool you before the real thing gets there. Then you die."

Poofoo fought typhoid with cracked ice and brandy. He lanced boils with a quick, sure jab. Happy braced back to back with Jeb Lloyd across an armchair—Jeb's trembling shoulder blades to hers—while her father cut three of them on Jeb's stomach. They were as big as oranges. Jeb's hot sweat went right through to her skin and soaked her to the waist. She could feel it dripping inside her clothes. Jeb said it didn't hurt.

*Tom Cassidy stood in the doorway of the hut, strumming a guitar. Happy*





All pneumonia was pneumonia to Poofoo. He ripped off his coat when he found it, turned back his sleeves and went to work on it. He fought it as an old wrestler fights. When he got his hold, he clamped down on it and held on. It never gave him a body slam. Sometimes it slipped out and put his shoulders on the mat, but they talked about his pneumonia cases as far as Philadelphia. He could snatch a No. 4 back before anybody else got his coat off, because he wasn't up on mortality percentages.

These things made Happy Shannon.

Fred Tilghman fell off a hayrick. He walked into Poofoo's office with his wrist the size of his knee. But he stopped by the store first, so he had company when he got there. Poofoo was out. Happy had him sit down in the office.

"Ain't hurtin' but it is pretty big," Fred told her. He jerked his arm back and forth from the elbow and grinned. The hand flopped loosely like a pork chop on a string. Some more of his friends crowded in, grinning.

He showed them how it was. Half an hour later, he had it beautifully compounded. Little white toothpicks were sticking through the swollen flesh and blood trickles were running down his arm. There was sweat on his forehead and the sides of his nose but he said, "It don't hurt—naw." And he touched one of the toothpicks with a fingernail. Happy helped pick him up, but Fred walked home.

When he had Happy out with him on his rounds, Poofoo would talk to her and she'd sit there and listen to his rumbling voice.

"I guess some of the men I went through Johns Hopkins with would have me jailed, son, for some of the things I do. But these folks are different down here on the Eastern Shore. They're real stock—hardy blood. If you don't treat 'em rough they get suspicious. They aren't namby-pamby city men with bad stomachs and twitchy nerves, and the women aren't all lace underwear and paint. I couldn't work for people like that. Maybe I could have once, but I'm too old now.



Ted held the bowl of whipped eggs to his nose. "Barry Dunne," he said.

stopped. "I don't believe it," she said. "He looks like a Roman Emperor."



Just an old general-prac. hack, son"—he slapped her knee and laughed—"but I wanted to be! Most of 'em say they would have specialized if they could—but they didn't have the money or they got married or something. But not me. I wanted to do this. This is real doctorin' down here. And I can tell what's wrong with them—that's more than half the doctors in the world can do. That's all there is to doctorin'—diagnosing. If you can diagnose you've got the case licked."

Some of these things she told Ted Dreher, because when he came for her that evening she had just talked to Poofoo long distance and the old loneliness was on her.

"But what about the dancing? Where'd you learn to dance?" he asked her.

"In a barn."

"Stop it! Who taught you?"

"Papina Muresco."

"She's been dead for years."

Happy shook her head. "She lives at Wexley."

"Well, if she isn't dead, she must be almost ninety."

"She's seventy-four."

Ted said, "But there's something more than that to you, Happy. A lot more than a small town in Maryland, a roaring two-fisted country doctor and an old Hungarian dancer."

"Oh, yes." She nodded. "Not a lot—but some. There are college and Europe—on money Poofoo said my mother left me, but didn't."

"Who did leave it to you?"

"No one. Poofoo saved it somehow. It was all he had."

"I like this," Ted said. "There is something so decent about it all."

She said, "It's all decent except that Poofoo is too old and tired to keep on much longer, but he'll never quit and there isn't anything I can do about it. And that's not decent. It's indecent. He ought to travel—to rest—to enjoy himself."

"What do you want to do about it?"

She raised her hands and let them fall helplessly. "Thousands of things—but I can't do any of them. All I can do is to stay up here—away from him."

"Why?"

"Because I can support myself up here—and that relieves the pressure on Poofoo."

Ted leaned back in the cab and shot the hands on his long arms into the pockets of the pants on his long legs. He said, "What does this Carter Newhall do that makes you run away from him?"

"Nothing much." Happy smiled. "He horsewhips my friends and threatens to shoot them. He's nice at times."

"Yes, I can see how that might be. But if you've said no—why does he keep chasing you?"

Happy said, "Why do you keep chasing your Peggy Nash around?"

"I think it must be habit. It's very outwearing. I don't know why I do it. Why do I do it, do you suppose?"

(Continued on Page 107)





PLANT ARRANGEMENTS BY HELEN VAN PELT WILSON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEICHEN

## TWO BRANDS OF BOX GARDENING

BY RICHARD PRATT

BOX GARDENING is a blend of indoor and outdoor gardening; a colorful kind of exterior decoration, and a happy medium for many people whose garden range is limited to windows and porches. Homemade boxes of cypress boards, fastened together with long brass screws, waterproofed inside with three coats of spar varnish and painted on the outside, are the kind used here; but the ready-made subirrigating metal boxes have many practical points worth considering. The more soil the better the growing conditions, so ten inches wide by eight inches deep should be the minimum cross dimensions of the box, whose length, of course, is determined by the window sill. Small holes six inches apart in the bottom of the wooden boxes, with a two-inch layer of gravel, provide the proper drainage. The rest of the box should be filled almost to the top with a mixture of one-half loam, one-quarter sand and one-quarter leaf mold, liberally enriched by well-rotted manure and bone meal. Success from then on is a matter of using the proper plants in proper places, as indicated, *and keeping them well watered.*



**THESE** two settings picture the possibilities of box gardening for both open, sunny places (as on the right) and for shady, protected places (as on the left). The sunny combination of pink geraniums, blue ageratum and lavender heliotrope will flourish from early summer until frost. As fragrant as it is foolproof, it is also a fresh and full arrangement, containing plenty of sizable plants—which is important; for most box gardening is apt to be sparse and uninspired. The underplanting of English ivy is an effective garnish.

The shady combination of white anthuriums, red and pink fuchsias, varicolored gloxinias and ferns is somewhat more delicate in practice as well as in appearance. At least the gloxinias would have to be handled with considerable care. And in case one has never had any luck at all with gloxinias, a more durable substitute would be tuberous-rooted begonias. The garnish in this setting, both in the box and in the pots on the brackets, is grape ivy; while the colorful foliage growing out of the white bowl in the foreground is philodendron. It should be possible to obtain any of the plants in both settings from any large grower specializing in them.





# His Leading Lady

BY BAIRD HALL

IF HE pinched her ear, she'd hit him! Tim had dropped his napkin. He was coming along the table. Beside her chair he paused. Briefly he pressed the lobe of her right ear between a gentle thumb and forefinger.

"Well, anyway, darling, let's have some coffee, h'm-m?"

Of course she didn't hit him. But Audrey, sitting tensely rigid, found herself hating her husband. It wasn't, she was sure, just a flash of anger over this particular argument. It was a cold, deep, slow hate for a man who was slowly but surely and hideously killing something in her.

Tim was a good husband. Yes, that was exactly what he was. And he saw her as a good wife. She was a habit, harmless and pleasant, like his other habits. It wasn't enough. She didn't want to be a habit. She wanted to be loved. She wanted that or nothing.

Audrey was no silly schoolgirl. They had been married eleven years. But inside, Audrey knew she was fiercely and hungrily alive. Her hopes—yes, and her experiences—had been vivid and stirring—her love for Tim the most stirring of all. But if their life together couldn't be anything more than routine, it wasn't good enough. It wasn't good enough.

In the middle of a heated discussion he had gotten up from the table, absent-mindedly pinched her ear as he always did, and strolled on to the living room, to sip coffee and settle into his chair just as usual.

AUDREY rose. Well, this argument wasn't over. "Tim." She was surprised at the quiet calm of her voice. "The dramatic-club thing isn't important. But it involves something that is important—to both of us."

"Yes. It involves my getting up out of this chair, which isn't my —"

"Exactly! Well, Timothy, sitting there in your easy chair, drinking your coffee and puffing your old pipe, and beaming on your familiar wife, makes a comfortable picture. But do you know,

speaking as the familiar wife, it doesn't make a very exciting picture. Not especially interesting or romantic. It's been rather a long time, Tim, since you and I made a romantic picture."

He grinned. "So you want me to turn into an actor. Now honestly, darling, do you think I'd look romantic acting in a small-town amateur play?"

AUDREY finished her demitasse. When she spoke again her voice was still calm. "I suggest you come to these tryouts so as to have some other interest besides the cotton business. You needn't worry about acting. It isn't likely you'd be able to get a part with these 'small-town amateurs.' Vedder is a New York producer as well as the coach here. Lanny Martin and Doris Weiss both went professional from the Fenhurst Players. And unless the movies get her first, our next gift to Broadway will be Mary Lindstrom."

"People like Mary Lindstrom scare me to death," observed Tim. "They have a sort of subdued violent quality—not always too subdued, as a matter of fact."

"A little of that quality might be quite becoming to you, Tim." She said it lightly, but he must have caught some of the strain in her voice, because he looked up slowly.

"Say, old lady, you really do want me to stir my stumps and get into this play group, don't you?"

"If everything you do is just habit, none of it means much. I think trying out for a part, even a small part, might stimulate you."

"Of course it would. Sure thing. Well, let's get going. Every man secretly thinks he's a great actor. As for myself, I'm sure of it. Didn't you say eight o'clock? What are we waiting for? I'll get my hat."

He hadn't heard any of the arguments she had used, but only her tone of voice. He sounded as if he were saying "there, there" to a somewhat stubborn baby. And as he came past her, she saw his hand reach automatically toward her ear.



*Audrey did not like Tim's habit of pinching her ear. She did not want to be one of her husband's habits. She wanted to be loved.*



"Please don't!" said Audrey sharply, in spite of herself.

Mary Lindstrom's blue eyes searched Tim's face. Her little hands, clenched on his coat lapels, showed white across the knuckles.

"Oh, you—you blind man! Don't you see what you've done to me?"

"My dear, you're tired now. And overwrought." Tim's voice was kind and calm, but somehow its overtones admitted that he did see, that he did know.

"Overwrought!" Mary gave a short, choking laugh. "I'm not overwrought. I'm mad—mad with wanting you. Oh, I don't care who you are. I don't care what you've done. I love you, do you hear? Oh, I love you so!" Her small blond head wavered toward Tim's shoulder. His arms rose to support her.

"No! No! No! No!" Manship Vedder, tiny, wiry, tense, fairly danced up and down in the aisle. The playscript crackled and fluttered in his waving hand.

Tim's arms dropped to his sides. He and Mary stepped apart and peered down across the dimmed footlights at the coach's white face.

"What's come over you, Mary?" screamed Vedder. "Are you scared of the man? Holy suffering Moses! Are you going into a clinch or sparring in a prize fight?"

Up on the stage, of course, was silence. Vedder mopped his forehead, sank onto a first-row seat, and continued more quietly.

"Mary dear, now, Mary, you're an actress. You're even a good actress. You did this scene all right in the early rehearsals. Now you get worse and worse. You're stiff as a poker. Woman! This clinch is the climax of the play. Why can't you get into it? Do you think Mr. Borden's going to bite you? Listen, Mary, you've had experience and Mr. Borden hasn't ever been on the stage before. He's convincing. And you—you of all people—are crabbing his scene." Mr. Vedder was disgusted.

Halfway back in the dark, almost empty little theater Mrs. Comstock leaned across to Audrey. "My dear, aren't you bursting with pride? I never heard Manship Vedder say so many nice things as he's been saying about your husband. I just can't believe Tim hasn't ever acted before. But I can't see that anything much is the matter with Mary, can you?"

Audrey only smiled and shook her head. Was there something the matter with Mary?

VEDDER was still talking, but Audrey saw that Mary wasn't listening. Slim, blond, oddly and vividly lovely, the girl stood watching Tim. Tim, as on every occasion since the first tryouts, was hanging on Vedder's every word with solemn, absorbed attention. Funny old Timothy! When he did a thing, he did it thoroughly.

"All right, please, Mr. Borden, cue into this last scene again. Come on now, Mary!"

Audrey saw the girl stiffen, give a shivering little stretch and then relax. Tim went upstage. He opened a door in order to close it. He turned and spoke. The scene was on.

Like Sue Comstock, Audrey hadn't realized that Mary had been stiff. But even she could see that this time Mary was suddenly different. Her face, the hands reaching up to Tim's coat, all of her, became an offering and an invitation. When the "oh you—you blind man" line was reached, Audrey found she was crouching forward. She made herself lean back quickly. But Mary's voice filled the dark theater. It sent chill after chill up Audrey's spine.

"I don't care who you are. I don't care what you've done. I love you, do you hear? Oh, I love you so." It was a cry of passionate, utter surrender. And Mary's slight body almost seemed to melt against Tim's tall bulk.

There wasn't a whisper or a move as the curtain rumbled slowly down. It bumped the stage floor. Vedder himself stood perfectly still in the aisle—for two, three, four seconds.

"Better. Much better," he said quietly. "That'll be all for tonight."

The curtain rumbled up again on a deserted set. Audrey stood up quickly. For some reason she didn't want to speak or to hear what Sue Comstock might have to say. She sidled across the empty row to the right aisle, hurried down its slope and, in the semidark, found the knob of the narrow door leading backstage. She closed it carefully behind her.

At the head of the steps she stopped dead still. She had heard a sound. There was no one here in the left wings. The clatter of hammering came from across stage, and out front Vedder's voice was calling for Trueman—Sam Trueman, the electrician.

Then Audrey heard the sound again, close, almost beside her. A second-act flat leaned against the brick wall. Audrey's eyes, already accustomed to the dark, could just make out the back of a bent blond head, white shoulders, a small figure wedged into hiding behind the tall flat. It was Mary Lindstrom. Once more she made that faint, stifled, choking noise. She was crying.

Audrey's one thought was to get away. Slowly at first, on tiptoe, then faster, finally almost running, Audrey went down the long, shallow, concrete stairs toward the dressing rooms below. In the corridor she paused. She was panting. This was ridiculous. Why was she running away? Why had she left Mary up there in the dark alone, crying? Mary was a high-strung little thing. Tonight Vedder had been cross to her. That was it. Of course that was why she was crying. Why else?

"Because she loves him. Because she has fallen in love with Tim. . . . Nonsense! . . . It's not nonsense. Day after day it's been happening.

*"You darling, stupid man," Mary said. "I've been saying it night after night—I love you so!"*

Vedder can see it. Everybody can see it. . . . You nasty-minded little nut," whispered Audrey at herself. "Audrey getting jealous. And after all she's said about silly amateurs who can't play a love scene without tittering."

There was nothing. Absolutely nothing. She was being a fool. Oh, if only she could know she was being a fool! For another moment in the silent hallway, Audrey fought the image of Mary Lindstrom in Tim's arms. Mary was so lovely and so young and so terribly intense. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair.

TIMOTHY scraped the last remnant of foamy sauce from the bottom of his dish.

Audrey smiled. "Opening night doesn't seem to make you nervous," she said.

"My dear, tonight Mary and I will blow the roof off your handsomely endowed Fenhurst Theater. As a matter of record, though, I can be nervous as a girl and still eat fig pudding."

"You like Mary better than you did at first, don't you?"

"She's got what it takes," Tim grunted casually as he stood up.

"Tim, is she much prettier than I used to be?" said Audrey, and then despised herself for saying it. Of all the futile and stupid remarks! That was no way to find out what Tim was thinking. And if he wasn't thinking anything, what surer way to start him off? Why are women, jealous women, always such fools?

Timothy, however, hadn't even heard the question. He came along the table, gently pinched her ear in passing, and in the doorway turned back to glance at her.

(Continued on Page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HENRY RALEIGH





# Blue Ribbon

BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER



*Terrified by the sudden roar, Gray Boy reared, throwing Peter to the ground.*

**THE STORY OF A SMALL BOY'S FIRST AND ABIDING LOVE—FOR A HORSE, A MOTHER, AND A GIRL WHO WAS ONCE EVEN SMALLER THAN THE BOY**

HE WAS glad, big Peter Carlin was, that there was no plane service to the remote spot where he was going, no train that would get him there in time. Glad because it meant that he could have this eight-hour drive alone; and today, of all days, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to think, undisturbed; and as the car hummed its way into the first of the three hundred miles, his thoughts went back and back, to the very beginning, to the real reason why he was making this trip and what it meant to him. Back to the day, twenty years ago, when he had been only nine, and Mary Callender had come to take him home. To her home.

A small boy he had been then, on that late-spring morning, small but straight of back and shoulder, wiry in his slender arms and legs, his blue overalls washed and re-washed to a faded blue that was lighter even than his eyes—eyes that had been red-rimmed on that morning, red-rimmed because he had dug at them all through the night with grimy little paws that no one had made him wash. He wouldn't cry. Big boys of nine didn't cry, not even when they fell off hayricks or had their faces switched sharp by cows' rosy tails at milking time.

His father had told him that—never to cry. And he wouldn't. But it wasn't easy, sitting there in Mrs. Sylvester's rocking-chaired parlor, hearing the voices through the kitchen door, wondering what was going to happen and feeling so bewildered and frightened, so very alone.

"It's a shame, that's what it is," Mrs. Sylvester was saying. "First his mother, four years ago, and now his father. And so sudden too. Just a cold, it started out to be. And now the poor little fellow with no home and no relations that anybody ever heard tell of. I'd take him myself, if there was room."

And then Mary Callender's voice, very strong and deep, but very gentle. He had always liked Mary Callender. "But I want to take him. I do really. He'll be company for me, and a help, too, running the place. He knows already how things should be done. Where is he now?"

And he had stood up quickly, pretending to be looking at the geraniums in their tin coffee cans on the window ledge, trying to keep his upper lip steady as Mary Callender came in.

"Good morning, Peter," she had said, as if he were her own age. "How would you like to slide up to my place for a while and give me a hand with things? There's lots of hay to get down, and I can use another man on the hayrake and driving the loader team." Things that she knew he liked to do, working with horses.

SHE understood, Mary Callender did. There weren't many things that she didn't understand. Older than his father, she was, with iron-gray hair and eyes that were blue, too, like Peter's, only deep-set under heavy eyebrows and with friendly little lines at their corners because she liked to smile.

Her mouth was friendly, too, but strong; her skin rich-colored from the sun and weather, but still soft; her hands rough-knotted from the work that she had known for so many years. Life hadn't been easy for Mary Callender, but it hadn't left her hard. There was a gentleness, a tenderness, that small Peter could only sense, that drew him to her, a haven, a home.

He didn't speak, not quite trusting that, but he nodded, and again she understood.

"Fine," she said heartily. "I've got a team outside. Why don't you just throw your gear into the back seat and we'll get off?" Adding, with a quick gleam to her clear eyes: "Got a surprise for you, too, down at the barn."

And when his suitcase, cracked and cardboard, was in and he had said good-by to Mrs. Sylvester, Mary Callender said casually, "Guess you'd better handle 'em, Peter; they're a mite skittish this morning," offering him the reins as he braced one small foot against the whip socket, the way his father had done, and swung the team of bays out into the road. That was the first time then, that moment, that he had forgotten the ache, dull and deep inside, forgotten, if only for a moment, those last four days. There was a slight stir of interest, even, in his mind for what this new surprise might be.

IT WAS five miles up to Mary Callender's hill farm, to the four hundred acres that she owned and ran, five miles uphill through fields where the billowing hay caught at the wheelspokes, and the team of bays nipped out for hasty mouthfuls. Peter had been there before, of course, and he liked the old gray-shingled house, white-trimmed, with the bell on the roof and the kittens always playing around the dooryard under the giant, leafy rustling maples. It was all so comfortable, so secure, with the red barns just over the brow of the hill, and the brook below. The best farm in the county, maybe in the state, his father had always said; the best run, too, even if a woman did run it.

His room was to be just over the kitchen, with its scrubbed white floor, its stone sink and the separator rings drying over the wood range. "It'll be nice and warm up there in the winter," Mary Callender had said, and when he had unpacked his things he came down and waited shyly.

"Doughnut pail's in the pantry," Mary Callender told him. "You get a fresh one and then I want you should come down to the barn. Something there I think you'll like." And, munching on a bit of feathery crispness, he followed her down and into the horse barn, his step quickened by the wonder of what could be waiting there.

Cattle were Mary Callender's business, milk for the city three hundred miles away her livelihood, and she had eighty Jerseys, soft-eyed, sleek and quick as deer, rich milkers, purebreds all. But horses were her love, her real love, the pride and joy that had made the work, the struggle and the worry of running her farm worth while over the years.

Horses she knew, through and through, fetlock to forelock, and they knew her, too, understood her and trusted her. They would do things for her hand, light on the reins, and for her voice, kindly but firm, that others could never get out of them.

Not always the best horses, because that meant money, money which Mary Callender did not have. Even the stock she had, kept her poor—bleakly poor at times, although she never spoke of it; but there was always a sparkling light span for the red-wheeled gig in the summer and the sleigh in winter, and usually five or six work horses, fat and sleek and powerful.

But sometimes there was a horse like the Gray Lady, before whose box stall Mary Callender stopped now with small Peter. Purebred, the Gray Lady was, every inch of her. Purebred Arabian, with the sharp ears, the forehead slightly concave, the wide, sensitive nostrils and the tail that was a flowing plume. Dapple gray and flamingly alive, perfect except for one thing: She was blind—stone blind.

Her owner had imported her, and then, when her eyes had suddenly failed, he had come to Mary Callender. "Take her," he said. "She'll have good care with you, and perhaps she can have a sound colt. Maybe crossed with a Thoroughbred stallion."

So Mary had taken her gladly, never thinking of extra feed bills, extra care, content only to sit for hours when she could, watching the effortless grace, the easy rhythm of the gray mare as she circled the paddock that she grew to know by instinct. At first it had clutched at Mary Callender's heart, seeing the animal blunder blindly into the padded fenceposts, but soon the horse had learned the boundaries, sensing the final second when she must stop her flight.

And now, in the box stall beside the Gray Lady, was her first colt, sound of eye and body, with the same gray dapplings, long and leggy with a mop brush for a tail and a colt's soft woolly fur. Three months old it was on that day when small Peter had first seen it, holding out his hand for a soft, warm nuzzle from the velvety, inquisitive nose.

"Isn't he a beauty?" Mary Callender said, as the two hung over the low stall door, and Peter nodded, saying nothing, his eyes only for the straight-legged little animal before him, silent until Mary Callender turned slightly and watched him for a minute.

"You like him, don't you?" she said at last, and Peter nodded again, but with a quick smile, a quick look that brought one of Mary Callender's arms about his shoulder, sensing as she did the love that he had for these creatures, a love as great as her own.

Then, after a long pause, she spoke again. "And he likes you, too, Peter." Slowly: "You're new here, both of you, but you're going to be happy, too, I hope. Would you like"—so very wisely—"would you like to have this colt for your own? To train and ride and handle, to care for?"

AND small Peter's eyes, wide now, and not quite believing, went quickly up to hers. "You mean—you mean that he'd be mine? All mine?" And Mary Callender nodded. "Gee"—the whisper straight from his heart—"gee, would I!" The dullness, the loneliness gone suddenly from his face, not to return till late that evening when he was in his bed and thoughts began to come back. Thoughts that brought stifled sobs and finally Mary Callender to soothe them away, her arms around him, so comforting, so reassuring, as it might have been with her own son.

He remembered all that, big Peter Carlin did now, remembered it as if it were yesterday, driving home again along the road that he knew so well, his lean, brown hands tightening on the wheel as the memories flooded back.

They had grown up together through those next two years, the gray colt and the boy, grown up together closely, side by side,

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*Peter tacked the blue ribbon beside Gray Boy's stall. It was, said Peter, Gray Boy's ribbon. He had won it.*





*Each June finds a quarter of a million of our young people graduating from college. What does America hold for them—what do they hold for America? A member of the class of 1936 says*

# Life Begins at Graduation

BY GEORGE BOOKMAN

**I**N JUNE each year about 250,000 young men and women graduate from colleges in this country. As one of that quarter million, I have heard many strange statements about "youth." So many of them have been wrong, so many have been silly that I wanted to write down my impressions of this business of stepping out into the world.

When I left the college gates behind me last year and entered the world as an ordinary young citizen, there were two adjectives in my mind that I had always heard applied to the world. The world was described as "big" and "bad." My first taste of ordinary citizenship came as I hunted for a job. And during the entire length of this job hunt I found that the world was neither big nor bad. Its bigness turned out to be no more frightening than the size of the crowd at the state fair, and its badness no more wicked than the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe and Had So Many Children She Didn't Know What to Do.

Of course, I was terrified before my first interview with a big businessman. But that first interview, and the interviews after that, soon taught me that the man behind the smooth-topped desk can be just as human and affable as any other two-legged creature. I found that if I was persistent, if I didn't tire of phoning, calling and waiting, I could eventually come face to face with any employment officer. When I actually shook hands with these tycoons of business it became apparent that graduating into the world, even at its worst, was no more disagreeable than getting into a cold bath.

**B**ORN during the World War, suckled on Harding prosperity and grown to manhood during the dark night that followed 1929, my generation has a strange inheritance. We were inevitably stamped at birth with the marks of the conflagration in Europe. As the century wore on, its turbulent disturbances changed our lives, in many cases wrecked our homes. At college I knew boys who had tasted bitterness, poverty and grief while their chins were still beardless. David, who was my best friend, taught music, waited on tables and

did odd jobs which not only paid his entire college expenses but also helped support his father, who was out of a job. Leon, who expects to be a writer, dropped out of college in his freshman year after the tragic suicide of his father and worked in a canning factory to support his mother and two small sisters. When he came back to college to finish the education that had been so rudely interrupted he was certainly not a "typical college boy"—Hollywood style. He and many others like him were sobered by the depression.

**T**O APPRECIATE what is being experienced by young people graduating from college it is essential to bear in mind our political and economic heritage. If we are to believe the philosophers of the Sunday illustrated-magazine sections, the youngsters before the depression were permanently drunk, always traveling at high speed in a bright red roadster, and living on dad's dividends. If that is true, then we who graduated in the wake of the depression have a good explanation for some of the discomforting headaches of the early thirties. We are products of the hang-over era.

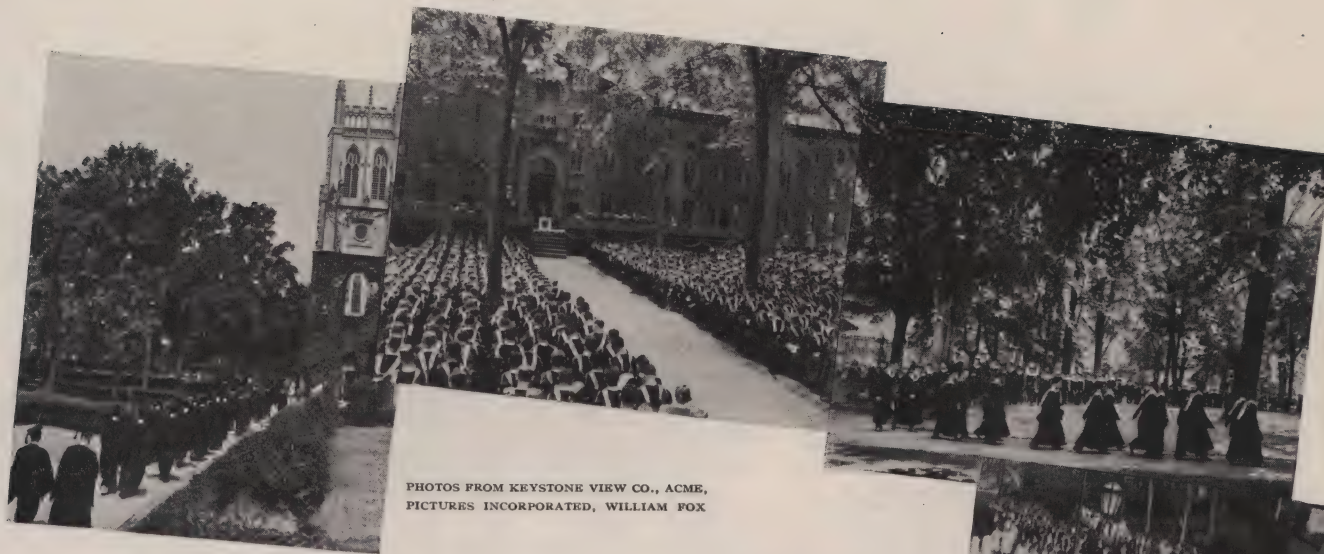
For the bathtub-gin generation, life was a gay and easy vacation, clipping coupons was drudgery and their most serious problem was whether the ice would hold out till Joe could phone down to the drugstore for fresh supplies.

The men I graduated with will put up a howl if the ice runs out, but they take that question in their stride. For their adolescent years were spent in a world that came tumbling down about their ears. Because the years of our teens were hard ones for America, we have a deeper understanding of hardship. We are better prepared to fight because we have seen what fighting means. Poverty and unemployment won't terrify us, because we have been poor already and unemployment has come close to us.

Leonard, who used to talk about music with me over an occasional glass of beer at college, won't lose his nerve if he doesn't find a job teaching piano for several months after he leaves college. His two older







PHOTOS FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., ACME, PICTURES INCORPORATED, WILLIAM FOX

brothers, both architects, lost their jobs in 1931. To kill time, they used to think up parlor games. One rainy day they invented one with commercial possibilities. Leonard spent his afternoons getting orders for the game, and the two architects filled them at a workshop set up in their boardinghouse room. In this way Leonard earned a big slice of his college expenses and his brothers were able to tide themselves over the depression period. So my friend Leonard has seen unemployment; he has no reason to be afraid of it. Many others of my classmates have had similar experiences.

Such words as "technological unemployment," "relief" and "social security" became as much a part of our everyday vocabulary as "Volstead," "speak-easy" and "boyish bob" had been to the graduates of the twenties. When enforced idleness was at its worst in our college town, the college opened its doors to the unemployed. For one winter we sat in classes with earnest, eager men who were victims of the depression; we wrestled with them over the same French irregular verbs. The strike for peace, volunteer work in soup kitchens, jail sentences for illegal picketing were unforgettable parts of our heritage.

One interesting effect of this new attitude of young people toward the world they are entering is seen in the professions and trades they choose. The college yearbooks four years ago, listing the intended occupations of the graduates, named "respectable" professions in a large majority of cases. It was considered the thing to do to choose law or medicine, engineering or the ministry.

OFFICIALS of the bar associations in many states have announced that the legal profession is overcrowded; cities have too many aspiring young doctors; and architects have suffered most as a group from the effects of the depression. As a result, young people are going into work that is intensely practical. Two classmates of mine enrolled in a nursing school after graduation. They want to become male nurses. Three men in my class are prepared to go into the hotel business, and are taking postgraduate work in hotel administration to fit themselves for bottom-of-the-ladder jobs as night desk clerks. My friend Larry had always

intended to become a lawyer and perhaps drift into local politics. The years at college changed his mind. He is now working as an estimator with an air-conditioning firm and expects to make air conditioning his lifework. Recognizing the shift away from the professions, the universities and colleges are introducing courses to meet the demand. Catalogues list such subjects as "dude ranching," "co-operative management" and "public relations," which students are seriously picking out for permanent careers.

THERE are many new experiences for me and my classmates. When I first went to look for a job I had the strange, new sensation that I was a commodity with a market value. In college no such idea ever existed. If I did good work I got a good "grade"; bad work merited a bad grade. But, good or bad, the professor had to read my themes, had to accept me as a member of his class. On the other hand, when I ask an employer for a job he appraises me from a dollars-and-cents standpoint. He asks himself, "Is it worth fifteen dollars a week to me to let this fellow potter around my office?" I found that it's a hard job to sell twenty-one years of raw young college man to a prospective employer.

Another new sensation is the knowledge that for the first time I have complete power over my own life. I hold in my own two hands the power to make myself into a respected citizen or a failure. No teacher, parent or professor is responsible for my actions. At the age of twenty-two, not one year out of college, I sit with my destiny in my lap and can toss it any way I wish. Another discovery: I found that the business life of the nation had been arranged in very precise patterns long before I made my appearance. It must be quite different from the day when my grandfather went to work sweeping out the back room of a grocery store and from there rose to success in the brokerage business. The paths to success in this world that we inherited have been laid out already and we must follow them. Forty years ago the uncle of my closest college chum was an ambitious cub reporter on a Western newspaper. His reason momentarily impaired by one of those periodic brainstorms that afflict newspapermen, he

(Continued on Page 116)







No. 396



*From the street or from the garden the traditional house is equally engaging. And though it is small, its sectional character gives it a generous, low, rambling appearance. It would cost about \$7000 to build, not including land.*

## TRADITION . . .

**BY JOHN CUSHMAN FISTERE**

**T**HIS house is a little Declaration of Independence. It is a document of American domestic architecture as fresh and fitting today as when its prototype was first erected in Colonial times. For while in the JOURNAL's presentation here its construction and equipment are modern in every respect, answering all contemporary requirements as to convenience and efficiency, it still retains in every line the spirit of its original. It is a house for every section of the country. And it is for everyone who has a feeling for the charm and practicality of a native style that in two centuries has never shown a single sign of age.

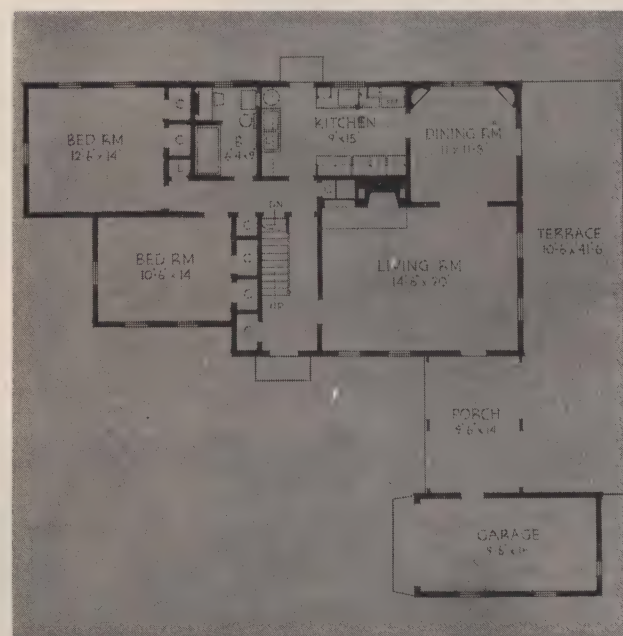
I know that whenever I close my eyes and try to picture the American home, I invariably get an image of a rambling story-and-a-half Cape Cod Colonial house. It's always painted white, with green blinds. Its roof has a gentle slope, broken only by a central chimney. Most often, but not always, a white picket fence surrounds the lawn, and a flagstone path leads up to the simple front door.

Inside, the living room is set aglow by a crackling, not a roaring, fire, with bookshelves flanking the fireplace and a portrait of somebody's grandfather over the mantel. Candles are on the dining-room table, lighting up the china teacups hanging in the corner cupboards; and through the swinging door, I can get a glimpse of a trim but spacious kitchen.

That is the image that forms itself in my mind—and I have never seen a house which brought it to reality so successfully as our house that symbolizes the best native tradition, designed by Royal Barry Wills. He has really improved on it, because I had not pictured such an interesting covered porch leading to the garage. In fact, I seem always to leave the garage out of my image. Nor had I ever been so generous with closets, or so economical in my planning. Because Mr. Wills recognizes such realities as growing families, two bedrooms and a bath are planned for upstairs.

Other kinds of houses may be more imposing, more individual or more suitable to a particular locality, but I can think of none that seems so much like a typical American home as this inspired Cape Cod Colonial.

*A covered porch and ample terrace, a combined kitchen and laundry, a fireplace corner and an abundance of closets, cross ventilation in living rooms, are features of the plan. For expansion, two rooms and a bath are provided upstairs.*





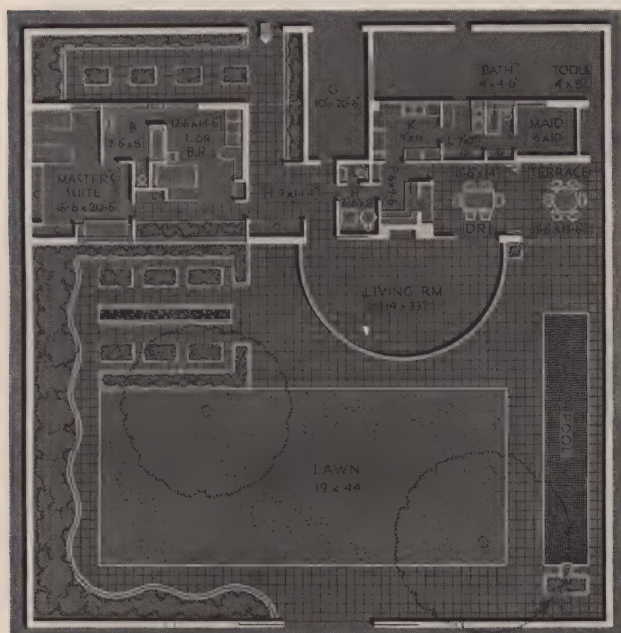


*Nighttime, and two views of the garden side of the house of innovations. Its seeming openness is protected by the high garden wall which shuts the world out rather than closes the house in and makes a living room of the entire garden.*



## INNOVATION

*Besides the semicircular living room, some of the unusual features of the plan are the indoor conservatory, the combination library and bedroom, a sliding glass partition in the bedroom, and the maid's prefabricated bathroom.*



THIS house is like a newly discovered place into which period styles of design have never penetrated. Instead, it has a virgin beauty that will appeal at once to the pioneer and quickly win the appreciation of anyone with an eye for the loveliness of logical simplicity. It is composed entirely of original ideas in planning and equipment, whose effectiveness and practicality will prove literally irresistible from now on to anyone who contemplates building or making over a home. For this house suddenly clears the atmosphere of all the cluttered habits of design and construction that handicap small-house architecture. Without any meaningless mannerisms or tricks, it states the possibilities of the modern home in the unmistakable terms of today.

In a way it is really more than a house. It is a new way of living, based on the idea that a house is not only the space within the walls, but the garden around it as well. In this case we have in effect a house within a house—a house roofed over that opens into an outdoor house created by the high, enclosing walls of the garden. And to make the garden an integral part of the house, the living room not only extends into the garden in a dramatic semicircle, but, by means of curved glass window-walls that can be made to disappear at will into slots underneath, it actually becomes a living room that reaches right out to the limits of the garden. And the fusion of indoors and outdoors is made complete by using the same material for the terrace floor which is used for the floors of the living room, dining room and halls.

To design this house made up of innovations, we chose Wallace K. Harrison and J. André Fouilhoux, the architects whose Theme Building will dominate the New York World's Fair in 1939. And in addition to its revolutionary main idea of the semicircular indoor living room, opening onto the outdoor living room, you'll find other interesting architectural innovations in the house, too. For instance, the master bedroom isn't really a bedroom at all—but a room planned equally for dressing, lounging, beautification, breakfasting, and the other activities that are practiced but not provided for in bedrooms. The beds themselves are separated from the rest of the



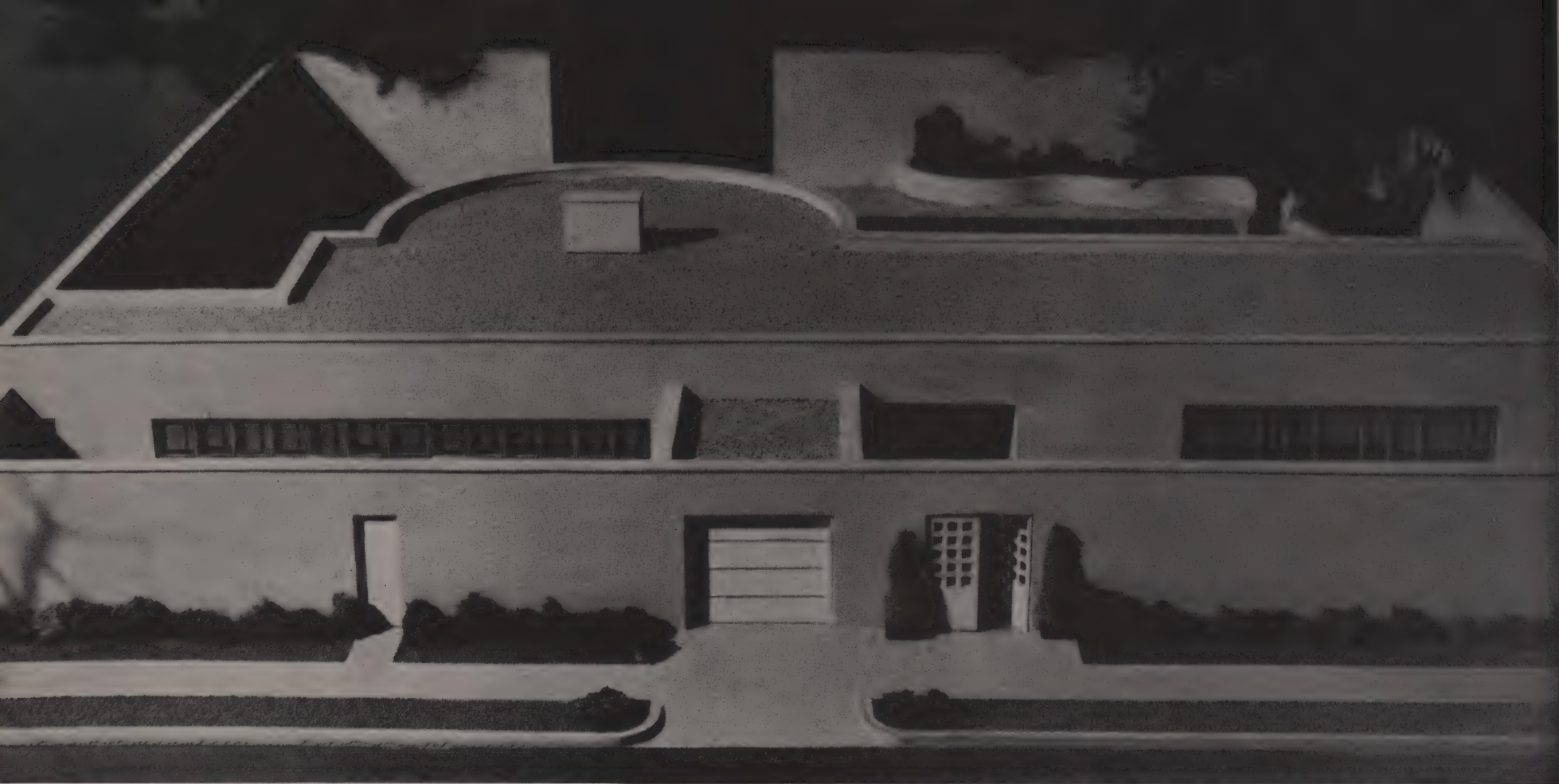
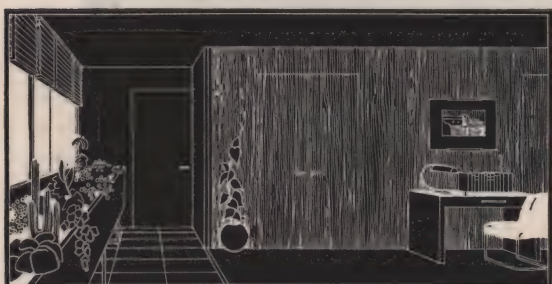
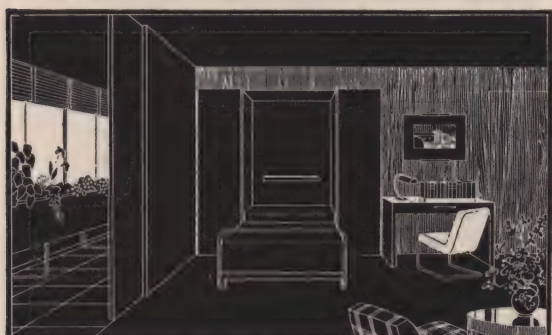


PHOTO BY LOUIS CHECKMAN

*A model of the Journal's house of innovations as it will look when on display at the National Home Show in New York's Madison Square Garden from May twelfth to twenty-third. The view is from the street side, showing the garage and principal entrance.*



**INDOOR CONSERVATORY.** Along the corridor leading from the entrance hall to the master bedroom runs an indoor conservatory, opposite which are the sliding doors of the combination library-bedroom.



**CONCEALED BED.** The conservatory corridor, with the fold-away bed in the library pulled down. The drawing above shows how the flush doors which conceal the bed form part of the wall when the bed is up.



**ACCORDION GLASS DOORS** separate the room from the dining terrace. The dining room is illuminated only by a spotlight concealed in the ceiling, the beam of which is controlled to hit the table edge.

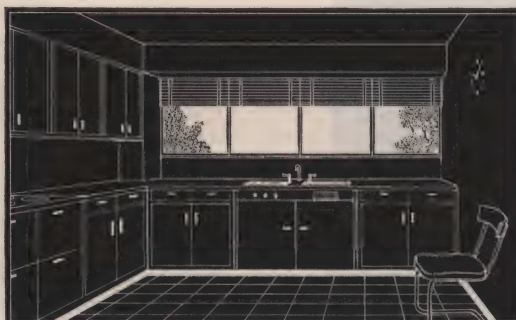
space by a sliding glass partition. You'll find in the house a prefabricated all-copper bathroom that can be moved into the proper space—walls, fixtures, pipes and all—in two pieces; a combination library and bedroom with a bed that looks like part of the wall when it's folded up; and a dining room whose only illumination comes from a pin-point spotlight in the ceiling.

These are innovations, ready now to make living healthier, happier and more convenient in the house of today.

There's a maxim among architects that the ideal house is one which has neither walls nor roof. Life, it is said, would be healthier and happier if we worked, played, ate and slept in the open. But unfortunately there are the winds and rains of March, clothes to be put away, and conventions to be observed. So we enclose the necessary amount of space in Colonial, English or Spanish fashion and call it home. During the years, however, we've put so much emphasis on the way we build the shell that we forget that a house is actually the space we live in rather than the walls which enclose it.

These are some of the thoughts which crossed our minds and the minds of our architects in planning this house of innovations. We tried not to have any fixed notions about the appearance of the house at all, but instead spent all our time pleasantly contemplating the way we live and trying to organize space that would coincide with it.

So it was that the garden-living room came about. If the ideal is to have no walls at all, glass walls that disappear when they're not wanted must be the next best thing. The living room, therefore, became a semicircle with a radius of eighteen feet, the walls being built of curved glass, and motor-operated so that, with a press of a button, they sink from sight. In good weather, the

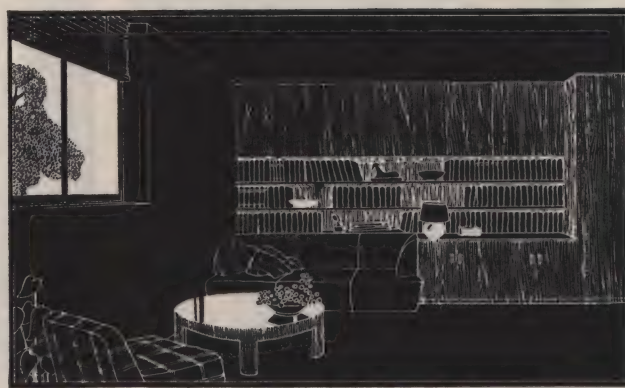


**ELECTRIC SERVANTS.** Concealed behind and beneath the efficient-looking kitchen cabinets are the electric servants, including a garbage-disposal unit, that take the drudgery out of housekeeping.





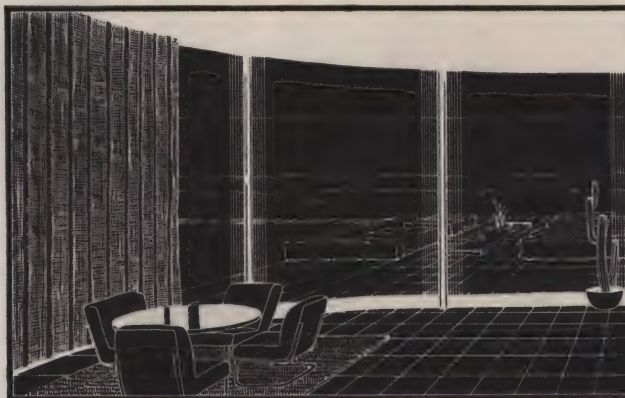
**STRUCTURAL GLASS.** Walls and ceiling of milk-white structural glass make the bathroom easy to keep clean. The combination tub and shower is enclosed by plate glass, and the flooring is linoleum.



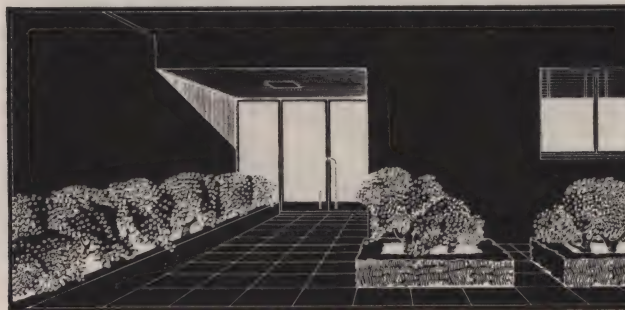
**CONVERTIBLE LIBRARY.** The library corner of the combined library and guest room, with built-in furniture, radio, bookshelves and cabinets for miscellaneous storage. Drawers and a cedar-lined closet are built into the opposite wall.



**SERPENTINE WALL.** A corner of the garden, showing a portion of the serpentine wall, which weaves its way along one side of the garden. The windows are those of the indoor conservatory corridor and of the master bedroom suite.



**VERTICAL VENETIAN BLINDS.** Looking across the living room at the curved glass windows. The thin lines are the slats of the Venetian blinds which are made of thin aluminum, and which run vertically instead of horizontally.



**HEDGED ENTRANCE.** Street entrance, with a hedge at the left to relieve the severity of the garage wall. At the right is a corner of the patio garden over which both the bedrooms look out. The recessed entrance is illuminated by a flush ceiling light.

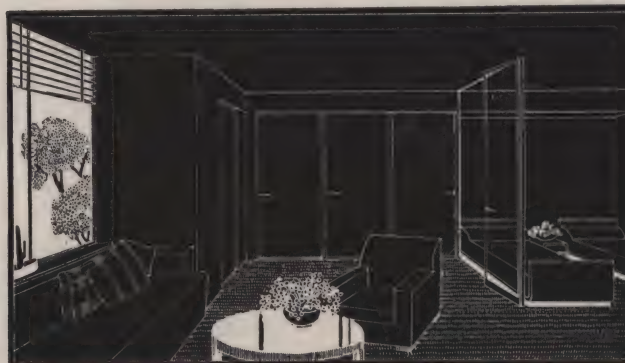
whole garden becomes a living room, protected from the view of neighbors by the high wall. For nighttime, or for those hours of the day when sunlight control is wanted, vertical Venetian blinds mounted on a single track swing around the semicircle. In warm climates, the glass would be of only single thickness; but in communities where winter is a persistent visitor, the glass would have to be a new type of double glazing, with a hermetically sealed space between the two plates.

Because of our growing fondness for outdoor eating, our house has two dining rooms, one inside and one out. The latter is really a terrace, but it is protected overhead by a flat concrete slab. The indoor dining room is separated from the living room by sliding doors, and motor-operated accordion glass doors lead out to the dining terrace. The doorway to the butler's pantry is operated by an electric eye, which opens and closes the door automatically at the approach of anyone from either side. If the house should have two servants, or to make buffet serving easier, a sliding panel has been built into the wall between the pantry and the dining room.

But the most interesting feature of the dining room is its illumination, which is provided by a spotlight concealed in the ceiling, and so controlled that the light from it strikes only the table below. No matter what the size of the table might be, the light can be adjusted so that its spread will coincide with the table's edge.

On the street side of the house a glass-brick wall serves the double purpose of affording the necessary protection and permitting the passage of light into the patio and service yard. Between the

(Continued on Page 45)



**DIVIDED BEDROOM.** The master bedroom suite, showing the triplicate mirror doors and the glass partition separating the beds from the rest of the room. A fully-equipped and adequately drawered dressing table is built into the other wall.





nice against the sand - my  
rust linen beach dress -  
with turquoise jacket —



lawn and dimitry  
seem rural enough  
for picking cherries



meeting Dad and on  
to the club - my suits of  
a new acetate fabric —



drapery fabric draping  
me - and Cynthia in her  
sleek slick slacks —

Sylvia in her skirt and  
sweater, me in my slacks  
— all matching —



She wears a maillot  
I wear a skirt-mine  
is grand fitting lastest

there's nothing like  
a cotton golf dress —  
mine has red stripes



we wear our shirts  
outside — with shorts  
or slacks —



snapshots of your summer

by Julia Coburn



# Here are Vogue Designs for

## IF YOU LIVE AT THE BEACH . . .

WHETHER to be very feminine, or tailored, is the question. Whether to get a short knee-length beach coat of black-on-white piqué, and show off your perfect legs; or to wear a pair of tailored slacks in plain gray flannel with a checked blue, yellow and gray flannel jacket, and look as Hollywood as a movie star—it's really up to you. But have as many bathing suits as you can, and include this one-piece dressmaker suit of printed silk or sanforized-shrunk linen, or plain silk jersey, in your beach wardrobe. This is a perfect suit for the larger figure, with the bodice cut up high underneath the arms and a v neckline. The skirt is slightly flared and the front panel is in one with the upper section, the undersuit fastened to the suit. See how very neatly it fastens in back, with a slide fastener. The long version of the beach coat can be made of very thin sanforized cotton or piqué. It makes a grand house coat as well, especially in thin printed cottons.

7622. "Easy-to-Make" beach or house coat. Long or short fitted sleeves, or short puffed sleeves, single-button closing. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 50c.

7691. One-piece bathing suit, slight flare. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44. 50c.

7578. Semifitted jacket with darted-top two-piece sleeves. May have notched collar, saddle stitching at seams. Sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 44. 40c.

7519. Regulation tailored slacks with straight waistband, inserted side pockets and buttoned closing. Sizes 25-27-28-30-32-34-36 waist. 30c.



7622  
50 cents

7691  
50 cents

7622  
50 cents

## . . . OR DANCE AWAY THE SUMMER NIGHTS

THIS summer is the romantic age—with evening frocks in fine sheer cottons, mousseline, crisp nets in faint rose or mauve, palest blues and pinks. If you are young and slim, dance in clouds of chiffon with a rainbow-striped taffeta jacket—very brief and tailored, without a sign of a collar. This dress, S-3982, is shirred in clusters at the shoulders. Lace and mousseline make an exquisite dress of the romantic type. S-3976 has a fitted blouse buttoned up the front with tiny mousseline-covered buttons, and a lace yoke. Little shirred bands are soft trimming for the molded bodice and the low décolletage of the sheer evening frock, 7717. It has a very full bias skirt that is in four pieces. Some of the stiffer cottons—printed piqué or linen, or printed taffeta—are used for dresses like 7694. This dress hugs your waist with a fitted bodice, and it has a circular four-piece bias skirt. You can be very different and wear it in the new above-the-ankle length.

S-3982. One-piece evening frock and jacket. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. \$1.00.

S-3976. One-piece evening frock. Wide sectional skirt joins blouse at hipline below the belt, pleated edging or lace. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. \$1.00.

7717. One-piece evening frock with very full bias skirt. The skirt is in four pieces topped by a shallow pointed yoke. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.

7694. One-piece "Easy-to-Make" frock. Cuffs in one with short puffed sleeves; skirt may be instep length or shorter. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 60c.

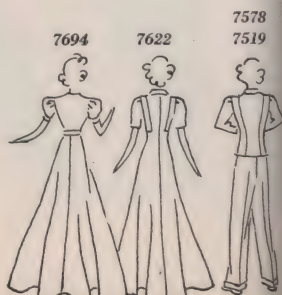


S-3982  
\$1

7694  
60 cents

7717  
75 cents

S-3982 S-3982 S-3982 S-3976 7717



7578  
7519



# Your Summer Successes

## OR SPEND YOUR DAYS IN SIMPLE COTTONS . . .

A COLLECTION of country and town cotton frocks—not to feast your eyes upon, but to make and wear with great assurance. 7718 is just a shade more formal than a sports dress; and with an open-crown turban, it can be worn for porch bridge on summer afternoons. A twisted-ribbon belt or a colored braided-cord belt in the same color as the turban is a pleasing accent. The dress has a flare to the skirt, achieved by six gores, and dart tucks in yoke fashion add a smart dressmaker touch. Think how useful the short-sleeved separate jacket with 7716 will be! You can wear it over other white and pastel linen dresses. This dress has pleats front and back and cap shoulders. Dark-colored shirred net or crisp batiste makes the cool summery afternoon dress, 7693. The blouse and short sleeves are tucked, and the skirt is pleated in front and back. 7707 has an “as-you-like-it” neckline—pin it high or in the new low v. Very finely pleated edging finishes the sleeves and front of this dress, and the skirt is in six gores. Make it of cottony cottons in dainty prints, or of embroidered batiste. Everybody ought to have one two-piece dress, so we’ve included one here, 7715, with a short belted overblouse with sham pockets and a skirt with four pleated sections. And you might consider this awning-stripe cotton dress, 7706, with collarless blouse closing in surplice fashion, and front-pleated skirt. Take off the fitted overblouse of 7656 and you have a one-piece sleeveless dress. Wear colored belts with it, and take along the extra blouse for days at the shore where cool breezes blow. But let’s stop talking and start sewing!

7718. Dress with six-gored skirt and dart tucks. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. 50c.  
 7716. One-piece frock and short box jacket. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 60c.  
 7693. One-piece frock. Skirt has inverted pleat at center front and back, with two inward-turning pleats each side. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 50c.  
 7707. Soft one-piece “Easy-to-Make” frock. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 50c.  
 7715. Two-piece frock with pleats in the skirt. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40. 50c.  
 7706. One-piece frock. Skirt has inverted pleat down center front and two forward-turning pleats at each side front. Sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 42. 50c.  
 7656. “Easy-to-Make” frock and overblouse. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 40c.

© VOGUE

Patterns may be purchased from any store selling Vogue Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut, or in Canada, 23 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario.



7691  
50 cents

7578—40 cents  
7519—30 cents



7656  
40 cents

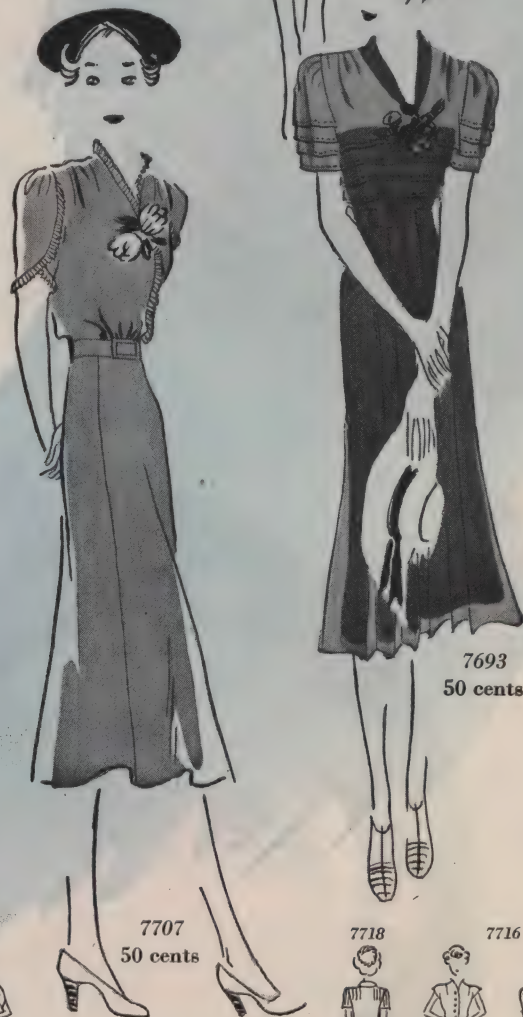
7706  
50 cents

7715  
50 cents



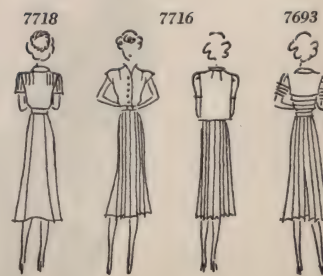
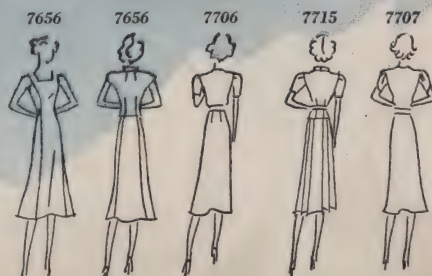
7718  
50 cents

7716  
60 cents




7693  
50 cents


7707  
50 cents








Perhaps in this little church there's a supper on the way, of fried chicken and creamed potatoes.



In this town is an inn, and that's where I aim to go. Famous are its hot breads, its waffles and its cakes.



The old mill has been turned into a tea-room. It is known for its abundant table and for its soups.

## FARING FORTH

BY ANN BATCHELDER

ONE thing that can be a feast or a famine is fried chicken. Haven't you ever driven up to a more or less prepossessing place on the road, hungry as a bear on a rocky mountain, and, seeing a sign, "Home Cooking," leaped from your car, your mouth watering? Haven't you? Well, I thought so.

Hearing that there was fried chicken and waffles for dinner, you were all set to have a perfectly dandy time. Also, all set for a gamble with fate. Perhaps it turned out to be the fried chicken of your dreams. More than likely it was the fried chicken of a nightmare. It is sad to record this insecurity. But so it is.

**Dish for a King.** Now, fried chicken is one of the most glorious experiences in good food, when one is hungry and the dish is good. The trouble is that there is as much





*Gardens are growing. There are new peas hidden in sweet green pods, and tiny potatoes are on their way.*



*Town or country, wherever we stop, our hopes are pinned on strawberry shortcake with good rich cream.*



*Iced coffee, the color of a new saddle, is well worth traveling far to get. And a perfect ending for a perfect day.*

PHOTOS BY STUART

argument over how to do it as there is over how to make a clam chowder. But I'll go into that later.

The kind of chicken I'm talking about is done in deep fat. I don't know that there's much difference between this and chicken fried in a frying pan. Except that I happen to like my chicken fried in deep fat!

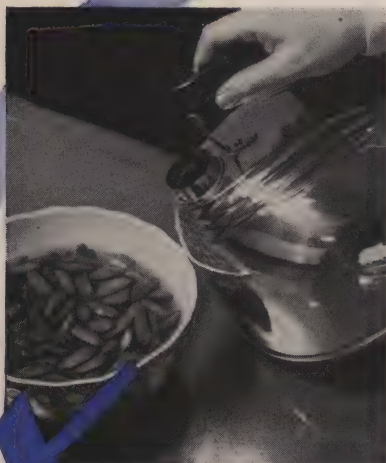
**Here's to Controversy!** I steam my chickens before I fry them. Now, girls, don't be too hard on me. "Live and let live" be your motto, for I am perfectly aware that in some places where we fare forth for food, this way of mine is pure heresy, and worse.

But wait a minute. I think chicken tastes better if it's steamed to a sweet, tender plumpness before it gets its baptism as by fire, so to speak.

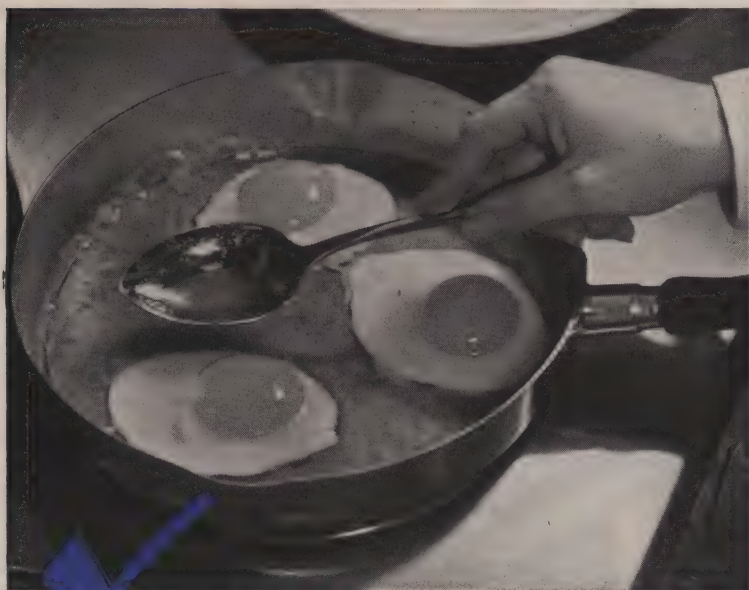
So, steaming my chicken, I cut it up as for a fricassee, and take out some of the less alluring bones—you know, leg bones, and so on. Then, having a kettle of hot fat ready, I dip the pieces of chicken in slightly beaten egg, then in fine

(Continued on Page 83)





*Two steps for a blanching operation, and the obstinate almonds are shedding their brown skins.*



*Fried eggs and a lot of other things are the better for a good honest basting. Adds to looks and taste.*



*When these vegetables are finished, they can be truthfully called julienne. Very attractive, too.*

## WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

BY ANN BATCHELDER



*Dredging for looks and for flavor as applied by benefit of a dredger to a juicy roast of beef.*

THE English language is all cluttered up with different meanings for certain words. And what I wonder is how anyone who tries to learn this, to us, more or less familiar tongue ever gets beyond first base.

It's pretty confusing, I know, especially when it comes to setting down dicta about cooking. For example, you tell about frying eggs. You say, "Baste the egg." Well, suppose someone who doesn't know what you mean reads that and immediately thinks of that old thread-and-needle business, such as basting a seam or tacking up a hem!

So, in order to have the record straight and everything plain and aboveboard, I am going to set down, here and now, some of the often-used cooking words, and try to tell you what they really mean. Of course these aren't all there are, but only the ones that you come across oftenest when you tackle a job of getting a meal together, or any other cooking problem.

**Aspic.** A jelly made from stock or broth and well seasoned. It is also made from tomato juice; and, if you stretch a point a little, fruit aspic is as good a name for jellies as any other. Aspics are generally used to cover and enclose poultry or fish or fruits or salads. And gelatin is pretty indispensable when it's an aspic you're making. Always watch that it isn't so stiff that it comes out statuary instead of an aspic.

**Baste.** To get back to basting. This means dipping liquid over anything that is (Continued on Page 48)





## In this soup, you enjoy tomatoes at their best!

Think of the most luscious, full-ripe tomatoes you ever tasted . . . then remember the soup which brings them to you with their fresh-off-the-vine tang captured by a recipe which delights all who like good things to eat . . . Campbell's!

The tomatoes themselves are specially cultivated by Campbell's for brilliant color, for lush richness and superb flavor . . . But that is only the beginning . . . Campbell's exclusive recipe blends them with a cooking genius that makes every spoonful a fresh and sunny delight . . . Once tasted, it is a flavor never to be forgotten—accepted everywhere as the most delicious soup ever made!

Why not have it for lunch tomorrow?

## *Campbell's* Tomato Soup







*Make a good first impression with this easy but showy beginning.*

*Cinch your good luck with lemon-chiffon pie, and hear the praises.*

*Here your reputation hinges on having food hot and nicely seasoned.*

*Let the salad greens be crisp and cold and the dressing sharply flavored.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART

## BEGINNER'S LUCK

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

ONE of these mornings at the breakfast table "he" is likely to drop the hint that it's about time you invited "his folks" for dinner. If you feel an attack of the "what-and-how" jitters coming on at the very thought, here is a simple meal that has enough surprises to make it impressive. No set of rules can be followed exactly—especially if the doorbell rings often or the grocery boy is late—but a guide helps.

### Menu for Four

Fresh Pineapple Wedges  
Broiled Chopped Beef, Sauce Diabie  
Toasted Potatoes—Ginger Carrots  
Green Salad With Cucumbers  
Hot Rolls—Butter—Strawberry Preserves  
Lemon-Chiffon Pie  
Coffee

A meal well begun and the game is half won. This first course will give you a chance to show your mother-in-law new tricks with pineapple. Saves dishes too.

**Fresh Pineapple Wedges.** Leave the stem on the pineapple. With a long sharp knife cut the pineapple in half lengthwise, leaving the stem intact, then cut the halves in half or in smaller wedges. On each quarter or wedge there will be a triangular strip of core. Slice that off. Now with a small sharp knife cut down and around between the fruit and the rind—not too closely, or some of the eyes will remain on the fruit. Then take your knife and slice the pineapple, perpendicularly to the rind, into

(Continued on Page 115)

### THE HOW OF IT

A.M.

- 10:30. Unpack groceries. Wash salad greens.
- 10:40. Preheat oven, make pastry.
- 10:55. Put pastry in oven. Begin filling.
- 11:10. Remove pastry. Cool on rack.
- 11:12. While filling cools, scrape carrots, peel potatoes. Put in cold water.
- 11:20. Make sauce diabie and French dressing.
- 11:30. Add egg whites to filling. Pour into shell.
- 11:35. Tidy up kitchen and prepare lunch.

P.M. Hours between 1:00 and 5:00 are so much velvet if the house has been tidied in the morning and a few if's don't pop up.

- 5:00. Prepare pineapple, chill. Set table.
- 5:20. Prepare bread crumbs. Make meat cakes.
- 5:35. Chop mint; whip cream, spread on pie.
- 5:45. Cut butter, put in ice water. Chill dishes.
- 5:55. Heat water. Put coffee in pot.
- 6:05. Warm dinner plates and serving dishes.
- 6:07. Cook potatoes and carrots.
- 6:10. Wash utensils, preheat broiler.
- 6:23. Ginger carrots, crumb potatoes, arrange salad.
- 6:30. Dress. Oven blush is becoming.
- 6:45. Guests arrive—maybe.
- 6:50. Pour water, heat rolls, place first course.
- 6:55. Broil meat. Keep vegetables hot.
- 7:00. First call for dinner. Meat will be medium well done at 7:10.



RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

# THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG *Duchess of Leinster*



*Tells you how she  
cares for her glamorously  
clear, smooth skin*



• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face—lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes—lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (below) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



**Her Grace**—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she wears under her Coronation robe . . . "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment is more than a cleansing. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night, morning and for any occasion."

**S**HE stands for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who attend the Coronation, none is lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty on her recent visit to New York, the Duchess explained that her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British and American beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

*Every night*, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

*Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines and coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Begin soon to see *your* skin growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!



**Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE  
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids**

Pond's, Dept. 2-CF, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company





## WEDDING REHEARSAL



**BETTY:** I'm glad Bob's best man got here in time for the rehearsal. He's the *handsomest* thing!  
**POLLY:** Isn't he? And I hear he's rolling in money.  
**ANNE:** He's 31 and still at large. Do you think any of us can land him, girls?



**BRIDE:** Anne, be a darling and help Mother. She has some refreshments for us up on the terrace.  
**ANNE:** Of course, Betty, that gives you and Polly a clear field. May the best girl win!



**GROOM:** Come, come, Ted—as best man you're supposed to play up to the bridesmaids. How about Betty?  
**BEST MAN:** She's easy to look at all right. But—



**GROOM:** Well, then try Polly. She's got a very fast line of chatter.  
**BEST MAN:** Conversation isn't what I want right now. Ah-h—now *there*—



**BEST MAN:** Your name's Anne, isn't it?... Well, Anne, if you'll give me a double helping of that glorious dish, you and I will be pals for life!  
**POLLY** (to Betty): Imagine that! He's fallen for Jell-O—just like all the home-town boys!

### Raspberry Currant Mold

Dissolve 1 package Raspberry Jell-O in 1 pint hot water. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with fresh raspberries and clusters of fresh currants or preserved currants. Serve plain or with cream. For large mold, double recipe.

Real ripe raspberries in the garnish—and the taste of real ripe raspberries all through the dish! For genuine Raspberry Jell-O is full of the flavor of the garden-fresh fruit. All the Jell-O flavors are extra-rich—Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime. But be sure to get genuine Jell-O! Look for the big red letters J-E-L-L-O on the box. A product of General Foods.



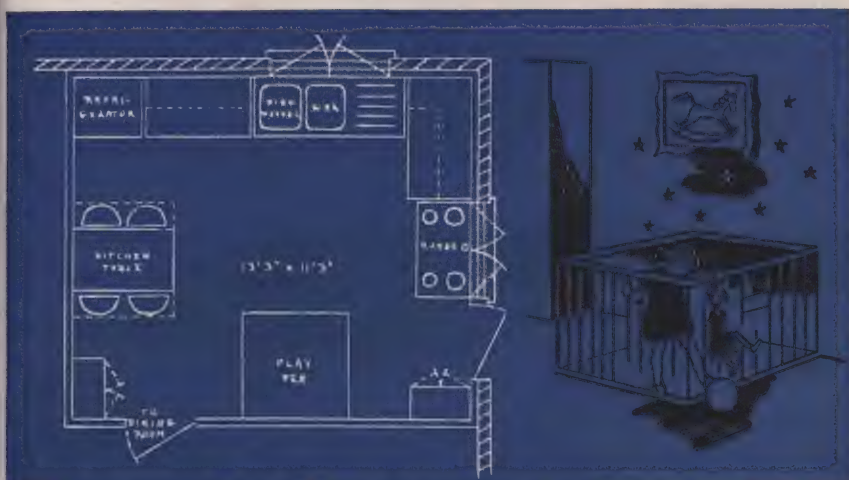
★ *Tune In  
Sunday  
Evenings*

For America's favorite comedian, Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, and Phil Harris' Orchestra. The fastest, funniest entertainment in all radio.  
 Sunday evenings at 6 Eastern Standard Time, 5 Central Time, 8:30 Mountain Time, 7:30 Pacific Time. NBC network.

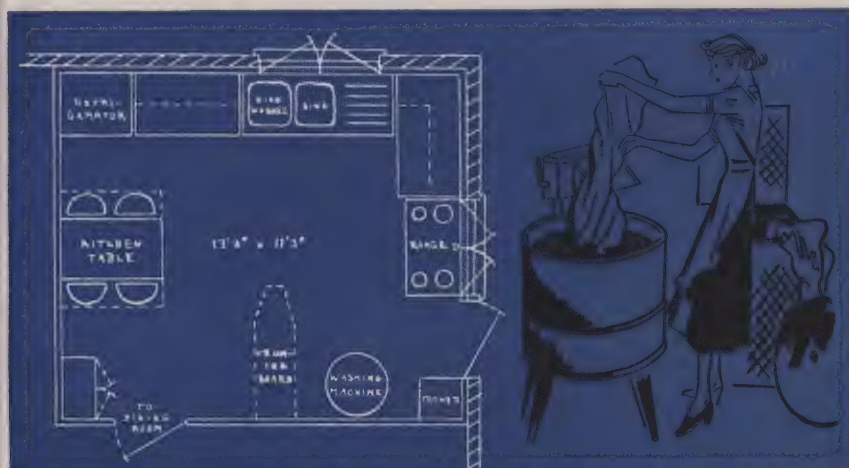
**Jell-O Ice Cream Powder...** quick—easy—economical! Make delicious ice cream in automatic refrigerator or hand-freezer! One package Jell-O Ice Cream Powder makes *twice as much* ice cream as can be made from most other ice cream preparations. Five luscious flavors—Strawberry, Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Maple—and Unflavored. At all grocers.



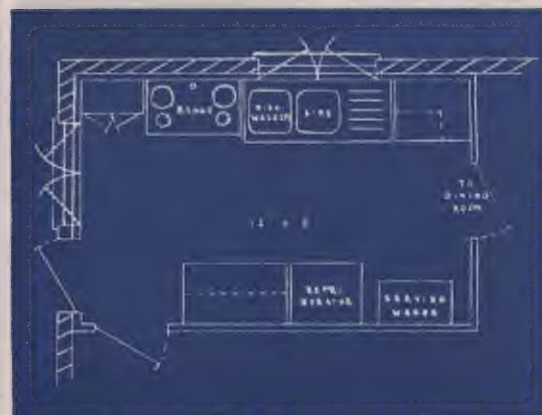
## PICK YOUR KITCHEN



A ROOM arranged like this is convenient, pleasant and roomy enough for an occasional meal, and has space for Johnny's pen as well as room for washing and the laundry equipment. You can't have all the possible extras here at once, but your choice of at least two. Arranging the working equipment for the kitchen in the shape of a letter L gives an open-feeling room with the greatest possible flexibility of space for the extras, though it is not quite so efficient an arrangement for food work as the U shape.

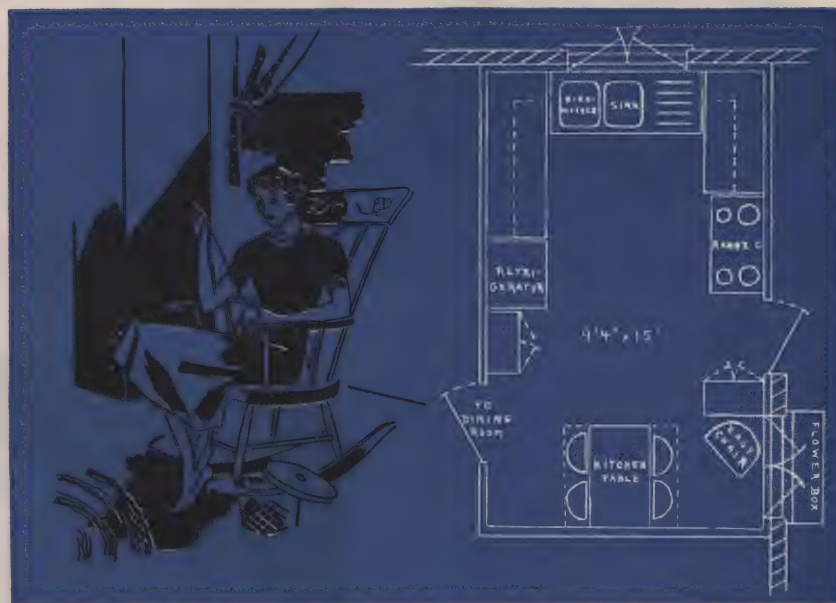


THE same L-shaped arrangement of the working equipment, with another choice in extras. If you can't have a separate laundry, you can wash neatly here. The washing machine moves up to the sink for washday, but remains in another part of the room when not in use. A flat-topped washer styled for the kitchen would go well here, or a cabinet cover could be placed over any machine to improve the appearance of the room. With a let-down ironing board against the wall, there will also be room for an ironer.

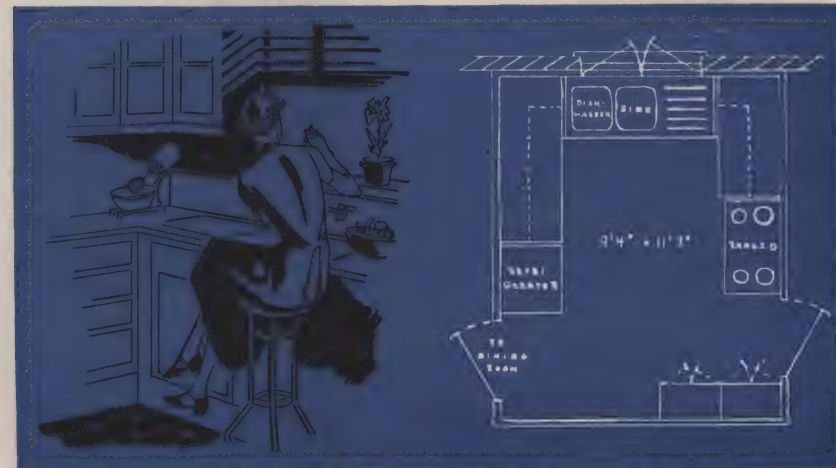


Do you want help in planning your kitchen? Our new leaflet, *First Principles of Kitchen Planning*, No. 1330, will give you the facts about kitchen arrangement so you can make your own kitchen convenient and individual. Send 3 cents for this leaflet to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

IF YOURS is a long, narrow space, place the equipment in its best relationship on two walls. This shape of room is not so flexible for adding the extras as the other arrangements. But you can combine convenience with these extras if you can arrange the extra space needed near by, if not in the room itself. Don't let this kitchen become a passageway. The entry door and the passage to the front of the house should be at one end of the room, so there will be no needless traffic between the cook and her work spaces.



THIS U-shaped kitchen is extended to allow room for certain extras. It is a convenient and attractive room, and gives an efficient working unit, with a pleasant place for eating meals; room for a comfortable chair beside the broad window ledge, and a shelf for the cookbooks. Or this corner can be used for wholly different purposes—sewing or laundry work—all according to what you need. Space can be added like this at the open end of the U without impairing the convenience of the working unit in the least.



THIS U-shaped arrangement of kitchen equipment gives the most efficient working space of any for one worker. It means the least steps, the most wall cupboards and the greatest possible counter space. But this U must not be too wide—not much over ten feet—or it loses its advantages. A broken U-shaped arrangement with a doorway to the dining room between the sink cabinet and the range can also be very convenient, and fits into many houses where the unbroken U or the L shaped rooms won't fit in.

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

EVER since we opened up the kitchen question last June, we have been hearing of your desire for more flexible, adaptable and individual kitchens. This means careful planning, lest convenience be lost. The question is just how to get these convenient, yet flexible, kitchens. We use our Workshop for just such problems. Here we set up more individual kitchens and used them to see just how to gain flexibility without loss of efficiency. We cooked, washed dishes, served meals and washed clothes in these kitchens. We had a baby's play pen in the kitchen at times, and once or twice we brought in the sewing machine. In every arrangement we used, we kept the working equipment of the kitchen—the food equipment—together, leaving the rest of the room for the other needs. This, it seems to me (and we pretty well proved it in these kitchen studies), is the secret of an efficient, yet flexible, kitchen—center the food work in one part of the room and arrange the rest of the space for whatever else you wish.

There are some pretty definite rules for arranging the equipment in the food part of the room, if you want it as efficient as possible. But what else goes into the kitchen and just how it is placed will depend upon what you want. The plans on this page show equipment arranged for convenience, and also some of the possibilities of using the rest of the room for "extra activities."

Start with good equipment, well arranged, and then pick what you need as far as these extras go. Your kitchen can then be convenient to work in, yet be livable, homey and adaptable to your individual needs.

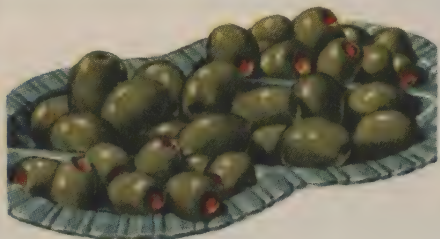




### DEVILED HAM

*Sugar-cured ham perfectly seasoned!*

Just-right for sandwiches and appetizers is Libby's smooth, savory Deviled Ham. And try it as the main dish for dinner in this easily-made Soufflé: Cream 2 tbsps. butter with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tbsps. flour. Add 2 c. milk. Cook in double boiler 5 minutes. Add 4 beaten egg yolks and two 3-oz. cans Libby's Deviled Ham. Mix well. Remove from fire; fold in 4 beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered dish, set in pan of hot water, for about 50 minutes in a slow (350°F.) oven. (Serves 4)



### OLIVES

*Plump beauties from Spain*

How will you take your olives . . . big beautiful Queens? or dainty pimiento-stuffed? Better play safe and see that everybody's happy . . . better buy Libby's, and serve both kinds. Libby's are the very finest olives, from the famous groves around Seville. Carefully selected and carefully packed, they're olives you'll be proud to serve. P.S. Libby packs ripe olives, too!



### DEEP-BROWN BEANS

*New! Cooked an exclusive way*

"The best I ever tasted!" That's what everybody's saying about Libby's new Deep-Brown Beans. Cooked by a wholly new and exclusive method, these beans are tender and mealy as a well-baked potato; evenly, perfectly "done"; finer flavored all the way through. Ask for Libby's Deep-Brown Beans. There are four kinds, each with a special, delicious sauce: Pork with Tomato; Pork with Molasses; Vegetarian Style; Red Kidney Beans. Particularly good with any of the four is a crispy, sweet-sour salad of shredded cabbage, green pepper strips, and pickled beets.

100

**Libby's**  
**FOODS**

ALL AS FINE AS LIBBY'S  
BARTLETT PEARS

## Libby's FRUITS

THERE ARE MORE THAN 15 KINDS



*pear halves  
superbly  
matched*



### SIMPLE . . . and simply delicious!

Believe it or not, here's a dish that "has everything" . . . it's lovely to look at, delightful to taste, easy to prepare. And unusual into the bargain! First and foremost among its makings are Libby's Bartlett Pears. These are the pears famous for superbly matched halves . . . and for ripe, full flavor. You'll like them, too, because they're so fine and firm. ● Chill a No. 2½ can of Libby's Bartlett Pears and pour fruit and syrup into a bowl. At this point, pause a moment and admire how beautifully the halves are matched. Carefully selected for size, shape, color, texture, they're as nearly identical as Nature will permit. Around the edge of a large plate, arrange galax or any green leaves, with unhulled strawberries on each one. Put the bowl of Libby's Pears in the center and serve with a sauce made of ½ pt. cream, whipped, ⅓ cup confectioner's sugar, 1 cup chopped strawberries. (Serves 6)



## TRADITION . . . INNOVATION

(Continued from Page 31)

two walls are the garage and the principal entrance to the house.

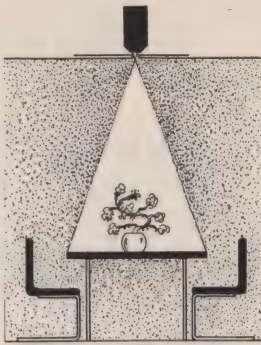
Down the corridor which leads off the entrance foyer is an indoor conservatory, which again emphasizes the unity of house and garden. At the end of the corridor is the master bedroom suite, and half-way down is the combination library and guest room.

In the plan of the master bedroom, the architects have contributed another major architectural prophecy. Instead of simply marking off a sufficient amount of space and calling it bedroom, they have actually planned the room from the standpoint of usefulness. For instance, the room is divided by a sliding plate-glass partition, with the beds on one side all by themselves and the other activities of the room provided for in the rest of the room.

HERE, for instance, is a small breakfast table where, besides breakfast, intimate tea in the afternoon can be served. Here also is a three-mirrored fully equipped built-in wardrobe which not only is adequate in size but in front of which a woman can really see how her dress hangs when she is about to emerge into the social world. Here too is a dressing table arranged by Louise Paine Benjamin, Beauty Editor of the JOURNAL, with specific spaces indicated for mysterious agents that seem mandatory for beauty preparation.

The second bedroom is really a combination library and guest room, whose principal feature is a fold-away bed that is concealed behind flush doors. Most fold-away beds are usually hidden behind ordinary doors that lead surprisingly nowhere; but these, when they are closed, really look like part of the wall.

The combination library and bedroom is a very specific JOURNAL recommendation for an extra downstairs room in a house of almost any size. Useful for guests and elderly in-laws, it also provides a secluded living room on the first floor where one generation of the family can retreat while another is entertaining in the living room.



**PIN-POINT SPOT-LIGHT.** Diagram of dining-room illumination, showing the spotlight concealed in the ceiling with its beams hitting only the table.



**DISAPPEARING GLASS WALLS.** Diagram of the motor-operated glass walls in the living room. The small motor required is housed in the basement.

Between this and the master bedroom there is an exercise bathroom, large enough to permit setting-up exercises or to install a mechanical horse or rubbing table if it is desired. Walls and ceiling are of milk-white structural glass. A combination tub and shower has been recessed in the wall and is enclosed in glass.

IN THE service wing of the house, prophetic interest centers around the all-copper prefabricated bathroom which serves the maid's room, the first one ever to be used in a house. Shipped in two pieces, it can be installed ready for bathing or shaving in less than an hour. It occupies a space only five by five feet, and contains everything a well-equipped bathroom should have, even a built-in medicine cabinet. The maid's room itself is intended to be an inspiration to those who now house their domestic help in cubbyhole rooms, with only a chair, a bed and a bureau for furniture. It is complete with a built-in radio, bookshelves and other conveniences seldom found in servants' quarters.

The kitchen, laundry and pantry are thoroughly electrified, including an electric garbage-disposal unit which grinds up refuse, even bones, and passes it out down the regular waste pipes. As in all modern houses, a year-round air-conditioning system keeps the house comfortable at all times. The units themselves in the plan shown on page 29 are located off the pantry. However, if the house were built in the country, it is presumed that a cellar would be constructed under at least part of the house, with the stairs where the heating equipment now is.

The house, completely furnished by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be on display at the National Home Show to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from May twelfth to twenty-third. On exhibition, also, will be part or all of the Traditional House. Both houses are being exhibited under the joint auspices of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and the New York Times.



**UNIT BATHROOM.** The all-copper prefabricated bathroom, five feet square. Part of the walls is enameled blue, the remainder is sprayed with aluminum.

# "RIDE? I'd love to— but my doctor says WALK!"



PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch re-

moved, the end could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Department 637-J.



Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
Chairman of the Board

ONE MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President

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(above) *In the Tack Room.* Miss Belmont, when cubbing, wears gabardine coat and red silk stock. She is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift' ... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

## Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

*These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia  
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston  
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York  
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston  
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia  
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia  
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York  
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, Baltimore  
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York  
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena  
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago  
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

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*Costlier  
Tobaccos*

Camels are made  
from finer,  
**MORE EXPENSIVE**  
TOBACCOS...  
Turkish and  
Domestic...than  
any other  
popular brand



*Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York.* Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon in the Oval Room at the Ritz-Carlton — with Camels between courses and after. Here, where society entertains, Camels are a favorite. Smoking Camels, during meals and afterward, is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity. What a sense of well-being comes to those who smoke Camels at mealtime!

## For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels



PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



For the young mother who finds it hard to satisfy young appetites—and what mother doesn't?—The Baby Epicure will be invaluable.

## IT DEPENDS ON THE DAY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

WHEN Joseph Conrad, then at the peak of his extraordinary fame, made his first and only visit to this country, the New York reporters swarmed down the harbor to meet the liner bringing him in. Among the answers he made to the machine-gun tat-tat-tat of their questions were two of singular wisdom. The newspapermen, as is their habit, asked him if he thought American democracy was a success; did he think the American ideas about marriage sound; did he consider the New York skyscrapers as fine architecturally as Greek temples—and so on, as long as they had breath. When they paused, he told them simply and sincerely, "But, gentlemen, I am not a wise or all-knowing man, I am only a hard-working writer of novels." Then they tried on him the most foolish question in the world, "What is your favorite book?" To which he made the never-to-be-forgotten answer, "It depends on the day." (You will be amused to know that a literal-minded reporter wrote in his account of the interview that Mr. Conrad said his favorite book was that sterling old favorite, *It Depends on the Day*.)

It has occurred to me a good many times that everybody who suggests books for other people to read should keep "It depends on the day" at the top of his column, as a reminder to everybody concerned. It is an actual pleasure to remember the changeableness of book appetites, because that appetite is so easy to satisfy. A sudden craving in January for sweet corn on the cob is just too bad. But a sudden whimsical wish to hear about life on the Arctic Circle is quite easy to assuage, even if you live in Guatemala.

THIS month's printing presses take you to Tokyo, if you like; or to your cookstove; focus a beam of light on puzzling corners of your family life; or carry you to an abandoned silver town in Nevada; or—in the best book of the lot—set you wandering on the high seas with a sailorman you will not soon forget.

The Anointed is a very fine book indeed, full of fresh truth about human life; and although practically all of it is laid in the kind of place frequented by rough, plain sailormen, it is a story women should not fail to read and ponder, especially women with a tendency to lay a good deal of stress on the wiping of masculine feet on the doormat before coming into the house. For the sailor who, with disarming simplicity and wholehearted conviction of his mission to "understand life," tells his story in *The Anointed*, is Man—in the sense of the human being in all his dignity, exalted by the realization of the true noble purpose of human existence, without which our lives are but a wearisome succession of trivial and meaningless detail. And the Marie, with her pretty manners and fresh white collars and good intentions, whom he encounters and so devotedly, humbly and admiringly loves—alas! She is not Woman; she is the Young Lady, the Good Housekeeper, the Refined Wife. The tragedy of their encounter is told by implication alone. Not a single word of it is written on the page. With consummate ability the situation is laid before you, with its meaning so plain that, at the

*"you ought to have a Drāno-Day"*

what is *your* Drāno-Day?

SUN	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7
9	10	11	12	13	14
16	17	18	19	20	21
23	24	25	26	27	28
30					

DISHES TO DO . . . a date to keep . . . and a lazy drain. What a temper-trying combination! She ought to have a Drāno-Day . . . and she *will* have, after this. That's the one day each week on which she'll pour a little Drāno down the drain of every wash-bowl, sink and tub. It's a real time, temper and trouble saver, for regular use of Drāno keeps drains free-flowing *all the time*.

TUNE IN "Hello Peggy," thrilling twice-a-week program on stations WBAL, WBBM, WBBN, WBZ, WCAU, WCCO, WDAF, WFLA, WFL, WGY, WHAM, WHO, WJL, WLW, WOR, WRC, WTAM, KDKA, KFI, KGO, KJR, KMOX and KOA. Follow Peggy's love-story, the heart-throbs and adventures that go on behind the scenes of a telephone switchboard in a big hotel. See your newspapers for days and time.

# Drāno

*cleans AND opens drains*

REGULAR USE KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

Copr. 1937, The Drackett Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

**WINDEX** makes window washing easy!

SIMPLE. No heavy buckets, no messy rags. EASY. Just spray on Windex or apply with a cloth. SPARKLE. Windows crystal clear—and they stay clear longer. Get a bottle of Windex, today.

Made by the makers of Drāno





## In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

**EVERY** day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

*It can't be done.* All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

**Mum takes care of you all day.** Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

**No trouble to use Mum.** You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

**Harmless to clothing.** Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry—if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

**Soothing to sensitive skin.** Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

**Does not prevent natural perspiration.** Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim*! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

# MUM



**USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO** Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

## takes the odor out of perspiration

crossroads when Harry, the Anointed, turns toward clean fingernails and correct grammar and a regular salary, the book can end (and does). You cannot help going on to write the rest of that novel in your own mind. The book is as salutary for women who have been kept indoors too steadily by homemaking as the old bitter boneset tea tonic in the springtime was for people who had stayed indoors too steadily during the winter.

A book as fine, in its very different field, is *Family Behavior*. This is the book about human relations which has—and very rightly—received the annual medal of *Parent's Magazine*, for the most outstanding book for parents. It is a pleasure to me, a very old observer of books about human relations and the conduct of family life, to see how such volumes are emerging from narrow preoccupation with what goes on inside the walls of our homes; how they bring home to their readers the impossibility of controlling or influencing our family life without coping with what goes on outside the home—these outside things exert such an irresistible pressure on everything we do and feel inside the home. An excellent book to read slowly and think over and discuss, *Family Behavior* is strong meat, concentrated nourishment to the intelligence, stimulating to the self-respecting desire to make one's family life not a raft loosely flung together by chance and floating helplessly wherever the current carries it, but a shapely, well-constructed boat with a rudder in good working order to steer it.

BUT with one eye on my motto of "It depends on the day," I recall that perhaps, as you read this, you don't feel at all disposed to put your mind seriously on human relations. All right. There are many days when I, too, feel as though I could not give one more serious thought to that subject. Take up *The Baby Epicure*, and lose yourself in descriptions of some of the best eating you ever found inside a book. The idea underlying this cookbook for mothers of young children is a startling one, and may well be as sound as startling. It is this: Perhaps some of the fuss that is made by children "who just won't eat," who play with their food and have to be teased to get a meal down them, may be caused by the poor, uninspired, unseasoned, uninteresting and above all *monotonous* food served to them. A broiled lamb chop and a baked potato—that's a good meal, but how much appetite would you have for it if you got it as often as your four-year-old? Why should children like spinach when it is so cooked that nobody else in the family would touch it? Just try spinach cooked artfully, seasoned carefully, savory, enticing, *hot*, appetizing. I don't see how the most fastidious child, who habitually picks languidly at food,

could do anything when presented with the delicious *plats* in this book, save to gobble them gratefully down.

Of the lovely book, so beautifully printed and illustrated, so charmingly written, called *Living in Tokyo*, I have but one criticism to make. It is rather expensive. But perhaps you have a present to make—or perhaps somebody is looking for a book to give you on your birthday—or perhaps you can persuade your local library to get it. At any rate, I recommend it delightedly. A civilized, intelligent Englishwoman who has kept house in Tokyo for many years tells us just the kinds of intimate details about cooking, marketing, servants, gardens, bathing, traveling, street life, restaurants and the like which we always want to know about another country and which don't get put into most travel books. But although these details are homely and everyday, the book is anything but trivial, for the author has, as basic reason for writing it, the desire to help along realistically the grand cause of better international understanding and friendliness. It's really worth the price—if you have it.

**SUNS GO DOWN** I recommend for those who like a new flavor in a dish or a new background in a book. The author tells us that it is the portrait of his grandmother, a remarkable old person who went, as a very young bride, from New England to Nevada in 1862 and still, at ninety, lives on there, all alone. She has seen the rise of Virginia City during the gorgeous days of furious money spending when Mark Twain was a young reporter, to the present when, empty and abandoned, the buildings of the city are sinking back into the earth. Yet, interesting and picturesque as this background is, I think you will find the book most notable for two other qualities: the odd, skeptical, independent, curious character of the grandmother; and the author's excellently strong and simple style.

**THE ANOINTED**, by Clyde Brion Davis. Farrar & Reinhart, 232 Madison Avenue, New York City, \$2.50.

**FAMILY BEHAVIOR**, by Dr. Bess Cunningham. W. B. Saunders & Co., West Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.75.

**THE BABY EPICURE**, by Elena Gildersleeve. E. P. Dutton & Co., 286 Fourth Avenue, New York City, \$1.75.

**LIVING IN TOKYO**, by Katherine Sansom. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, \$5.00.

**SUNS GO DOWN**, by Flannery Lewis. Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City, \$2.00.

*These prices are based on those given us by publishers on going to press, but are subject to change by them without notice.*

## WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

(Continued from Page 38)

cooking. Roasts are basted with fat and drippings as they roast. Makes them juicy and helps on the "finish"—the lacquer, you know. Eggs are basted while frying—or *should* be. And fruits are basted while they glaze. These examples give you the idea.

**Bind.** Binding means to hold together. We bind a sauce with butter and flour, sometimes with cream, once in a while with egg. That gives it the texture.

**Blanch.** Plunge food into hot water, then into cold. That's blanching. The skins of tomatoes and the clinging covering of nuts, for instance, come off in a gallop under this treatment.

**Canapé.** A bright-eyed, open-faced and insubstantial morsel, best known as an appetizer. Eat enough of them and you won't want any dinner.

**Caramelize.** This is to melt sugar to a liquid stage. Stir the sugar constantly in a frying pan over a low flame. It will burn if you take your eye off it; and once it's burned, you have to start all over with a new batch.

**Coat.** When you make a soft or "boiled" custard, it is done as soon as the custard "coats the spoon." This all comes from practice, and once you get it you will never be fooled again. The custard coats the (Continued on Page 50)



# Delicious in the Bag— and low priced, too

## MAKES COLLEGE GIRL POPULAR—

"The bunch' is fond of congregating in my room, for the good hot coffee I often serve them. I use *Dated* Coffee in the bag—and my, but it's fresh and delicious! And costs so little, it doesn't do dire things to my allowance."

Dorothy Williams, Riverside, Calif.



## MANICURIST MARVELS AT PRICE—

"I marvel at the money-saving price of *Dated* Coffee in the bag. How can they sell such fine-quality coffee for so little? I'm delighted with its fresh, delicious flavor—and with the fact that I can afford it on what I make."

Claire Hanbridge,  
Boston, Mass.



**FUSSY HOUSEWIVES** are enthusiastic about Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag.

They say it's richer, fuller flavored. That's because we make it from the world's choice coffees. Yet it's low priced. We can put it in an inexpensive bag because it's *guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan. Every bag is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, clearly marked with the date of delivery to him. This is your protection against stale, rancid taste.

Try this fresher, mellower coffee! Buy an economical bag of delicious-tasting Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow!

## HELPS REPORTER "PACK PUNCH"—

"A reporter has to pack a lot of punch into his words. And I must say *Dated* Coffee, with its bracing fresh flavor, has been a big help to me. Chase & Sanborn did a great thing for folks when they put this fine coffee in the bag and cut the price."

Antony Canova, Lancaster, Minn.



"**HEARTENING**—is just the word for the delicious, fresh flavor of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag. I stop for a cup of it in the middle of my morning's work—and feel so refreshed! And it costs so little in the bag."

Mrs. E. B. Wilson, Hackensack, N. J.



## A GREAT AFTER-DINNER COFFEE—

"My husband and I wouldn't consider any dinner complete without it. Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tastes so extra rich, it seems to crown the meal. And its price in the *dated* bag makes it very easy on our budget."

Mrs. W. S. Haverkamp,  
Larchmont, N. Y.





# Your Skin Responds with Beauty to this GERM-FREE care

"I was heartbroken about my rough, blemished skin. Then my aunt, whose complexion is smooth as a young girl's, begged me to try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream."



"In less than three weeks, Bob began to invite me to dances. And last night he confessed that he first fell in love with my complexion."

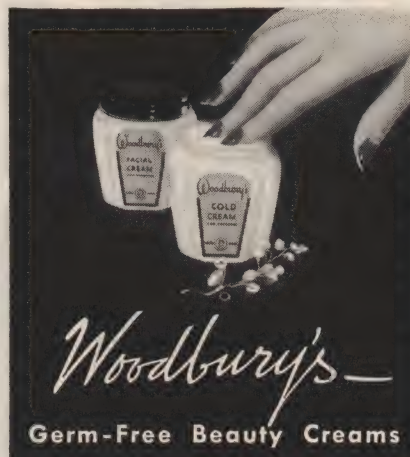
**Woodbury's Cold Cream**  
helps to guard from blemish  
and to soften lines.  
**Vitamin D ingredient**  
stimulates the skin to breathe

GERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface, or pores that are clogged, to set up a blemish-infection. So be modern. Use beauty creams that stay *germ-free* as long as they last. You'll find the name "Woodbury's" on the jar.

Less threat of lines and dryness when Woodbury's Cold Cream soothes and softens your skin. Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes! This cream arrests germ-growth as it softens. Its germ-free ingredient helps keep the skin clear.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that *all* skins need...Vitamin D. This vitamin wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vitality.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these famous beauty creams only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.



## MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder, including the new "Windsor Rose." Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address: John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6078 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from Page 48)

spoon and with just a thin film. Beyond that stage a boiled custard is no good at all.

**Compote.** Poach fruit in sirup and serve it chilled, or hot with rice. Any fruit will bear this treatment, and do you credit all the way.

**Cream.** Taking something like butter, and, by manipulating it with a spoon or fork or fingers, getting it into a creamy stage. This must be done with shortening when you start to make a cake. And there are plenty of other things that start with "creaming" too. Hard sauce, for one.

**Dredge.** Just the act of rubbing flour into meat and poultry to help the crispness along when roasted. Fruits, such as raisins, are dredged to make them refrain from slipping into a tail spin in a cake. And cookies and cakes are said to be "dredged" when you sprinkle them or roll them in sugar.

**Dress.** Getting things, especially chicken and turkey, ready to cook is to dress it. Dressing a salad is the last finishing touch of adding and mixing the dressing with the salad itself. It's that last gesture before the salad is consumed. And should be done as near the last minute as you can manage.

**Fold.** With a light hand but firm, withal, ingredients are said to be "folded" into a mixture. One of the best examples is the assembling of an angel cake. When you have made one of those, you have had a perfect exercise in "folding." It is the other pole from beating!

**Garnish.** The feather-and-breastpin touch on a dish. And don't bank all you've got on parsley. Fruit, jelly cubes, marrons—why, there are a thousand-and-one wonderful garnishes. And variety in these last touches is almost a command!

**Glaze.** Cook liquids down—that is, *reduce* them by cooking—and you will, like as not, get a glaze. Slowly simmering canned apricots in a mixture of brown sugar and butter is an example.

**Gratin.** When you see this word it is a safe bet that it refers to food in a casserole, covered with crumbs and baked in the oven. Cheese may be on top with the crumbs or not. It's gratin just the same.

**Grenadine.** A flavoring liqueur made from pomegranates. You'll come across, sometimes, fruits such as pears and stuffed oranges and pineapple preserved in it. Its color is ruby red. Its flavor very delicate. Lovely in ices and jellied desserts.

**Julienne.** Vegetables cut in fine strips so that the ends curl up in cooking. French-fried potatoes in this shape are so good you can eat a panful. Julienne vegetables are usually part and parcel of vegetable soup. There's a soup by this name too. A French chef of other days bestowed his name on it.

**Lace.** To add a dash of this and that to a beverage. Especially it is said of an addition of sugar.

**Lard.** This means to draw through meat or poultry thin strips of bacon or salt pork. Fish is sometimes larded too. It gives the meat or fish an extra succulence. And it's done with a thing called a larding needle. The market man will do it for you, if you ask him nicely.

**Marinate.** Simply soaking meat, vegetables or whatever in a recommended liquid designed to improve the flavor.

**Mask.** Just what it says, a covering and a disguise. We mask foods with a glaze, a frosting, a jelly or what we will. You can do it by pouring the mask over

the food and chilling, or by congealing the dish to be masked in a cold sauce.

**Mince.** This means chopping very fine whatever it is you're chopping. Minced chicken on toast is minced, not just cut up as for hash. There is a difference.

**Mold.** Molding is something we do when we seek form and shapeliness in a dish that is to be served from the table and comes in unbroken from the kitchen. Molded desserts, mousses (fish or cream) and gelatin dishes come to mind when we think of molds.

**Parboil.** When I parboil, I put the sweetbreads, or other foods to be cooked that way, into cold water. Then bring the water to a boil and let it simmer gently until the right point of cooking is arrived at. The whole idea is gentleness of treatment and absence of anything that smacks of hurry.

**Pipe.** This term would throw any unknowing soul who came on it in a recipe. All there is to it is to decorate with a tube and decorator. Pipe on the frosting or the mayonnaise and use the design and symbol that is most to your liking.

**Pouch.** Cooking gently in water or sirup, as in the case of eggs or fruits, is said to be poaching.

**Purée.** Vegetables and fruit are cooked, then put through a colander or sieve to come out as a purée. This treatment is grand when you want an artistic ensemble of garnishes, or the main ingredient for a sauce or a mousse, or something to serve in little pastry cases and shells.

**Rice.** Yes, rice is a cereal, but the way I'm using the word now it means food put through a ricer. Potatoes, for example. And hard-cooked eggs get iced before they become decorative touches on hors d'oeuvres and salads.

**Roux.** In making a sauce or a gravy, you must consider a roux. It's a smooth blend of fat and flour and is the thickener for your sauce, and also for some of the cream soups. Be sure it is always perfectly free from all lumps.

**Sauté.** To sauté is to fry lightly and to a fine brown in fat in a frying pan instead of a deep-fat kettle. Meat, fish, vegetables and fruits are often and justly sautéed. It's a nice word and a nice process and makes things good to eat.

**Sear.** Do it quickly at high heat. In a very hot oven or under a man's size flame in the broiler. Steaks and chops are seared under flame. And a roast gets the same treatment in the oven. After the searing the heat is reduced.

**Shred.** Slivering fruit, nuts, vegetables or salad greens, done with a sharp knife or a shredder. And shredding sounds like just what it is.

**Supreme.** The finest part of any given food, cooked to suit an epicure. Usually the sauce puts the finishing touch on a dish "supreme," such as Chicken Supreme, which is finished in heavy cream.

**Toss.** A salad that has missed its tossing is like a joke without a point. With two forks toss and turn the salad greens and see that the dressing is on the salad rather than in the bottom of the salad bowl.

And so the primer ends. As I said, it isn't a complete one. Just a beginning. But I know, and so do you, that it comes in handy sometimes to have a quick look at the wherefore of a word in a recipe. Especially if it's a word with as many meanings as flounces on a Victorian petticoat. And what a mess of words like that there are!





**THE MEAT  
MAKES  
THE MEAL**



**DON'T PARBOIL—JUST BAKE!** Place a  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch-thick center slice of Swift's Premium, the *Ovenized Ham*, in baking dish. Cover with drained, canned Fruit Cocktail and sprinkle with brown sugar. Top with a second slice of ham and more fruit and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., until ham is done (about 1½ hr.).



**BETTER POT ROASTS—BY BRAND!** More tender, more savory, finer-grained—that's the kind of pot roast you get when you buy it by this brand. Look for the name *Swift's Premium* on the piece. . . Cook as usual, and serve with a colorful ruff of boiled and buttered beets, cabbage, carrots, and potatoes.

**BUYING BY BRAND IS THE SECRET!** Yes, ma'am, you get steaks like this every time when you ask for *Swift's Premium*! Look for that name in little brown dots on the piece, placed there at America's Meat Headquarters. Each day, Swift experts select the finest beef for this famous brand. It's the sign of top-quality—unusual tenderness, exceptional flavor—in superb roasts, juicy steaks, delicious pot roasts. Buy all your beef, and lamb too, by brand—

*Swift's Premium.* Start tomorrow with a Swift's Premium Steak. *Serve it as pictured above—with French-fried onion rings.* Just dip the rings in batter and fry in deep fat. And here's the way to fix the steak. You've got a nice one, about 1½ inches thick. Preheat broiler to 500° F. Rub the steak with oil and salt; place it 1 inch from the flame and broil about 15 minutes for rare, 20 for medium, turning once. Have platter hot; pour melted butter over steak before serving.



**LOOK FOR THIS FAMOUS BRAND!** It's there—to tell you that the meat has been selected by Swift experts, from the finest they see each day at America's Meat Headquarters! Whether you're selecting a company steak or a home-dinner pot roast, look for these words on the piece—*Swift's Premium*.



**AN EXTRA-SPECIAL FLAVOR!** Swift's Premium is the bacon with the distinctive flavor folks call a *sweet smoketaste*. It comes from Premium curing, then *Ovenizing* (smoking in ovens). For breakfast tomorrow: boiled eggs, Swift's Premium Bacon, and . . . for another surprise . . . the new cherry upside-down muffins!

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*Brand name of the finest meats*



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MOTORISTS WISE

# SIMONIZ

## Blue Ribbon

(Continued from Page 24)

until they knew each other better, almost, than two people even could. "Gray Boy, I think I'll call him," Peter had said, "if that's all right," and Mary Callender thought it was all right.

She loved to watch them together, the colt tall and long-barreled now, deep of shoulder, with a crinkly forelock over its eyes, following Peter everywhere about the farm, whinnying eagerly at the barnyard gate when Peter had been away. A clean-limbed animal the young horse was, powerful but quick-wheeling, graceful as a barn swallow.

And everything, every bit of care, Peter gave the horse himself. No one else could even bed it down at night. He fed it, Peter did, groomed and brushed and combed it until Mary Callender laughed and warned him that he would wear its coat away, broke it to halter, and then, when it was just over two, he began working it for the saddle.

FIRST with a blanket thrown loosely over its back. Next, a girth strap, and finally, just two years from the time that he had come to Mary's, Peter put on a saddle. An old army saddle that had been in the attic storeroom for years, scarred and dusty, its box stirrups warped and cracked, all far beyond the aid of the oil, the saddle soap, that he rubbed in so painstakingly, so hopefully.

Mary had held the Gray Boy firmly by the bridle the first time that Peter had swung up onto its back. But there had been no need. The horse quivered slightly for just a second, then its fine head came around, its keen eyes peering up and back at Peter as if questioning the reason for all this. Then, satisfied, ears sharply pricked, mane flowing, they were off across the meadow and along the brook, swinging back finally to a stop at Mary's side.

"He's wonderful," Peter said, face flushed with pride. "Just like a rocking chair, and smooth as flying."

And Mary nodded. "He's beautiful to watch," she said, thinking that they both were, together. "In a little while you can teach him gaits."

THAT was the beginning, that first day, the beginning of a new bond between them, the gray horse with the rickety saddle and the small boy in blue overalls, soon familiar sights for miles around, cantering the dusty roads, cutting across the meadowland. It was not until almost fall that Peter discovered that the horse loved to jump, and after that they never looked for gates or bridges, taking small brooks, stone walls and fallen trees with an easy grace, sure-footed and feathery of landing, with Peter close up and light on the gray's shoulders.

"He jumps better'n some of them horses they got daown around Templeton," one of the farm hands had said that spring when Peter was twelve and the Gray Boy over three. "You'd ought to take him daown to the show they put on there in July," and Peter said nothing.

But he remembered the remark, and the next time he went to town for supplies he read the poster of the horse show in a store window, and stood pondering it for minutes. Templeton was becoming a summer resort for the riding crowd from the city. They were buying up old farms, bringing their horses with them because the country was so perfect, the roads soft dirt, the weather not too hot. Beautiful horses they were too. Peter had seen them sometimes, tall and rangy hunters, sleek-coated and long-necked,

their manes clipped short, bits and chains gleaming. Wonderful saddles they wore, flat and broad, dull-polished. Not much like the one he had, the old army saddle, although that didn't matter really. He had the Gray Boy and that was enough.

BUT there were money prizes, the poster said, twenty-five and even fifty dollars for some of the events, and the price of milk had dropped another cent recently. Peter had seen the smile fade from Mary Callender's face when she had opened that notice. He had understood when she had told him that there could be no new saddle that summer.

The thought of appearing before a crowd of strangers, a huge crowd to him, was terrifying as he drove slowly homeward, but then he remembered that he would not be all alone, that the Gray Boy would be there too. And if somehow they should manage together to take home twenty-five or fifty dollars, sums almost beyond his comprehension, it would help Mary. And she would be proud of them. That thought was enough to make him forget his fear.

Days before the show, he had made his plans. He was, he told Mary, going to take an all-day ride, back into the hills with his rifle, looking for small game. He might not even be back for chores if—dubiously—if that were all right. And Mary Callender, smiling quietly, said that it would be all right.

AND so, at four o'clock on the morning of the big day, young Peter was in the barn, grooming and brushing the Gray Boy until the dappled coat shone, trying vainly to polish the stained snaffle bit, soaping the cracked reins and the scarred saddle. By six-thirty, the sun's warmth just beginning to be felt, they were off by the back road to the show grounds at Templeton, ten miles away.

The events were to begin at ten, the poster had said, but Peter waited over an hour, the Gray Boy cropping grass in the shade, before anyone appeared around the white-fenced show ring. Then, at last, a shiny yellow gig, red-wheeled, drove up and two men got down. One of them, tall and very tanned, in breeches that flared above boots that gleamed brightly, came over toward him leisurely.

"Good morning," he greeted Peter, his smile friendly, welcoming. "You're early, aren't you?" and Peter nodded.

"I wanted time to rest my horse before—before the show started," he said gravely, and the tall man's eyes shifted to the horse, went over him appraisingly, lighting suddenly with interest.

"That's a beautiful horse," he said. "Is he yours?" And again Peter nodded.

"He's part Arabian," he said proudly, "and part Thoroughbred. I—we want to be in the show, he and I do. If we can," hopefully.

The tall man considered this gravely. "I don't know," he said at last. "This show's for hunters. Is your horse a hunter?"

"Oh, yes," Peter told him eagerly. "I hunt with him. Foxes sometimes, and rabbits. I can shoot from his back and he won't move. He can follow game, too, almost like a dog, if I just guide him with my knees."

The tall man's eyes twinkled. "I see," he said. "Foxes, I believe you mentioned. Well, that's what we're supposed to hunt. In a little different manner, perhaps, but I guess it's all the same. Probably your way was first, at that. What

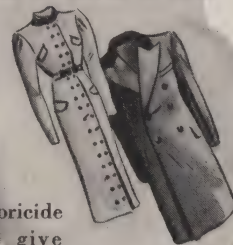


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the Tested  
moth Killer





classes do you want to enter?" his eyes taking in the overalls, the stubby, square-toed boots, the faded blue shirt.

"I—I don't know," Peter stammered. "I—I—" But the tall man broke in.

"I'll tell you," he said quickly, understandingly. "You just leave all that to me. I'll be sort of your manager, if that's all right with you. But"—anxiously—"your horse can jump, can't he?"

"Oh, yes," Peter assured him.

Still the tall man hesitated; then, "You wouldn't mind showing me, would you? Just once around before the crowd gets here. So that—so that I'd know better where to enter you." And Peter nodded willingly, throwing the reins up over the Gray Boy's head, guiding him into the enclosure.

It was a strange place, new and with unfamiliar smells for the young horse, but Peter was on his back, reassuring him, and the jumps ahead were only jumps even if they were odd shaped, queer looking. Jumps were fun, and they took the first log hurdle easily, then the stone wall and finally the brush, cantering back to the tall man who watched them, smiling quietly.

"THAT was fine," he told young Peter, his voice relieved. "Now come over here and give me your name and I'll give you a badge." And Peter watched him fill out the blank, wondering vaguely why he wrote "Paid" in the space that said "Entry Fee," but forgetting that in the pride of the badge, large and white, with red lettering that spelled "Competitor." Not quite so large, perhaps, as the one his tall friend was wearing and that said "Chairman," but a very fine badge nevertheless.

"We'll enter you in the novice-hunter and the touch-and-out classes," his new friend said. "Now you go over there and watch things from the shade till I come for you." And Peter led the Gray Boy back, not quite so nervous now, until the crowds began to arrive.

It was only a small show really, local and informal, but to small Peter it was terrifyingly grand, magnificent, with the perfectly dressed men and women arriving, laughing and casual, in their varnished carriages, their spanking teams. Some of them, a few, stopped for a second to look at the gray horse under the maple tree, but most of the onlookers were occupied with the big hunters being led about by grooms or by their owners, sleek, sinewy animals with their wonderful trappings, showy and expensive.

THERE was one person, though, who seemed to care more for the gray horse than for all the others, a small, persistent shadow of which young Peter was most acutely if not obviously aware. So much aware that finally, from a safe haven under the Gray Boy's shoulder, he stole a quick glance, and then, in spite of himself, another. She was a little girl, younger, Peter was quite sure, than himself even, a little girl with long golden curls in ringlets to her waist almost, and a miraculous, minute riding habit cut and

swirled just like the older women's, and black riding boots, tiny and highly polished. A very perfect little horsewoman.

He busied himself needlessly with the Gray Boy's bridle, until at last a high and tinkling voice, a very respectful voice, inquired, "Is he—he is he yours?" and Peter nodded shortly, the bridle requiring extra attention.

"He's a very lovely horse, isn't he?" the voice continued. "What's his name?"

"Gray Boy," Peter informed his small questioner from over his shoulder.

Still the voice persisted. "And—and are you going to ride him in the show?"

"Sure I am," Peter apprised her loftily. "We're in two—two classes."

SLOWLY and reluctantly, the small shadow drew away until Peter could safely steal another glance. They were very wonderful, those boots and that divided skirt. The curls were nice, but kind of silly.

Then, finally, the events started, and Peter climbed on the Gray Boy's back to see better, his heart pounding louder and louder, his hands moist as the time approached when he must go out before all that throng sitting in the rough stands and in their carriages drawn up around the ring-side. He wanted terribly to ease the Gray Boy away and back into the familiar hills. But he didn't. He stayed, thinking of Mary Callender and that he couldn't run away.

AND, at last, his tall friend sought him out. "All right,

Peter," he smiled reassuringly, "you're next. Just hang this number over your shoulders and don't be frightened. You'll be all right," leading the way over to the ring entrance.

He was too intent, Peter was, his eyes too blurred to notice the smiles that came his way, the rustled murmur that swept the onlookers as his turn came and the Gray Boy headed into the ring. He didn't realize, then, that they were with him, all the crowd, with the small boy in the faded overalls, the old-fashioned saddle and the beautiful horse. All he thought of was quieting the Gray Boy, who was tense between his knees, panicky almost, but head up, tail flowing, ears pricked.

And then they were at the first jump, taking it cleanly, with the horse well in hand, over the second and the third, and then the turn.

That was where it happened, at the turn, just as they swung for the fourth jump. Someone cranked a car, a shiny red automobile, and the Gray Boy did not know about automobiles. They were new, the sudden roar terrifying, and he reared, swinging sideways at the jump, throwing small Peter to the ground, into the thick dust of the ring.

Then there were people running to him, to Peter, but he got up himself, dazed, bewildered, but unhurt, looking quickly for his horse, his horse that had failed him for the first time. And he saw the Gray Boy run across the ring and then stop, quivering and uncertain, back hunched, legs gathered, not knowing where to turn. And Peter whistled to him, making his (Continued on Page 55)

## ALL YOU HAVE LOVED

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

All you have loved indubitably lies  
Warm in the heart, or sparkles in the  
eyes:

Bird song at dawns intoxicate with  
May,

Organs at dusk, slim birches, and the  
way

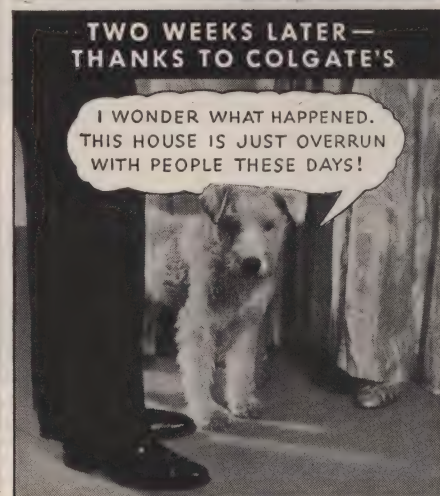
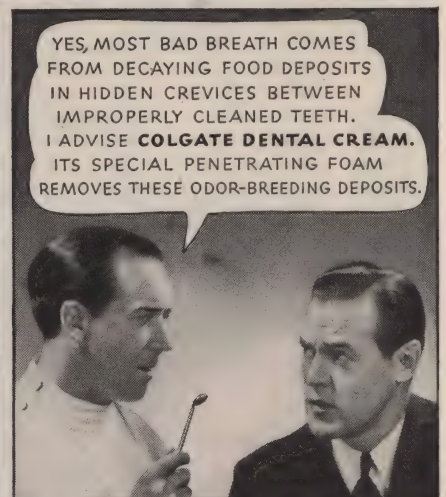
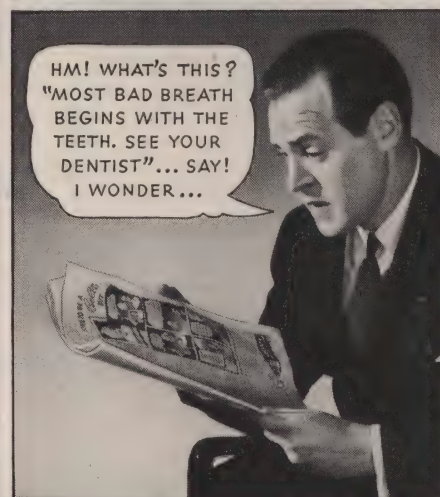
A rabbit patterns first snow; color of  
ocean;

Rain on the roof at midnight, and the  
motion

Of dancers swaying with unstudied  
grace;

Old volumes, joy transfiguring a face,  
Slow talk in candlelight, and lark-  
spur's blue.

All you have loved is now forever  
you.



## Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish the exposed surfaces, fail to remove decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between the teeth. And these deposits, tests prove, are the source of most bad breath . . . dull, dingy teeth . . . and much tooth decay.

But Colgate Dental Cream has a special

penetrating foam which gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away odor-breeding food and acid deposits.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!





# HERE'S THE SHORTCAKE YOUR HUSBAND MEANS

WHEN HE SAYS *"I want that real old-fashioned kind"*



BY *Betty Crocker*



Dear Friend: A letter from a housewife in Chicago prompted this advertisement. She wrote: "I made the nicest strawberry shortcake the other day, but my husband didn't like it. He said he wanted the real old-fashioned kind. For goodness sake, what is the real old-fashioned kind?"

Well, here it is . . . the real old-time strawberry shortcake, the rich, old-fashioned biscuit kind! The kind your husband says his mother used to make! Crisp, flaky gold-brown topped . . . with a delicious flavor that contrasts perfectly with the sweet berry taste.

And so simple to make even a child can't go wrong. Simply add cream or milk, and sugar, to Bisquick. Stir, cut out, and pop into the oven. All of which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee—90 seconds by the clock. No fuss, no muss, no trouble at all! And you *can't* fail! The complete recipe is right on the package.



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Bisquick makes this old-time shortcake so flaky, fluffy light and easy to digest you'll be amazed! This is due to two things. First, a remarkable new-type vegetable shortening and the unique and scientific way it is mixed in the new Bisquick. Second, because the ingredients in Bisquick are scientifically mixed in *exactly the right proportions*, far more accurate than human hands can do. Thus the cause of heaviness, soginess and over-richness is completely eliminated the Bisquick way.

Every ingredient that goes into Bisquick is the same wholesome type you use in your own kitchen. Also, Bisquick is economical, because you don't have to buy all the ingredients separately. The crust for this big shortcake, enough for six hearty eaters, costs as little as 12c.

Get Bisquick today, and try this old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. Hear your husband rave about it at the table tonight. I'm sure you'll be glad you took my advice.

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(Continued from Page 53)

lips pucker, forcing the familiar sound, and the Gray Boy heard and wheeled around, back to his small master, back to safety, trotting head up, nostrils wide, to Peter's side.

And then the crowd roared and clapped, but Peter scarcely heard. The shame was too great as, the Gray Boy's bridle in his hands, he trudged slowly back to the entrance, his tall friend at his side.

"It's all right, boy," the tall man was saying. "Don't feel too badly. It was his first time in a ring, probably his first automobile too. You come along and have some lunch with me, and then, later on, you'll have another chance to show them."

And Peter followed him, with only one large and unbidden tear furrowing the dust beneath his eyes, followed him over to a coach and four where there were other people, friendly and sympathetic, who fed him sandwiches and lemonade, bolstered his courage with kind words, watched smilingly as he excused himself to give the Gray Boy the oats that he had brought in the knotted sack.

The Gray Boy nuzzled his shoulder there in the shade of the maples, and small Peter stayed beside him, talking to him, until again the tall man sought them out.

"All ready once more, Peter," he smiled. "This time you'll show them. It's an old story for you now, and for the Gray Boy. This is the touch-and-out class, the big event. All you have to do is keep him jumping until you hit a bar. When you hit a bar, you're through. But you won't hit any."

And it wasn't bad this time; he knew people now, they were friendly. Even the Gray Boy seemed to sense that, to be eager to atone for his fault. This time they went around all seven jumps, not ticking one, landing cleanly, cantering back to the judges. But another horse made perfect score too, and they were off again, this time the bars raised higher. And still the Gray Boy jumped in hand, loving it now, whistling the breath through his nostrils.

But once more the other horse, the bay, went around in order, the crowd roaring. For the third time they took the ring, the bars up now so that the Gray Boy grunted as he cleared, but clearing every one. And this time the bay horse faltered at the second bar, crashing it to the ground, his rider swinging him away, disconsolate, but waving at small Peter.

That would be all, Peter thought, he could go now; but the tall man took his arm. "You've won it, Peter," he said jubilantly. "As nice a bit of riding as I've ever seen. You're fine, boy"—hugging his shoulder—"and now lead your horse out into the ring and get your prize."

There were people standing up in their carriages, in the stands, as Peter led the Gray Boy out, clapping and roaring their applause, with someone pinning a blue ribbon on the Gray Boy's bridle, and giving Peter an envelope that crackled in his hand. That, he thought, must be the money, and he wanted to open it right then and there, but didn't, stuffing it into a pocket of his overalls, leading the Gray Boy out, smiling through the dust that caked his face.

At the gate he caught a quick glance, awe-inspired and admiring, from the little girl in the riding habit, the little girl with the long golden curls, and his shoulders straightened back a shade farther, unconsciously, almost imperceptibly.

And then people crowded around, smiling, laughing, saying nice things, until, finally, small Peter said, "I—I'll have to be getting home now," and turned the Gray Boy back toward the hills and Mary Callender. It was not until he was two miles away that he dared open the envelope, and there were five ten-dollar bills in it.

That, big Peter Carlin thought now, guiding his car along the cement ribbon of road, had been the proudest moment, almost, of his life. That moment when he had come into the dooryard and Mary Callender had come out from the kitchen door, seeing the blue ribbon on the Gray Boy's bridle as the horse stretched his head toward her.

"Why, Peter," she said, "why—what —" and he handed her the envelope, wrinkled and dirty, from his pocket.

"I—we brought you this, the Gray Boy and I," he said, getting down quickly and starting toward the watering trough, not looking back, too proud to have her see.

But she had run after him, Mary Callender had, gathering him in her arms, her voice strangely choked, holding him close, and saying only, "Oh, Peter, Peter, I'm so proud, so proud of you," until he had freed himself and gone marching off with the Gray Boy, to spend an hour sponging him, bedding him with fresh straw, talking gruffly to him, an arm over his neck.

The blue ribbon had been tacked beside the Gray Boy's stall, because, Peter said, it was his ribbon. He had won it, and people came from the countryside to admire and to be told about it. Peter never tired of having them come, in the week that followed, was glad to have them come—although he would not, of course, admit it.

Glad until that morning when the red automobile drove into the yard, the first car almost that had ever been to the farm, and a man had gotten out stiffly because ten miles was quite a drive in those days. A man who was not Peter's tall friend from the show, as he noted disappointedly, but who was nice looking and who had a girl with him. A little girl, smaller than Peter, with long golden curls and, today, a crisp ironed dress that flared straight out above bare legs, tanned and scratched here and there. The same little girl who had stood beside him, beside Peter, there outside the show ring.

The two hired men, Jake and Martin, had come out to gape at the car, and Mary Callender walked down to greet the visitors, with Peter following at a distance, trying to appear disinterested, as if such things as cars and little girls with blond curls were far beneath him. But drawn nevertheless.

"Good morning"—the tall man had bowed to Mary—"my name is Holden, and this is my daughter Sally. She, and I, too, wanted to come out and see the gray horse that your boy had at the Templeton show. This is the place, isn't it?"

And Mary Callender smiled. "Yes," she said, "this is the place. Bring the Gray Boy out, will you, Peter, so that we can see him." And Peter had gone stiffly into the barn, pausing to run a quick brush over the gray horse, and then had led him out into the sunlight.

They stood back, the two visitors, admiringly, with Peter very busy at the halter rope and pretending that the Gray Boy was hard to hold, while Mary told about raising the horse and how Peter had trained it.

"He's a beautiful animal," the tall man said finally. "I don't suppose"—



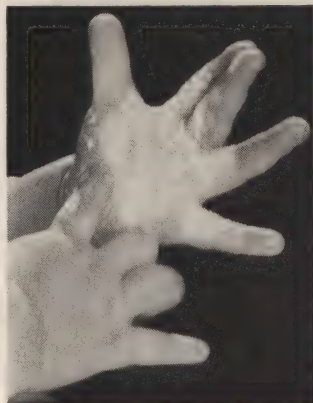
• **"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?...You can't change 'em?...Say, that's tough!"**



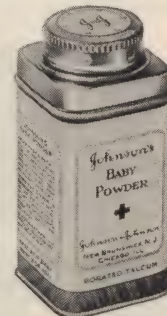
• **"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"**



• **"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"**



• **"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth.... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!"**



**Johnson & Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"IT'S TANGY,  
IT'S SPICY, IT'S  
REFRESHING,"

SAYS BEATRICE IMHOFF  
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Chicagoan, Miss Imhoff was  
chosen "Miss Illinois" by the  
American Legion, while in High  
School.

"A WORKING GIRL  
CAN CERTAINLY  
APPRECIATE ITS  
ECONOMY,"

SAYS IDA VOLLMAR  
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

She is a New York girl with natural  
blonde hair. Fond of dancing and  
badminton.

## When are you going to give your teeth the *Beauty Bath* New York models use?

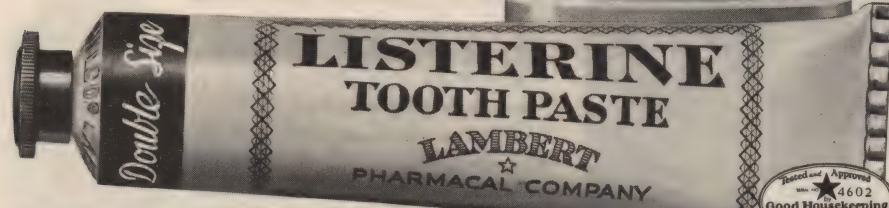
You'll have a treat—an entirely new and delightful experience—when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Fragrant, tangy, milky white, refreshing as a shower . . . such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ this dainty dentifrice.

So noticeable are its beautifying effects that exotic New York models—the most critical of tooth paste users—call Listerine Tooth Paste their beauty bath for teeth. One after another, with unrestrained enthusiasm, they declare it gives to teeth a radiant flash and brilliance, a lasting whiteness that ordinary dentifrices do not match. Why not lay aside the dentifrice you are now using and try this modern beauty treatment?

Buy a tube today and see what an improvement it makes in the looks of your teeth. In two big economical sizes, 25¢ and 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Now, a SOAPLESS tooth powder!



More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the  
double size tube 40¢ • Regular size tube • 25¢

glancing quickly at Peter and then at Mary Callender—"that you would ever want to sell him?" And Peter's eyes shot to Mary's face, startled, struck with terror at the sudden overwhelming thought, but quickly reassured as Mary shook her head.

"Oh, no," she smiled quietly, "we'd never sell the Gray Boy, would we, Peter? You see, he's Peter's horse, not mine," and the tall man nodded understandingly.

"I thought that would be the case," he said, "but Sally here was so taken with the horse that she's been after me ever since the show. She rides quite well herself and I'm looking for something for her. But I can understand," and Peter led the Gray Boy back to the stable, hastily, fearfully, lest only by looking they take his horse away.

He stayed there beside the Gray Boy in the stall until he heard the red car roar away, and then he went up to the house, filling the wood box silently, wanting to speak but not quite bringing himself to it, until Mary, busy at the stove, said, "Imagine their thinking we would ever let the Gray Boy go! Why, I'd almost sooner have you go away yourself, Peter," and then the weight was lifted and he could smile again.

"He's no horse for a girl, anyway," he said scornfully. "He's a man's horse," and went on out and down to the barn, whistling cheerfully.

JAKE and Martin were working in the cow stable, and he could hear them talking as he approached silently over the hay-strewn floor, stopping suddenly as his mind grasped their words.

"Five hundred dollars," Jake was saying. "That's what he said he'd pay if they ever did want to sell. Said the Gray Boy was worth that much. Criminally, five hundred dollars for a horse—an' a saddle horse at that! What five hundred dollars wouldn't do on this farm right now, what with the price of milk droppin' another cent this mornin'. Blamed if I can see how Mary'll get through the winter, what with grain goin' up an' all. Have to sell some stock, I reckon."

"Better to sell the horse," Martin opined. "Caows is business—a horse like that's a extravagance."

"She won't never sell the horse," Jake decided, "not with Peter so crazy over him," and Peter turned, tiptoeing out of the barn and down the wood lane, sudden, sinking fear gripping at his heart, panicking him, paralyzing his thoughts.

Five hundred dollars. But he couldn't let the Gray Boy go. He couldn't. Never. He'd rather die, much rather. But five hundred dollars. He tried to think. Money he had never known much about. He never had any himself—never needed it. And Mary couldn't really need it either. Not with all this land, all the farm and the stock. It wasn't possible, he tried to tell himself. Jake and Martin must be wrong. They were mistaken. That was it—they just didn't know.

But still the fear lay heavy, crowding out all else.

THAT evening after supper he sat beneath the oil lamp, thumbing the pages of the mail-order catalogue, not seeing even the pictures of the saddles, the bridles, that fascinated him ordinarily, while Mary, glasses on, worked over papers at her desk in the corner. Finally, he spoke.

"I betcha," he said, grammar forgotten, "I betcha that grain for all our stock costs an awful lot every winter. I betcha it costs even pretty near fifty dollars, just for grain," waiting expectantly, hopefully, as Mary turned, smiling

wearily, glasses pushed up on her forehead.

"I wish it did cost fifty dollars, Peter," she said, "but nearer ten times that, I'm afraid. Much nearer."

And he stared at her wide-eyed, uncomprehending. Five hundred dollars just for grain! But, with one faint hope, "Humph," he said disdainfully, "but I betcha we get more than that every week just for our milk, don't we?" and again Mary Callender smiled, her face tired.

"Well, no, Peter, not quite that. Not in a whole summer with prices what they are. But"—cheerfully—"we'll get along. We always have," turning back to her papers, while Peter sat, sensing, somehow, the droop to the straight shoulders in the gingham dress. Five hundred dollars.

FOR two days he had wrestled with his problem, lying awake at night in his room over the kitchen, working mechanically, automatically, in the fields. And then, on the third day, he had made up his mind.

Mary was away that day, visiting, and at nine o'clock young Peter led the Gray Boy out, cleaning him carefully, saddling him without a word and heading toward the Holden estate, eight miles away. He went through the woods and across fields for one last jump over brooks and stone walls, his face expressionless, stolid, all the way and right up to the broad lawn and pillared house where the Holdens lived.

Mr. Holden was in a deep chair on the piazza, and he got up as Sally came eagerly through the door. Peter halted the Gray Boy at the steps.

"I've brought you my horse," he said simply. "May I have the money, please?"

And Sally cried delightedly as her father, taken aback, stammered, "Why—why—but I thought—" then stopping suddenly as he saw the boy's face, understanding in a quick second. "Yes, of course," he said quietly, "I'll get it for you right away," vanishing into the house as Peter stood at the Gray Boy's head, looking anywhere away from the girl, shaking his head at her eager questions.

Could he single-foot? Did he shy ever? Did you have to tether him? And finally, doubtfully, "But—but if you're very, very fond of him, Peter, I wouldn't want to take him from you."

THAT had broken him almost, those last words, shaken his firm resolution, but then, mercifully, the check was in his hands and he made himself speak. "He—he likes carrots," he said, "at night," and this time he did not look back.

"But don't you want the saddle and the bridle?" Mr. Holden called, and Peter only shook his head, running, almost, over the long velvety lawn and into the woods, stopping his ears as the Gray Boy whinnied shrilly.

He could remember now, to this day, the spot a mile from the Holdens', the spot among the white birches where the grass was high and where he had lain with his face buried to the sod until the sun had set and the shadows were long. Then he had gone home.

A person less wise, less fine and understanding than Mary Callender would have done the wrong thing when the boy came home that night. Would have cried over him and tried to make him take the Gray Boy back again. But Mary didn't. She knew that life for Peter would be hard and full of bitter disappointments, self-denials, and she realized, most important, why he (Continued on Page 58)



# HOW COULD JOAN DO IT—

Over her fresh undies she  
put on a 5-day dress

Foolish  
Joan!  
But then  
she  
learned  
how  
soon  
a dress  
offends

OH, COUSIN  
JUDY, I'M  
SO THRILLED  
YOU'RE  
HERE

SO AM I,  
JOAN. WE'LL  
HAVE SOME  
SWELL TIMES  
THIS WEEK

THAT  
NIGHT

BUT YOUR DRESS  
**LOOKS** CLEAN, JUDY—  
WHY SHOULD YOU  
LUX IT?

I'D HATE TO RISK  
EVEN A HINT OF  
PERSPIRATION ODOR,  
JOAN. I ALWAYS  
LUX MY DRESSES  
AFTER A COUPLE  
OF WEARINGS

BUT, JUDY,  
YOU'VE NEVER  
NOTICED  
THAT IN ME,  
HAVE YOU?

WELL, I DID, JOAN—  
TODAY. LUX TAKES  
IT ALL AWAY, YOU  
KNOW, AND KEEPS  
A DRESS LIKE  
NEW, BESIDES—

LATER

GEE, JOAN,  
YOU'RE THE  
**SWEETEST**  
THING—  
JUST LIKE  
A FLOWER

JERRY'S  
RUSHING ME  
AT LAST!  
MAYBE JUDY'S  
LUX TIP  
DID IT!

## DRESSES absorb perspiration odor ... AVOID OFFENDING

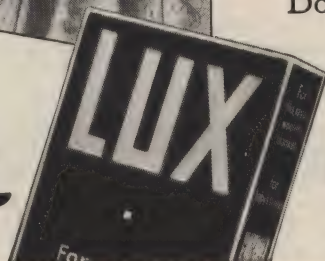
Dainty women shrink from the thought of offending others. They never allow stale perspiration to remain in a dress. They Lux their dresses often.

Dresses continually absorb odor—but Lux completely removes the body wastes that cause this odor. Other cleaning methods too often don't.

Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Don't trust ordinary soaps—they may contain harmful alkali. Don't risk cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali. Saves colors, protects fit.

awfully easy... and  
you save money, too

For  
dresses





Old, tough, weather-beaten  
maple leaves picked in the fall



If you made TEA  
from MAPLE LEAVES  
you'd pick them  
*young and tender*



Young, tender, fragrant maple  
leaves picked in the spring

**Y**OU'RE not likely to try maple leaves for making tea. But the familiar maple leaf does have a lesson for tea makers. If you *did* use them, you'd surely select the young, tender, fragrant maple leaves picked in the spring—NOT tough, coarse, weather-beaten leaves found in the fall...

In a package of TEA, you're buying the leaves of the tea plant...

By choosing Tender Leaf Tea, you get choice, young tea leaves, picked at the peak of their fragrance and flavor. No coarse, heavy leaves are included for bulk.

The difference was shown in a laboratory test—a new scientific instrument was used actually to *measure* the amount of aroma in 14 brands of tea. Tender Leaf Tea—and one more expensive brand—came *first*. Tender Leaf Tea had as much as *6 times* more aroma than some other brands. Choice, young tea leaves bring the flavor you want!

Your grocer has Tender Leaf Tea in 3½- and 7-oz. sizes. The name suggests how good it is!

Listen to "One Man's Family" on the N.B.C. Red Network every Wednesday night.



Copyright, 1937, by  
Standard Brands Inc.

(Continued from Page 56)

had done what he had done. She only took his hand firmly, shaking it as if he were a man.

"You've helped me, Peter," she said quietly, "helped me out when I didn't honestly know which way to turn. And I appreciate it. You're my partner now, really."

And that, those words, had done more to square the small shoulders, to lighten the empty misery in the boy's heart than anything else could have done. He had helped her and she understood.

But it wasn't that easy, all of it. He stuck it out for a week, young Peter did, and then he gave in. He had to see his horse. And so, one evening after chores, he slipped away, walking the eight miles across country to the Holden place, circling wide to the barn and finding, finally, the stall where the Gray Boy was waiting, ears pricked, feet pawing as he heard the familiar step. For two hours they were together, there in the dark stall, and then the long walk home alone for Peter, creaking up the back stairs to his room at last.

Every night, almost, for the next two weeks he made that trip, made it on foot after the long day's work, thinking that no one knew. But Mary Callender had known, saying nothing.

AND then there came that time when he was so tired that he went to sleep in the thick straw beside the Gray Boy's head, sleeping soundly, exhaustedly, until the morning, when Mr. Holden, coming down to the barn for an early-morning ride with his small daughter, found him there. He drove him home in the red automobile, and for half an hour he and Mary Callender talked in her little office room. Then they called Peter.

"Peter," said Mr. Holden, "we've been wondering what to do with the Gray Boy in the winter, for the eight months that we are not up here. We can't very well keep him in the city, and we wondered, Sally and I, if you would mind taking care of him for us. Just to help us out."

And Peter nodded dumbly, too thankful for words, too overjoyed.

And so the Gray Boy had come back, back for a part of the time at least, the greater part. And it had meant, he told himself now, big Peter Carlin did, driving along alone, that life had been full for him throughout the years that followed. Full and very happy, really, with new things, the state college, new friends, but always the old things that were best and closest to his heart and would be always.

IT HAD been hard, in that first year after college, to leave the hill country, to leave the Gray Boy and to leave Mary Callender. But she had urged it for him.

"I want you to go, Peter," she had said. "You must. There's—there's nothing in a hill farm any more; nothing but a home for you to come back to when you can. It will make me prouder of you, Peter, prouder almost than anything else ever could, to see you going ahead, doing the things that you are fit to do. And"—smiling—"I'll be here, Peter, here where I belong, for many years, I hope. And you'll come back often, Peter, in the summer and the week ends. Come back to me and the Gray Boy. We'll be here together, waiting for you. Only"—her gray hair close to his cheek—"only come back often, Peter. Please."

And he had come back, back from the work found through the kindly offered help of Mr. Holden, back, as the years went by, and not so many years, to ride the old familiar trails again. Not so fast or so far as in the days when the Gray Boy had been younger, not so gallantly

perhaps, but with the same quiet pleasure, the gray horse still striving to be keen, head up, ears pricked for Peter's voice.

Sometimes, on those rides, there had been little Sally Holden beside him. Sometimes really there herself, astride another horse, but not often, because he would not let himself ask her for that. It wasn't, he had told himself, the thing for him to do, to see her often. It wasn't fair to her. He had his life, his way to make, and she had hers already made.

BUT always, through the years and at his work, successful now, there was her image in his mind, the image, crystal clear and lasting, of the little girl at Templeton, the little girl of golden curls and the miraculous riding habit. An image changing now, as she had changed, to one that laughed and was gay and slender, lithe, her eyes a lighter blue almost, her hair more golden. Those thoughts he put away as best he could.

The Gray Boy was at home now always, at home on the hill farm, his days of work that had been fun all over, past. Only a few short months it had been, that he, that Peter Carlin, had gone down to see him, down through the shadowy barns and to the box stall bedded soft, knee deep in straw, where the Gray Boy stood. Feeble and stiff he was now, coat rough, eyes failing, but ears still alert for the familiar footsteps, soft muzzle stretching over the low barrier.

And they had stood there silently, tall Peter Carlin and Mary Callender, his hand through the stringy mane, and then he turned away. "I hate to see him that way," he had said, his voice low. "I want to think of him always alive and keen and eager, the way—the way he was that day at Templeton. The day he won his blue ribbon."

AND Mary Callender had said, "I know," softly. "I know. But he isn't suffering, Peter. It isn't that. I wouldn't let that happen. He's only old. Some morning he—he just won't get up, that's all."

"I hope I'll be here then," he had said. "You'll let me know, won't you?"

But he had not been there on that morning. This morning now, this dull gray day. At six o'clock he had received the telegram, just five words, nothing more—"He didn't get up, Peter"—and signed "Mary." And he had dressed to make this drive alone.

He was almost there now, through Templeton and up the long, familiar hill, the maples bare, leaves swirling on the ground, the gray-shingled house straw-packed for the winter, the barns below, with Mary, in the same old long tweed coat, coming out the door of the horse ell.

"Is he —" Peter forced the words, and she shook her head, her smile gentle and strong, but very tender, understanding.

"Not yet, Peter, not yet."

And then he was there, tall Peter Carlin, on his knees in the thick straw, head down to that old gray one, tired and heavy, worn-out now. And Mary Callender turned away to let them have what was theirs and could be only theirs.

And as she turned, half groping, a car had topped the hill, coming fast, then swinging to a stop, with Sally, little Sally Holden, hesitating, not quite sure.

"I heard," she said, "I heard and had to come. Do you suppose—oh, Mary, do you think he'll mind if I —" and Mary Callender's smile was quiet, but happy almost now, contented, as she said, "No, Sally, he won't mind, I think," standing aside to let the girl go through, the big door closing slowly.



# Armour's Meal of the Month

## Star MAY STUFFED FRANKFURTERS AND BACON

### RECIPE

#### Stuffed Star Frankfurters—Star Bacon:

8 Armour's Star Frankfurters  
 1/2 lb. Armour's Star Bacon  
 Prepared Mustard  
 2 cups Mashed Potatoes  
 1/2 cup Grated Cloverbloom American Cheese

Let frankfurters stand in boiling water 7 minutes. Partially split frankfurters lengthwise and spread lightly with mustard. Fill with fluffy mashed potatoes and cheese mixture, using pastry tube or fork. Place on broiler rack with bacon until bacon is cooked and frankfurters delicately browned. Serve with grilled tomatoes.

### M E N U

Stuffed Star Frankfurters—Star Bacon      Grilled Fresh Tomatoes  
 Buttered Green Peas      Carrot and Pineapple Salad      French Dressing  
 Whole Wheat Rolls—Cloverbloom Butter  
 Fresh Strawberry Pie—Whipped Cream      Coffee

Planned and tested by MARIE GIFFORD, Food Economist at Armour's

★ ATTRACTIVE meals need *not* be expensive or elaborate, says Marie Gifford of Armour's. And she proves it with this superb MEAL OF THE MONTH for May. Served this delightful new way, our good old favorites, Star Bacon and Frankfurters, become a gay Spring dish—richly delicious, economical, easy to prepare. And so appealing to hearty Spring appetites that you'll make it a regular MEAL OF THE WEEK in your home!

#### Matchless Quality of Armour's Star Bacon and Star Frankfurters

The delicious flavor combination of this meal depends largely on the quality of the meats you buy. Use Armour's Star Sliced Bacon—made of choice government-inspected stock and brought to perfection by Armour's exclusive Fixed-Flavor method. Then pair this hickory-smoked Bacon with juicy, tender Armour's Star Frankfurters—expertly prepared and seasoned in spotless Armour kitchens—delivered fresh to your dealer every day. With these two famous Armour foods your May Meal is *bound* to be a rousing success!

This Armour's MEAL OF THE MONTH is featured by your dealer all during May. Buy all the ingredients at one time—and ask for Marie Gifford's Booklet of complete recipes for the May meal. It's a sure winner!



LOOK FOR ARMOUR'S DISPLAY  
 AT YOUR DEALER'S... ASK FOR  
 COMPLETE RECIPE FOLDER



# ARMOUR AND COMPANY





## Pretty Mother

***Even before a small daughter knows the meaning of the word beauty, she senses it . . . in her surroundings and, most of all, in the person who is dearest in the world to her, her mother.***

**BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN**

*Beauty Editor of the Journal*

I HAVE asked a number of women what they can recall of their own first impressions of feminine loveliness. Very often these impressions have to do with shining hair, fragrance, soft, lacy frills or the taffeta rustle of certain clothes. They may be associated with a young and pretty teacher who always smelled deliciously of lily of the valley, or a next-door neighbor who arrayed herself carefully in a beruffled dress before she drove out shopping, or one's own mother, who brushed her long hair until it glistened.

A famous, and charming, woman who is now the head of her own great beauty business told me once that she felt indebted to a childhood neighbor for part of her own enthusiasm for beauty. This pretty neighbor was exceedingly fastidious about her appearance and it was the delight of the child to watch her as she dressed to go out, to help her if possible. No detail was lost on the small observer—the careful hooking of the high, boned collar; the last pat of the hair; the expert adjustment of the face veil, which was pinned smoothly into place; the application of delicate perfume; the donning of close-fitting gloves. It was a lesson in elegance which was never forgotten.

Children's perceptions are unusually acute. That is the way they learn about the big, strange world. They have an awareness which is often blunted in later life. I have always thought that one of the most sensitive conceptions in a motion picture was that moment, years ago, in *The King of Kings*, when the first sight of the Saviour on the screen came through the eyes of a little girl whose sight had just been given back to her. No adult could have been so tenderly and innocently receptive to perfection as that little sufferer.

*(Continued on Page 81)*



## GOOD TASTE IN DINING-ROOMS

now permits a most delightful informality in decoration. Why should the table be centered? Why not have a buffet built right in, and big enough for service on maid's-day-out? And why not a floor that does its part to make a dining-room gay and festive? So we submit this room. The floor is one of the very latest Armstrong designs — Embossed No. 5540. And please note the border of plain black linoleum — which really isn't a border at all, but a novel floor treatment that gives width and spaciousness to a small, narrow room. It demonstrates the many unusual and original floor effects possible with Armstrong's Linoleum. Your local linoleum merchant can show you others, including a group of inexpensive new standard designs first introduced this spring. See them and you'll visualize many new and inspiring ways to plan rooms that are different, rooms that are in modern good taste. *For your complete satisfaction, be sure to have your new linoleum floor permanently cemented in place over felt.*

### NEW DECORATING IDEAS

We've photographed many different types of interiors in full, natural color, and will send them to you if you write for "Floors That Keep Homes in Fashion." This helpful book also describes our complete free decorating service. Sent for 10¢ (in U. S. A. and Canada only). Address Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3706 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860)

**ENTERTAINING IS EASY** in this compact dining-room designed for service. Even the decorative floor (Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 5540, set off by wide strips of plain black linoleum) has its practical side. It's quiet, foot-easy, warm. It's so very easy to clean—and to *keep* looking new, thanks to Armstrong's Linogloss Wax (needs no polishing). Complete specifications of this room, including samples of actual materials, sent free on request.



## ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM FLOORS

for every room  in the house

PLAIN • INLAID • EMBOSSED • MARBELLE • JASPÉ • RAYBELLE • PRINTED • QUAKER RUGS and LINOWALL



## MAKE THEM YOURSELF



### Little hats designed by Sally Victor so amateurs can make them

A YARD of fabric, and directions from us. Cut it out, stitch it up, try it on, and wear it this afternoon! Sometimes the fabric of your dress. Sometimes print with a plain dress, or plain with a print. Or all white with everything—like the little turbans that all the smartest women were wearing in Florida. The four-square beret to the left above is of cotton sheeting. Beware of it unless you have a knack for getting things on smartly. The skullcap is of striped piqué—you've heard the fashion story of stripes. The turban you can make either open or closed on the crown, of one fabric or two. We chose a ribbed rayon and a printed crinkly sheer cotton. Piqué, matching the blouse, is used for the pert little hat with a bow—turn it to suit your face or mood. The turned-up point, to the left, turns down for tennis, and you just tie it around. To get the patterns, write the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for FOUR-SQUARE BERET, No. 1331; SKULLCAP, No. 1332; TURBAN, No. 1333; BOW HAT, No. 1334; TIE-ON TURBAN, No. 1335, three cents for each pattern. You'll want half a dozen of these little cotton hats to go with summer dresses.





# The Value Sensation of 1937 is Sweeping the Country!

**THE BEAUTIFUL NEW**  
**Triple-Thrift**  
**REFRIGERATOR**

**SAVES ON PRICE!** **2 SAVES ON CURRENT!** **3 SAVES ON UPKEEP!**

WHEN an all-time low price was placed on the finest refrigerator General Electric ever built—the news spread from coast to coast. Immediately the 1937 G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator became the value sensation of the year. That's why people—*everywhere*—are now buying G-E Refrigerators at the rate of one a minute!

Today you don't have to take "second best" when selecting a refrigerator. The G-E you have always wanted is priced so that you can afford it. You save three ways—on price, on current and on upkeep. The G-E produces

more cold—and gives more years of economical service—for less money!

All G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerators—Monitor Top and Flatop—are powered with the famous G-E Thrift Unit which carries five full years of performance protection. This is the only sealed mechanism backed by a 10-year record of unparalleled service.

Only General Electric Refrigerators have *forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling*—exclusive features that assure lower current consumption, quieter operation and longer life.

Every proved convenience is built into these refrigerators. The beautifully styled all-steel cabinets have interior lighting. Full-width sliding shelves with rounded fronts increase usable space. Even the top shelf slides! There are easy-out ice-cube trays, built-in thermometer, deep-dish vegetable drawer, matched food containers, and scores of other advantages.

Regardless of how you judge refrigeration values—on price, performance or reputation—General Electric is your logical *first and final* choice! Check the features. Study the advantages. Look at today's low prices. You'll find that the model you want is *within easy reach*! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

**OIL COOLING AND FORCED-FEED LUBRICATION ARE EXCLUSIVE G-E FEATURES!**



**Buy on**

STYLE • LOW UPKEEP • PROVED MECHANISM • LOW CURRENT COST • RECOMMENDATION OF USERS • MANUFACTURER'S ELECTRICAL KNOWLEDGE • PRIDE OF OWNING THE BEST • LOW PRICE

**AND YOU'LL BUY GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**COMPARE—SEE FOR YOURSELF!**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATORS**



# The Pattern

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



Jerome ran to meet Nan. She fell, stumblingly, into his arms.

## XIX

NAN obeyed. The sheer stark terror, the agony of compulsion, in Marietta's whisper was quite simply convincing. Whatever Marietta had done or hadn't done, she was telling the truth then. Perhaps she had a moment of compassion; certainly she must have been terrified herself—terrified but determined. One thing, however, was clear; she stopped short of murder, and the sincerity and passion she felt communicated itself to Nan, and Nan obeyed.

It was not so simple as it sounds. Nan had on a knitted jumper and skirt, heavy sport shoes and a suede jacket. There was no time to do anything but crawl off that narrow little platform, in the space beyond the motorboat, and take a firm hold on its supports with her hands. She was an expert swimmer, and she knew the boathouse and the water surrounding it as she knew her own hand. In the instant of lowering herself into that dark water she thought of working her way along, supporting herself by the joists upholding the narrow little platform until she reached the open water. It was a quick exit from the boathouse, and the only one besides the door. It wasn't more than ten feet from where she stood, and it would not be difficult if it were not for her heavy clothing and for the coldness of the water. But from the open end of the boathouse it was only a few feet to the pier.

So she did lower herself, gasping as the cold water came up about her. The only sound in the boathouse was the subdued splash and ripple of water. But outside, footsteps came nearer quickly, plunging down the steps leading from the pier to the boathouse door. There was a small pause, and in it Nan felt dimly that Marietta had drawn in her breath in a sharp, hissing little gasp. Or perhaps she was trying to tell Nan something; if so, it was not intelligible.

Nan pushed herself farther on, as silently as she might through the dark water. She didn't dare try to swim; there would be sound. Besides, her feet were like lead. The suede jacket was like a weight. But she contrived in that little pause to reach the open water. Her head was under the wooden platform; little waves, smelling of fish, were lapping her chin. What was Marietta doing?

Then the boathouse door swung open. Nan heard that.

And she wriggled her feet with silent desperation, took a long breath and let go.

It was only a few feet to the pier, and she did it. Heart pumping till it seemed as if it must burst. She reached the pier, but for a moment could not summon the strength to crawl up onto it. But one of the bathing ladders was on the far side of the pier and she floated under it, found the ladder and hung to it, crooking her arm around it. And as she reached it she heard a sound in the boathouse. It was muffled by the pounding in her own ears and by her own rasping gasps for breath. It was blanketed by the mist and deadened by the water. A loud, heavy sound, but no one on the Preedy veranda could have heard it.

It was followed by silence—silence and darkness and mist and cold dark water lapping against the pier.

Nothing anywhere but darkness. Nothing but—but something on the pier. For the ladder to which she clung was suddenly vibrating with the soft, blurred thud of running footsteps. Running from the boathouse—stealthily, so that there was only that faint unrhythmic shaking of the pier, that distant trembling.

It was gone, and the faint tremor of the ladder stopped. Whatever came from the boathouse had padded off into the darkness.

It was a long time, though, before she was sure, and she clung with both hands to the ladder,

waiting for any shiver of the wood that would testify to a presence on the pier.

She was rigid with terror and with cold when, finally, cautiously she crawled up onto the pier. The lake was black, as were the boathouse and the islands.

But all at once she heard a motorboat—a deep throbbing like a pulse away off somewhere. She searched for its light and found it off toward Haven. Found it and realized it was coming nearer, and stayed there, huddled in her dripping coat, waiting with desperate longing for it to be Jerome. It couldn't be, for they had gone to arrest him. But if it was Jerome—

And it was. He drew in beside the pier, the light from the boat flashed wanly upon her, and he tied the boat, jumped out and ran to meet her. She fell, stumblingly, into his arms.

"Nan! Gosh, you're wet."

She said something. Anything. He questioned her—or did he? Reached into the boat for something—a flashlight—and was gone into that dark boathouse, with a glancing beam from the flashlight vanishing with him.

THERE was the lap of water against the boat below. No other sound except the thud of her own heart. Then Jerome was back. He was putting her into the motorboat, gently but still with a kind of detachment. As if there were something he had to do immediately, something terribly important and he was only aware that Nan must somehow be cared for while he did it.

She huddled, wet and cold and trembling, in the leather-cushioned seat. Jerome untied the painter and leaped down into the boat, and it rocked as he slid into the seat beside her. The engine started and he reversed, twisting to look back over his shoulder until they were clear of the pier, turning them into the deep black water and heading toward Haven Island.

He was going as fast as the boat could go. It lifted up from the water—small waves struck it and the boat bumped furiously against them and spray dashed against her face.

Once someone who didn't seem to be Nan leaned toward the man at the wheel and shouted a question above the speeding engine and the dash of spray: "Marietta?"

She couldn't hear his reply; it was flung out. But there was a terse finality about it that replied instead.

They reached the Haven Island pier. He was lifting her out of the boat, urging her across the pier, forcing her to struggle along that narrow, winding path up from the pier. She was fainting with exhaustion when they reached the house. The whole thing was vague to her, except there was a consciousness of leaping fires and someone taking off that incredibly heavy coat and kneeling to take off her shoes and stockings and to hold her bare and chill feet toward the fire.

Tillie was somewhere around. There were quick orders and a steaming glass, which somebody held at Nan's lips; a pail of hot water into which Nan's feet were immersed. Jerome vanished, and came back, and Tillie was pulling off her dripping jumper and skirt and a soft, warm bathrobe was wrapped around her.

Warmth and lassitude crept over her. She knew that Tillie was telling Jerome something: something about somebody who was there and, it appeared from Tillie's voice, ought not to be there.

"All right," said Jerome shortly. "Bring them in."

Nan opened her eyes in time to see McHenry and Wait enter the room. Wait—oh, yes, they had been coming to arrest Jerome. Well, she could tell them now that it wasn't Jerome. It wasn't Jerome; but who was it? (Continued on Page 67)



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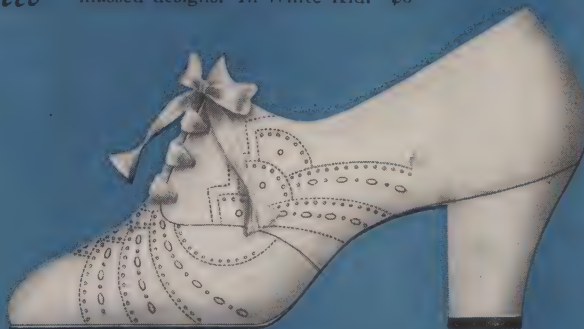
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(Continued from Page 64)

She dodged it—pushed it away—refused to think of it.

Tillie came into the room again, rattling in her crisp white apron; she carried a steaming teakettle, a bottle of whisky and a little box, and poured more hot water around Nan's feet and dashed in immoderate quantities of mustard.

Nan winced and drew up her feet and turned toward Wait and cried, "Marietta —"

"I've told them, Nan," said Jerome's voice quickly. "They'll see to it. She—there's nothing that anybody can do for her."

Wait came around to stand in front of Nan, between her and the fire. "I don't want to hurry you," said Wait in a voice that denied it. "But—will you tell me just what happened? How did you know Marietta was murdered? Who did it?"

"I've told them all I know of it," said Jerome. "What happened, Nan? They must know about it now. Who killed her?"

"I don't know," said Nan. Her voice sounded unlike herself; husky, uneven. "I only know what Marietta said—and I heard the footsteps."

"Whose footsteps?"

"I don't know. I couldn't see."

"Tell me from the beginning. Why did you go to the boathouse?"

It was the beginning of that swift, furious interview.

Wait questioned them. Listened and questioned more. He sat perfectly still in a chair opposite Nan with the gleams from the fire touching his dark face and reflecting themselves now and then deeply in his eyes. Once or twice McHenry said something—or started to. Wait went straight on.

"So you were going to come here and warn Cable that we were on our way to arrest him?"

"Yes," said Nan. "No! I only wanted to see him before you took him away."

"Miss Bayne, this sound from the boathouse—you're sure it was the sound of a gunshot?"

"Didn't I tell you Marietta was shot?" began Jerome impatiently.

Wait's small, lifted hand stopped him. "How about it, Miss Bayne?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"When Marietta warned you to leave, you felt she was speaking the truth?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"But she made no attempt to escape?" Wait went on.

"I—I don't think so. I don't know. There wasn't time —"

"Then you had an impression she was there by appointment?"

"No, I —"

"You must have had. She knew who was approaching, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Then she must have been there by appointment. Was she afraid?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"But she remained anyway. Were there any words, any sound of voices at all before you heard the shot?"

"I don't think so. I was in the water—I couldn't have heard much. The only thing I heard was the—the shot."

"You say it was dark in the boat-house?"

"Yes."

"Could you see Marietta?"

Could she? "I heard the door of the cruiser open. Then she spoke and I recognized her voice—or rather the way she said 'Who is it?' The i's sounded like e's. It was dark and my eyes weren't adjusted to it yet; I could see the outlines of the boat near me—I think I could see a sort of outline of Marietta—but it is all

vague and confused. There wasn't time for anything."

"She was shot at close range," said Jerome suddenly and rather harshly. "Whoever it was came near enough to her for that. He could have seen her all right—as a target, if that's what you mean."

"You saw no gun, you said."

"No. And I looked for it—briefly, but it wasn't there."

McHenry stirred and said, "Hadn't I better get over there?" restively, and Wait without looking at him said:

"No. I'll get this straight first. Nobody will touch anything—nobody will know of it. Not yet."

McHENRY muttered but remained where he was, tall, square, blue eyes cold and disapproving but held, in spite of himself, by something about the dark-faced little detective that was exciting.

"Look here, Miss Bayne," said Wait. "I heard you at the inquest. I was there. You told what happened to you the night Celia Cable was murdered, exactly a week ago. It struck me, of course, that you were telling as little as you could tell of it. That you were suppressing a lot of details. Now then, suppose you tell me the whole story. All of it."

But that was the wrong thing to do, thought Nan. That way left you open to attack; avoid the circumstantial. She looked at Jerome. If she told the detective all of it, wouldn't she be merely plunging herself and Jerome more deeply into that morass of suspicion? Wouldn't she only make it the more difficult to extricate themselves?

"I won't make a record of it," said Wait. "McHenry won't make a record —"

"I'll do what seems best to me," said McHenry truculently.

Wait glanced at him. "We'll make no record," he said again. "All I want is the truth, Miss Bayne. If you and Cable did not murder his wife, then you have nothing to fear from the truth. And you must feel that I have no wish to—to frame you; otherwise you wouldn't have told me this thing about Marietta."

"I had to do that," said Jerome. "There wasn't anything else to do."

Wait was not convincing when he claimed scrupulous honesty. Nan had no doubt but that he would do whatever he wanted to do. But certainly any detective would rather get at the truth than not. And obscurely, disliking and fearing him, still she had more faith in his perception than in McHenry's.

"What shall I do?" she said to Jerome.

He was frowning. "I don't know. It's all wrong. Carlson said not to talk. But we can't make things much worse. They were here to arrest me. I—I guess I'm under arrest right now, so far as that goes. And they already know —"

Wait impatiently interrupted him. "We already know the main facts of what Miss Bayne has to tell. Go on, Miss Bayne—there's not too much time. There are things to do —"

"Very well," said Nan. "Where shall I start?" It wasn't going to be easy, to live over again that dark Sunday night a week ago—misty and dark as this one, but without the cold.

"Start where you left the Preedy house and started over here to Haven," said Wait tersely and listened.

So she told it all, remembering every detail too well. Remembering the fog and the lights streaming through it; remembering the orderly, empty living room, where she now sat, as she had seen it through the doorway for those few seconds before the (Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 67)

lights went out. Remembering her blundering, blind scurry back to the boathouse, her fumbling for her boat, and then the fog. Fog and the lights on Tredinick to guide her —

"What lights?"

"The light from the veranda, where they were still playing bridge. Then there was the small light on the Tredinick boathouse and a little light above it. I don't know what that light was — but I got lost just the same. I was thinking and not watching, and —"

"A little light above the boathouse light, you mean? What was that?"

"But I don't know. I thought of it later and went around to the side of the house — to a place, I mean, about where it seemed to me, as well as I could remember, that light would have been. But there was no light — nothing that could have made it."

"The side of the house. Directly above the steps? That would be on a line — or nearly — with the boathouse light?"

"Yes. But there's nothing there."

Wait said: "Windows — trees. Awnings with hooks that could be reached from the window. Go on."

"WELL, it was about then that I — the canoe bumped into my boat." She went on; he made her describe it several times, asking quick and repetitious questions, the same thing in many different ways. She finished her story. Told how she reached, finally, Tredinick Island; saw the four still at the bridge table, went in the back way and up to her room.

"And you did not know there was a dead woman in the canoe until the next morning?"

"No. I mean I didn't know it then, of course — didn't know she was found in the canoe that — that was on the lake, but I felt it somehow. That she must have been there."

"Why?"

"I don't know why," said Nan miserably. "There was something about the canoe."

"What?"

"It was so silent," she said. "So — still. But sluggish — as if there were a weight in it."

Wait looked at her. McHenry made a restless motion and stopped. Wait swooped without warning back to Marietta. "Marietta Beuparle," he said, "was the strongest witness against you. Against Cable. It's a lucky thing you got the record of her testimony at the inquest, McHenry. But still it won't be as convincing to a jury as her presence. Did you kill her, Miss Bayne? Or was it Cable that came into the boathouse and actually fired the shot?"

XX

THEY had been wrong. Terribly, fatally wrong to go against Carlson's advice. To tell anything. To trust the detective. They ought to have known — they did know — that he was their danger. But they had blindly, confidently delivered themselves into his hands.

Jerome was talking. His voice was tight and hot with fury and with fear for Nan. " — if we had killed her, either of us, would we have told you all this? Would we have admitted knowing anything about it? Wouldn't we have pretended to know nothing of it — established alibis for ourselves — kept quiet?"

"You and your boat were too close at hand tonight, Cable, to make your story convincing."

"It's true. Every word we've told you is the truth."

Wait jerked his glossy black head toward McHenry. "Does he know about the map?"

"No. Shall I?" — McHenry was by this time absorbed in the stream of Wait's questions; he reached into a pocket — "shall I show it to him?"

"Certainly."

Nan had already heard of it. She hadn't seen it. Odd that McHenry was carrying so frail and important a thing about him. He was, though; flat against cardboard. A piece of paper, rather thick, and it had been white. It was so no longer, but you could perceive certain lines on it.

"You can look at it," said McHenry, extending it toward Jerome but not relinquishing it. "It's got your name on it. And a map on the other side. It's part of an envelope. And the other half was in Frank Duro's possession." He held it nearer to Jerome and said: "Can you see your name?"

JEROME was frowning, black eyebrows straight across his worried face. He looked, nodded once as if convinced in spite of himself. There was a stunned perplexity in his eyes.

"Yes. I see, but Duro couldn't have —" He broke off and said: "Where's the map you talked about?"

"On the other side of it. It's done in pencil. You can't see it without colored glasses — we saw it in the laboratory yesterday. You'll have to take my word for it, it's a map of Rowdy's Point and Haven and the eastern edge of Tredinick. Couldn't be anything else. Both piers marked."

"Did you draw that map?" said Wait.

Jerome started. "No," he said violently, "I didn't. Why should I?"

"Who addressed the envelope?"

The look of strange perplexity in Jerome's eyes deepened. He did not reply. He said instead, after a thoughtful pause, "Nan, does the detective know about — well, about those two spiders?"

"What spiders?" said Wait. "Tell me, Miss Bayne. Tell me — everything you can. Can't you see that moments count? That you must talk! That if I have to dig every scrap of information out of you — what spiders?"

WEARILY, feeling that it didn't matter, Nan told him. At the end of it, McHenry looked very queer and said to Wait:

"There were stories of some poison spiders on some of the islands. I never believed it. Heard it after all those newspaper stories about black widows a year or so ago. Never saw one myself. It could be though."

Wait nodded and said briefly and rather cryptically to Jerome, "All right, we'll try that angle. Anything else?"

Jerome wheeled to look straight at the detective. For a few seconds the two men's eyes engaged and held — Jerome's angry, unbelieving, still deeply perplexed; Wait's dark and shining and unrevealing.

Finally Jerome said, "I don't understand you. Unless you mean the angle that Nan had nothing to do with murder. That's not an angle, it's the truth."

"Okay, call it that. For the time being. Now then, Miss Bayne" — he looked at his watch and got up — "is there anything else?"

"What do you mean —"

"I mean anything that might be evidence," snapped Wait. "You're as good as on trial for your life; haven't you the sense to see it? If there's anything in the world that you know, now's the time to tell it."

"I didn't kill Marietta. I didn't know Duro —"

Jacob Wait's face darkened. He turned to Jerome. "There's not time for all this," he said. "You know that I think Duro killed your wife. McHenry doesn't

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agree, but I'm sure of it. He had hidden the paddle, and he was evidently in the money, and expected more. He was also in with Marietta and here she is—waiting to keep an appointment with somebody after Duro's been shot, scared but sticking it out. Why? For money, of course. Well, then, who's paying? Who did pay in the first place? Who hired him? There's the real murderer. It could be any of you. It must be one of you who was close to Celia Cable; who wanted her out of the way and didn't dare do it himself. Somebody who was afraid to. And yet who supplied Duro with funds; gave him a map of the place, for Duro was a stranger. And somehow, somehow, must have kept his identity from Duro—at least for a while. I've heard about these mysterious telephone calls—sounds as if it might have been Duro trying to identify his employer. Therefore—if it was Duro—

"**THEN** he appears only to have wanted to hear voices—why? What other reason than to identify the voice that had hired him? And why does he want to identify him? For more money, of course. Duro's dumb; he's got to be or he wouldn't undertake killing jobs. Dumb and he thinks he can outsmart the fellow that hired him. So Duro leaves," said Wait, looking mysterious, "clues. In the canoe. Clues leading away from him, just in case the employer tried to double-cross him."

"This torn envelope, you mean?" said Jerome. "But I didn't —"

Wait didn't pause. "Evidently the murderer—the real murderer, I mean; the fellow that was afraid to do the job himself and thus had to hire somebody to do it—had thought out some plan to approach and hire Duro secretly; he had to talk to him, but he's managed to keep Duro from seeing him. Seeing him closely, at any rate, so as to recognize him later; and Duro figured that he'd take on the job, pretend to be taken in, agree to the employer's secrecy—then later find out actually who it was that employed him and bleed him for money for the rest of his life."

McHenry made an unintelligible sound that contrived to protest.

"**THAT** must have been the way Duro was hired," Wait said more slowly. "It's no easy matter to hire a murderer. One does not pick these gentry from the nearest telephone directory; usually there's a medium—two, indeed, each to assure good faith and to protect the identity of his principal. To deal directly with a hired killer you would have to (one) know he could be hired; (two) be able to approach him; (three) take some measure to protect yourself—that is, conceal your own identity; and (four) convince him of his own safety—that is, that you won't frame him. There are also matters of arranging payment; no, it's not a simple affair at all. Yet it could be done. And has been done," said Jacob Wait. "By somebody who had to get Celia Cable out of the way and didn't have the nerve to do it. But did have the desperate cowardice to kill Duro when Duro's own program was successful. Later, that is, when Duro did discover the identity of whoever hired him and made his demand. And Marietta must have known. Duro enlisted her help; even after his death she was determined to collect. But who hired him?" His hands lifted and beat down upon the arms of the chair. "*Who is back of it? Who paid him to kill Celia Cable?*"

"I didn't hire him," said Jerome.  
"I didn't say so," said Wait. "But you could have. Anybody could have. A woman—but you're the only person who had an urgent motive, Cable. You and Miss Bayne."

"No," said Nan suddenly. "No. That's wrong. There might have been somebody else. At least —" She stopped, fumbling among the things Ted had told her, feeling strongly that somewhere among that tumbled hurling of facts was something Wait wanted. Something she must tell him.

He had whirled around abruptly to her, his eyes blazing with demand. "What's that?"

"I don't know exactly. That is—Ted told me. It's all mixed up. But if Celia had had some project, some—some plan —" She told it falteringly—seeking back for the exact phrases Ted had used. Successful in the main, for she remembered it so clearly. Even what he'd quoted about the pattern.

"Pattern?" inquired Wait.  
"She'd said something about a pattern." Nan groped for the word. "She'd told him it—I don't know what—was like a pattern; it always worked."

Wait looked at Jerome. "Who was the man?"

"I don't know. There may not have been another man. There are alternatives."

"**I KNOW—I know!** But she acted, according to the boy, as if she were going on a trip or something," repeated the detective. "And was happy about it. And getting him out of the way. And intending to divorce Cable. If my understanding of Celia Cable is right," said Wait slowly, "it was money. By way of a man, by way of some project—in all probability dishonest—by way of whatever it was, but money. And that project threatened somebody. Threatened them so directly and instantly that it had to be stopped. You say the boy emphasized 'today' when he talked? Or, rather, said Celia Cable emphasized it?"

"Yes," said Nan.  
"Was Ted telling you the truth?"  
"Yes."

"Do you think he killed her? Frustrated young love and such? He could have, you know."

"Ted didn't kill her. He couldn't have."

"Oh, yes, he could."  
"He wouldn't have got the spiders. He wouldn't have shot down Marietta—or Duro—in cold blood."

"He had no alibi for the time of Duro's murder."

"None of us have," said Jerome. "Except Nan. There's that for you, Wait. Miss Bayne's got an alibi for the time of Duro's murder. Miss Bayne and Miss Tredinick were together. Didn't leave Tredinick Island the whole time."

Jacob Wait said for a second time that alibis didn't always mean much. "Alibis," he said and laughed. "How about the signal that Miss Bayne saw? Somebody hung out that signal—the second light. It could have been a—lantern—a flashlight, hung from the hook of an awning—telling Duro that the time had come. That Celia Cable was on her way, that she was launching this—this project and must be stopped."

"You can't say it was a signal," cried McHenry. "You don't know anything about it!"

"I can say it might have been a signal," snapped Wait. "I can say it was a signal. Because Celia Cable telephoned that she was coming to Tredinick Island. Nobody expected her. Was it her custom to pay unexpected calls? Did she come often to Tredinick Island? Was she—welcome at either the Preedy house or the Tredinick house? Well, then, why did she, all at once last Sunday night, decide to come to call? Why, above all, did she telephone (Continued on Page 72)



# 5 Children-2,000 Chickens and Bon Ami

• Perhaps that seems like an unusual combination to you . . . but

it's a mighty natural one to Mrs. W. H. Tilley of New Canaan, Conn. For Mrs. Tilley runs a large poultry farm, and has five school age youngsters to take care of in the bargain. Where does the Bon Ami come in? Well—read Mrs. Tilley's own letter printed below. See what this practical housewife has learned from experience about cleansers.



"I am the busy mother of five on a large poultry farm. I find that with Bon Ami powder I can clean tubs and sinks much faster and yet have the satisfaction of bright, shining surfaces free from stains or grease and with no sandy sediment left to wash down and clog and stop up the drains. The latter is most important here in the country, for it means not only expense but delay which puts everything back.

"I have used Bon Ami a long time. Even in cold weather it does not affect my hands and it hasn't that disagreeable fishy odor so many cleaning powders have. I also use Bon Ami for taking off the children's finger-marks on paint and woodwork. It's a real 'mother's help' in my household."

Mrs. W. H. Tilley, New Canaan, Conn.

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## Bon Ami



"hasn't  
scratched yet!"



"Camay gave my skin its

April  
Freshness"



*As daughter of an army officer, I have lived all over the world. And everywhere, Camay has always kept my skin lovely and glowing with an April freshness.*

(Signed) Norma Yarborough  
(Mrs. William Yarborough)

Topeka, Kan., March 1, 1937

MANY a pulse must have leapt at sight of this glorious bride in white lace, with her gold-brown hair, her flower-like complexion. "Camay has been my complexion's truest friend," she says.

And *your* complexion, too, will welcome Camay's perfect care. For Camay's creamy, luxurious lather cleanses down to the very pores—leaving your skin smooth, refreshed—bringing a glorious, new radiance to your complexion! And tests show Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than all other leading beauty soaps.

Order half a dozen cakes of Camay today—its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light!



*The Soap of Beautiful Women*

(Continued from Page 70)

that she was coming? She didn't arrive. She was intercepted by—a grim and silent messenger," said Jacob Wait. "Why? And why was the second light hung out just then. A signal. Why not?" "You don't know," McHenry said, rather hopelessly. "This is all guessing."

"It's nothing of the kind," said Wait with sharp impatience. "It's about to be the truth. The truth's coming out of it. I can feel it. The signal was hung out. Duro was waiting with his map in the darkness for the signal that tells him the time has come. And Celia Cable does not reach Tredinick Island. Why was she not to arrive? Why had she to be stopped? It's as if," said Wait, "her telephoning was some kind of ultimatum; as if it announced to the murderer a decision and the murderer had planned to have Duro murder her only when or if she made that decision. For the murderer has—or might have a perfect alibi. Playing bridge with three other people. The only connection with the crime is the signal light; the only action necessary to take is to leave the table, walk into the living room, go to that window and return, having set the whole thing in motion. Now then—who —"

NAN said exactly as if she were dreaming, "The signal could have been a flashlight—couldn't it? There was a flashlight, you see, in the wood box. Maud put it away, and told Frieda to close the lid. The flashlight had a string tied around it."

"Exactly," said Wait. "Maud told her to put it away. Miss Bayne, why did Maud Preedy go in to Chicago Friday afternoon? She told McHenry it was to take her jewels in to the safe in her town apartment and to shop. Did she bring anything home?"

Maud? But she had to answer. Nan said, "No. But she could have taken her jewels. She carried a rather large black bag —"

"Large enough for a revolver?"

"No, no," cried Nan, "not Maud."

"Why not?" said Wait. "Why not?" And turned around and walked out of the room.

No one spoke. Presently Nan was aware that Jerome was taken up and possessed by some pressing conclusion. Something that would not be denied. Something that held him in its grip as if it were a physical, living thing; so he was fixed and rigid, staring downward into the dying fire as if he were seeing some picture in it. A frightening picture it must have been, from the look on his still face, a horrifying picture. A shocking picture.

McHenry was silent, too, but then McHenry was already horrified at Wait's leaping conclusions and the recklessness of his imagination. It didn't please McHenry; so he was going over it, testing point by point the things Wait had said. The trouble was, when he said them they sounded true.

NOBODY spoke and nobody moved, and Wait came quickly back into the room. He looked at his watch again, and paused at the door into the dining room and shouted over his shoulder:

"Tillie, tell your husband we want him to row—right away."

"Row?" said McHenry, with a start. "Where? We've got our motorboat."

Wait didn't reply. Instead he said to Jerome, "Look here, Cable. This is going to be painful to you, but I've got to have it. Tillie's told me everything she knows, but it isn't enough. Exactly what were the circumstances of your marriage?"

"I met her and we were married. I had been engaged to be married to Nan—

Miss Bayne. She heard of Celia and wrote to me breaking our engagement, and Celia and I were married. That's all."

Wait swore. He said to Nan, "How did you hear of Celia? Answer me."

"She came to me," said Nan.

"What did she say? Tell me exactly. And hurry."

"Tell him," said Jerome.

She did. Swiftly, under his sharp questions, but clearly.

"And it wasn't true?" he asked Jerome.

"No. Not as Celia told it. I—no, it wasn't true."

"But it worked," said Wait. "It worked—all right, Cable. Now, then, to go back to this envelope with your name on it that was found in the canoe. Whose writing was on that envelope?"

JEROME gave a queer long shudder and said, "Frieda's. Frieda Tredinick's. I see now." He looked at the detective and said slowly, "I think I can show you—will you come with me?"

They were gone perhaps ten minutes.

When they returned, Wait went straight to the telephone. "What's Tredinick's number?" he said to Jerome. Jerome supplied it. As Wait waited for the connection he spoke to McHenry over his shoulder. "We'll get off pretty soon. I suppose you've got a gun?"

McHenry put his hand inside his coat and said, "Why? Where —"

"Oh, to Tredinick, of course! To the boathouse," said Wait impatiently. "The body's got to be removed, hasn't it? Nobody would dare leave it there to be found. Sometime tonight it's going to be taken out and weights put on it before it's dumped in the deepest part of the lake. Only," said Wait, "we'll be there first. We'll row over. You can hear a motorboat all over the lake. . . . Hello—hello. I want to know if Ted Tredinick is there."

XXI

ON THE way back to Tredinick Jacob Wait stirred once and pulled his topcoat tighter around him and said in a disgruntled way, "I hope there's no shooting. I don't like shooting."

Nan heard him, for he sat beside her. McHenry must have heard him, for there was a kind of convulsive start from the seat behind Nan. Jerome was ahead with Tillie's husband's broad, raincoated shoulders and the blur that was his face looking up directly before Nan.

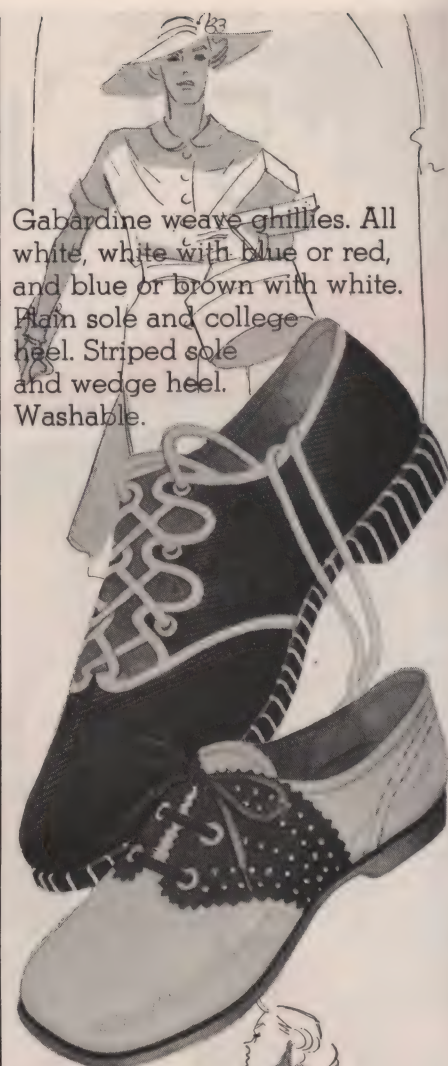
It was very dark. Wait's disgruntled words floated out to Nan as if disembodied and finding their own way through the mist and darkness. Nan moved her feet to escape the water the boat had shipped—and huddled deeper into Jerome's sweater. For Nan had gone too.

There had been some trouble about that. Jerome wouldn't hear to it. But she had put aside all reason; she had quite simply but tenaciously clung to him and said she was going. It was not pleasant, but, she discovered with something like a shock, it was horribly easy—that primitive, feminine tenacity.

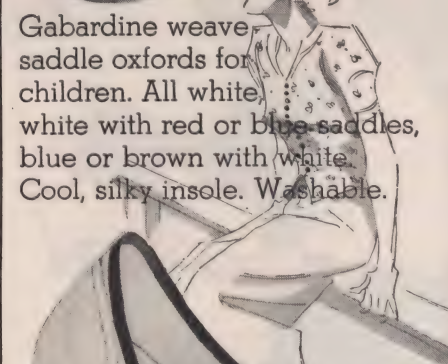
It brought her back to the incredible present. Incredible yet perfectly commonplace and real because it was happening.

But there was danger. That was real too.

Three men setting forth to meet and trap a murderer. An extraordinarily brutal murderer. An extraordinarily cowardly and desperate murderer. One who, like the Borgias, hired a killer and then turned around and—driven at last by the desperation of extreme cowardice—killed the hired assassin. And the hired assassin's accomplice. Silently, without mercy.



Gabardine weave oxfilles. All white, white with blue or red, and blue or brown with white. Plain sole and college heel. Striped sole and wedge heel. Washable.



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Shown above are the new double-breasted and sport back Rugby suits with pleated shorts—ages 4 to 12—\$6.75.

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**GOODALL COMPANY**  
CINCINNATI, OHIO



An oar scraped the top of the water with a splash.

Jerome said in a low voice, "We're nearing Tredinick. A little to the left, Whit."

The boat wavered, rocked a little, seemed to turn. They were nearer now and passing the pier, for Nan could see, or thought she could see, its dim outline. They were passing a black gulf that was the water entrance to the boathouse. Inside that blackness—inside the deep and murmurous cavern —

WELL, she wouldn't think of that. Jerome was whispering, guiding Whit Bower. "Now then," he said, and there was a long, straight pull and the boat lay rocking in a tiny space of quiet water.

Wait and McHenry were getting out of the boat; there was subdued rocking and splashing, but their feet on the sand made no sound as they would have done along the pier.

"I'm going," said Nan and tried to get up, and Jerome quite simply and neatly put her down on the seat again, said: "You are not," and added to Whit Bower: "Keep her here, if you have to hit her with an oar."

Then he was gone. All three men were mere blurred shadows disappearing into utterly silent blackness.

She moved and Whit Bower had his one moment of masterfulness and said, whispering, "You heard him, Miss Nan. I'd hate to do it. You'd better stay here." But he paused there and added anxiously: "Is it true—is there a murdered woman in the boathouse?"

"Yes."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I think I'll be going back to Haven. Are you coming with me or do you want to get out here? You could go up to Mrs. Preedy's house without going near the boathouse. And McHenry can't arrest me for not waiting. I don't want to be around. I heard them talking about shooting."

HE GAVE her a hand out of the boat. She had no more than got safely on the sand when he began to push the boat away and she could hear the soft gurgle of water against the oars.

It was dark. Heavy clouds obscured the young moon and she could not tell where earth and lake and sky began, for it was all one soft deep darkness. Except that up above and beyond the boathouse were lights from the Preedy living room. She wished the lights were on the veranda; she could have called to Maud or Reg. As it was, the strip of beach and pier, the twisting rocky path and steps upward seemed treacherous and dangerous. Anything, that night, was dangerous. Especially the vicinity of the boathouse where Jerome and Wait and McHenry were waiting.

Waiting for those footsteps to come again—furtively, stealthily shuffling out of the dark night.

She started toward the pier, her footsteps light on the sand, listening intently through the soft lap of waves for other footsteps that might be walking along that dark beach. She heard nothing. She came at last to the pier and hesitated, dreading to cross it, as cross it she must, in order to reach the steps to the veranda above. And all at once as she stood there, the feeling of danger crystallized and became immediate.

She did not move. There was for a moment only the murmur of waves. But then, in the soft sliding sand, she could have heard no footsteps. She could hear nothing unless it was very close to her; almost upon her.

*As something was! (Continued on Page 75)*

## REACH FOR A SCOTTOWEL



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# A fresh, clean towel every time you need one

**ScotTowels save your good  
linen kitchen towels—  
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USE these neat white tissue towels for those messy kitchen tasks that soil so many good linen towels... that put grimy stains on your dishcloths.

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Be sure you get *genuine* ScotTowels with the thirsty-fibre man on the wrapper. One ScotTowel will do the work of two ordinary paper towels, for there are 2 to 3 ounces *more paper* in a roll of ScotTowels. You can buy ScotTowels at grocery, drug and department stores, 2 big rolls for 25¢. Or mail coupon.



**FOR DRYING HANDS.** Soft and absorbent, ScotTowels feel like cloth—but need no washing out. You use a ScotTowel just once—then throw it away. Put the smart, enameled ScotTowel holder over your sink, and have a clean, fresh towel handy when you need it.

**6 BIG ROLLS AND  
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900 ScotTowels—150 towels on each roll—a generous three months' supply for an average family. ScotTowels cost less than a penny a dozen. This supply will pay for itself the first month in laundry bills alone.

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**MAIL THIS COUPON** Scott Paper Co. Chester, Pa.

If your dealer does not sell ScotTowels, send us 50¢ (money or stamps) and you will receive postage paid:

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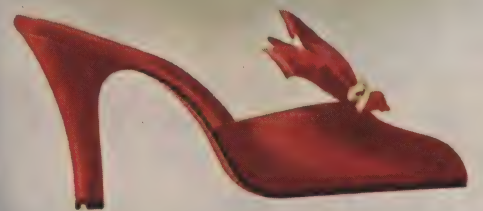
A cool cut-out sandal has all kinds of daytime uses in summer. This one is a special kind of Craftex in smart new colors . . . There is plenty of hot-weather wear in it, too, indoors and out.



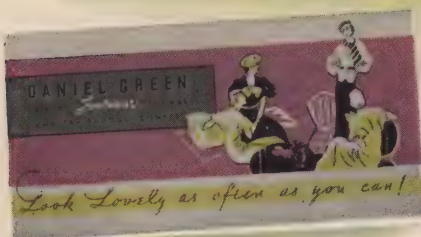
When the bride turns hostess at tea-time she must have a slipper that looks as though it had nothing else to do but look lovely. That's exactly what this sleek, foot-flattering Daniel Green was made for.



Evening dress is more formal nowadays. Anticipating this trend, Daniel Green designed a new line of formal slippers that have real elegance and chic. Any bride will love this cool cut-out.



In her boudoir the bride must have mules. Frivolous . . . impractical-looking . . . but, the way these are made, they are both comfortable and long-lived. A wealth of colors to choose from.



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LEISURE *Footwear* FORMAL  
AND THE FAMOUS "COMFYS"

**DANIEL GREEN**

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE SOLE



(Continued from Page 73)

The danger was not in that silent, waiting boathouse, sprawling in its shadow below. The danger was there, on the sands.

She couldn't move. Even her heart seemed to still itself.

And then she heard again a soft whisper of sand being pushed aside by hurrying, furtive feet.

She tried to move aside; she could not. She tried to scream to those men who waited in the boathouse, so near, and she couldn't do that.

Then all at once the shuffle of sand was almost upon her, and a figure loomed out of the darkness while Nan stood as if transfixed with her hand across her mouth, afraid to breathe or move, and it became Reginald.

Her heart gave one huge leap. "Reginald!"

He stopped abruptly. Stopped and after an instant leaned downward, as if to put down something he was carrying, and then straightened up and came closer to her. "Why, Nan," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"G-going up to the house. I heard you—I was frightened, I suppose."

"BUT—but I thought—I mean where have you been? At Frieda's? I thought you were at the house. Maud thought you were in your room. I"—he stopped and laughed a little, but still in a husky, unsteady way—"I didn't expect to run onto you. I guess you scared me too."

They mustn't stand there and talk; if the murderer was at the very moment actually creeping back toward the boathouse, intent only on getting rid of that silent thing that inexorably waited for him, he might hear their voices. She said, "Let's go on." How could she tell him that they must be silent and careful crossing the pier? That below in the boathouse men were waiting to spring a dreadful trap—dreadful but no more dreadful than what had already, mercilessly, cold-bloodedly been done.

But he did not seem to realize that she had not finished the thing she had started to say. For he said rather quickly and still with that hushed, queer unevenness, "You'd better go on up to the house, Nan. I'll be along after a while. Some things I want to do." He, too, stopped without conclusion; stopped and there was a little dark instant of silence, and Nan said without knowing she was going to say it:

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I've a few things to see to. Down at the boathouse. Can't trust Alec to see to anything any more. I want—to—"

"Oh, but you mustn't go to the boathouse," she cried. "You mustn't go down there, because —" Again, sharply and of its own volition, her voice broke off.

SHE knew that he made a sudden, sharp motion of surprise. Then Reginald's hands shot out and seized her shoulders. "Why not?" he demanded, his face so near that she could feel his hot, unsteady breath in her face. "Why not?"

"Because," Nan began and involuntarily pushed back away from his hands, and he moved nearer her and his foot struck the thing he had dropped on the sand. It was something that slid and clattered dully—rocks? But he wouldn't be carrying rocks about like that. Heavy as they were.

Heavy!

Nan gave a great gasp as the shock of it struck her. And she turned blindly, twisted frantically from his demanding grip and ran.

Ran across the pier, through darkness. He did not follow—or if he did Nan did

not know. But she took one long sobbing breath and screamed—thin and high in the silent night, and they heard it in the boathouse.

Heard it and came. Jerome found her.

THERE were darkness and confusion and shouting voices; flashlights and somebody finding something there in the sand at the end of the pier, where it had been dropped. Questions. Running footsteps. And then suddenly through the darkness and tumult there was the sound of a motorboat being started, below in the boathouse. Its staccato explosions pierced the night, and before they could stop it or even, again, reach the boathouse the boat had backed out with a furious swish of water and turned, and the engine swooped up to its full frantic speed. They were helpless. Somebody—McHenry, was it? Nan wasn't sure—fired rather hopelessly into the darkness toward the now diminishing sound of the engine. The sound of the shots added to the turmoil and confusion.

But the boat went on. They could hear it farther and farther off in the black lake. Somebody—Maud?—opened a door above, and light streamed out.

Wait said "I'll telephone," and vanished.

Probably it was Jerome's idea to take her to Frieda. McHenry pounded after Wait.

An hour or two later Wait came. Alone this time. Accepting Frieda's sofa and Frieda's brandy as coolly as he accepted her questions.

And it was a singular commentary on the thing that for certain parts of the story they had the only corroboration they were ever to have from Maud. Singular but characteristic of Maud.

"Maud knew," said Frieda instantly when she saw Wait. "Maud knew."

And she had known. Or at least suspected from the time the emerald disappeared; Reginald's acquaintance with Celia had astonished her—astonished her at first and then aroused her suspicions and she had gone to their apartment in town to search for and to discover—in a note from Celia—her own evidence. Even then she could not be sure, until that night.

"BUT she would never have told," said Wait. "She taxed him with it tonight. He was driven and desperate and confessed to her. Knowing she would not tell."

"Would she have let Jerome go to trial?" asked Frieda.

"I don't know. We'll never know, but it doesn't matter."

"She'll never testify against him. Right now, perhaps, she thinks she would. She's mad with anger and horror and lacerated pride—but she'll refuse to testify. She'll go abroad and stay there until the trial is over. She'll —"

"Perhaps," said Jacob Wait, "there won't be a trial."

Frieda said tragically, "How could he have done it!"

And Wait said grimly, "How could he have helped it! Once a woman like Celia Cable got him in her clutches."

His own hypothetical analysis of the thing had been in its important points corroborated. There were always to be certain things about which they could only accept logical implications. But mainly, he had been right.

For Reginald Preedy and the Preedy money was Celia's project. Reginald was simple. Until it came to divorce; and there, realizing with shocking suddenness to what a pass—flattered a little, entertained, drifting into Celia's grim little white hands—he had permitted the thing to come, Reginald had balked. He did



## Confidence...in what?

WITH EYES that know no fear, no doubt, no questioning, she looks to you for guidance.

How important, therefore, it is to be sure that she has the benefits of modern science to guard her against the hazards of life that would rob her of health and happiness.

One of those hazards is the almost universal prevalence of dental infection.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

### Most Tooth Decay

#### Can Be PREVENTED

Because of these facts the House of Squibb recommends a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented. Part of this plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice.

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Both these products contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

### Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.
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For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb... Specify—

**SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER**—it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream... for those who prefer powder.

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**SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL**—exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D... a true economy.

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**Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!**

By *Lady Esther*

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

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Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay

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not want Maud to divorce him; he did not want to marry Celia. Above all he clung to Maud's money. He had grown accustomed to it; in his way he loved money as much as Celia loved it, except that he had its full use and he was accustomed to it and he would not give it up. And he knew that if once Celia reached Maud, Maud would never forgive him.

So he tried to put her off. And failed, while Celia showed the claws she had concealed, and threatened.

He told her, thinking it would convince her, the truth—that the Preedy money was not his, that it all belonged to Maud. That even if Maud divorced him and he married Celia she would not have money. But he told her too late; so few people knew of it, and for so many years Maud had let it be thought that their money was Reginald's as much as her own, that Celia, fatally, would not believe him.

"It was the keynote of the whole business," said Wait. "Ted knew it—and told me tonight when I telephoned him."

"I DIDN'T know," cried Ted. "I only was afraid of it after I had talked to Nan and began to see the thing more clearly—that Celia had to have a motive, I mean. And all at once I remembered—and I didn't want to remember—how she asked me questions about Reg and Maud and about their money. She wanted to know if the money was Maud's. And I—I didn't know. I mean, I hadn't given the thing a thought—if I ever knew or heard it talked of, it was so long ago that it meant nothing to me. I told her I didn't know and she—she insisted until I asked her why she wanted to know. Then she said it wasn't anything important and that—that anyway," said Ted, "she knew the answer. But I wasn't sure; I didn't want to be sure; I wouldn't talk any more about it. Until he—Wait—telephoned to me tonight and asked me point-blank if she had ever questioned me directly about Reg's money."

Frieda put her thin hand comfortingly on the boy's arm.

Jerome said, "But we knew already, Ted. On account of the invitation. I mean, I had the other invitation—to your bridge party, Frieda, the one you were to have today—I still had it in the pocket of the blue-flannel coat I had on the night you gave it to me. You gave me two invitations—one addressed to me and one to Reginald. I went to Preedy's that night after"—his glance touched Nan—"after leaving here. And I gave them, as you had asked me to do, one of the invitations. But it was the one addressed to me that I accidentally gave them. The one addressed to Reginald and Maud was still in my pocket. So we already knew, Ted."

"Why?"

THEY told him about the envelope—the torn half found in the canoe with Jerome's name on one side and a map sketched on the other for Duro's guidance. The other half in a coat hanging in Duro's cottage.

"False clues," said Wait. "Duro's behavior, his intention from the first to discover the identity of the man who hired him and to wring money out of him and to protect himself at the same time, has all along endangered Reginald and obscured—and in some ways clarified—the whole thing. Following, I suppose, a previous arrangement by telephone Reginald must have gone to Rowdy's Point Saturday night to meet him." (Nan remembered suddenly the sound of the boat, returning quietly to Tredinick Island that first night.) "They met in the dark and Reginald tried to disguise

his voice and appearance. It was a dark night, and he had to have a personal meeting with Duro. He gave him his first payment of five hundred dollars cash. Duro wanted a map—perhaps he wanted a clue—but Reginald took his silver pencil and drew that map on an envelope; perhaps he saw that it was addressed to Jerome and used it purposely to throw a little suspicion upon Jerome, or at least away from himself—perhaps not. But somehow—Reginald must have been mad with anxiety and excitement; it wasn't an easy thing for him to do, even allowing for his desperation and for his cowardice—somehow Duro managed to get hold of the pencil and keep it, and of course the map. He left it—or a torn half of it with the map on it, and the pencil in the canoe. To confuse the thing; to cast enough suspicion upon someone else so that, if Reginald actually meant to double-cross him, Duro, there would be those clues leading to his employer. As I see it, that's the explanation of the pencil and the envelope left deliberately by Duro in the canoe."

Ted's head jerked up and he looked at the detective and said, "How?"

"The telephone call was an ultimatum; Reginald was expecting it. It was an ultimatum that meant Celia's death. He went inside the house —"

FRIEDA said, "To get another deck of cards. I remember."

"— hung out the flashlight and went back to play bridge. Even the signal could not give Duro real knowledge as to his employer's identity, for anyone could have landed on Tredinick Island and put a light at about the place where Duro was to watch for it. Duro was waiting—either on Rowdy's Point or on Haven; I think on Rowdy's Point. He rowed across, intercepted Celia. It was done that way because Reginald hadn't expected Celia to be alone on Haven as it happened she was. Duro waited until she got into the canoe. And that was all. He planted his false clues, set the canoe adrift—and then, because he couldn't help picking up any loose money or jewels around, cut off the lights so he wouldn't be seen; for, even though he thought himself actually alone on Haven, after all, he had just murdered a woman. You," said Wait, looking directly at Nan, "were extraordinarily fortunate not to encounter Duro on your way down to the Haven boathouse. He seems to have gone on to the house, ransacked it and left. He went there for the same reason that led him to take your bag, and the money in it."

"Duro was in the house Thursday night?" asked Nan.

"IT SEEMS so. It couldn't have been Marietta, for she was on Haven waiting, I think, for Duro. But Duro had all that week been trying to discover who his employer was—why he had been hired to kill Celia, and how best he, Duro, could turn things to his own advantage. He attended the inquest; he haunted the lake; he telephoned all those concerned, hoping to hear and recognize the voice of the man who had hired him. He enlisted Marietta's aid. I don't know how much she knew of her mistress' affairs; certainly it must have been Marietta who finally arranged a meeting—Thursday night—between Reginald and Duro. A meeting at which Reginald must have promised money and have made his appointment with Duro on Forest Crest Road for Friday. Neither man trusted the other—and good reason. Duro went straight from that meeting to Reginald's desk; housebreaking was nothing to Duro—especially when if he were discovered Reginald (Continued on Page 78)



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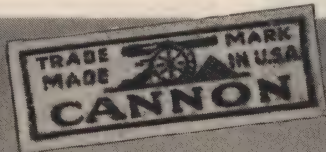
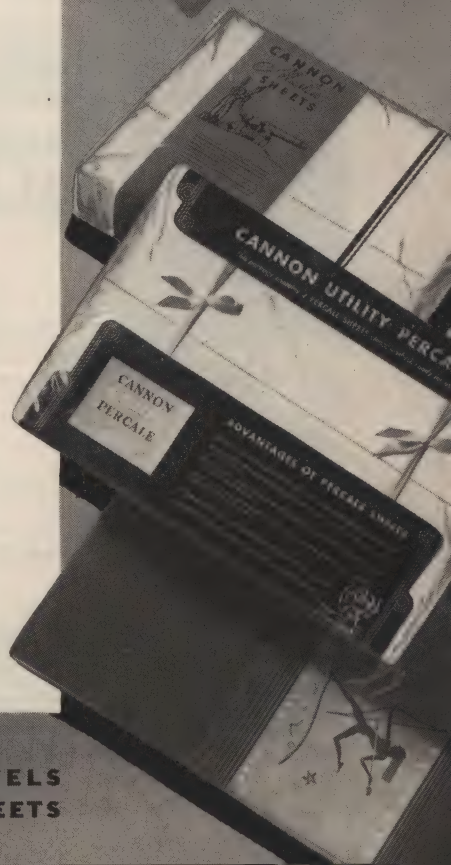
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(Continued from Page 76)

wouldn't have dared call the police. Duro saw that Reginald was going to be stubborn, even though Reginald had promised another meeting and probably money—Duro told the auto salesman he would have more money soon. So Duro wanted to find something—a letter from Celia, perhaps—with which to enforce his hold over Reginald. Apparently there was nothing; and he was heard and had to get away. On his way to a low window I think he merely saw Miss Bayne's bag and took it. He seems to have been unable to resist any chance for thievery. He must have gone on, then, to Haven to pick up Marietta. From that time until her return tonight, certainly to meet Reginald, I don't know what Marietta did or where she was. But whatever part Marietta took in it, she was wearing the emerald on her hand—the emerald Reginald must have given as a sop as soon as she became troublesome—when she was killed."

"He couldn't have killed her like that," muttered Ted.

And Nan said, "The spiders—he couldn't have put those spiders —"

"Ah," said Wait with a curious air of melancholy and brooding, "couldn't he! Remember you saw the second light which was Reginald's only connection with the murder; think how that knowledge must have terrified him. How he warned you even at the inquest and quickly not to tell circumstances. How he advised and explained to your lawyer, thus doing most of the talking to the lawyer. Remember how his desperate fear grew as Duro hunted him. Probably the first spider was a chance; it might not have been, even, a poisonous spider, though his haste in killing it when it left your room, Miss Bayne, and was at large in the house, suggests that, at least, he knew there were poisonous spiders on the island; and thought that spider might be one. My feeling is the first spider was chance—but that it suggested to him an easy, cowardly way of getting rid of someone who knew too much. And the second spider and the third in reserve in the bottle were not chance."

"HE WOULDN'T have unleashed a poisonous spider in his own house," said Jerome, "unless he had an antidote. Unless —"

"No. He had something. Forewarned is forearmed —"

Jerome interrupted. "Perhaps Duro put the spiders there. Perhaps he thought Nan had seen him on Haven—when he heard her testimony at the inquest, I mean. He could have done it. And somehow it seems more like Duro."

"Remember what Reginald did," said Wait. "Hired an assassin because he was afraid—because he was cowardly and because he could not bear to give up his easy, padded life, and yet was afraid to do murder himself. He was terrified and desperate and cowardly and hired Duro and planned his own alibi, his own soft hands free of actual crime. And then—desperate again, for he found that Duro and Marietta had not only ferreted out his identity but would make inexorable demands! Imagine his terror—his panic—

the sheer frenzy of finding himself so horribly enmeshed in his own mistake."

"It's the wrong way to do murder," said Ted.

Jacob Wait whirled around to him. "Young man, you'll find that any way is the wrong way to do murder."

Frieda shivered a little and said with her voice high and thin, "I can see it now. I mean—his growing terror, and desperation and final nerving of himself to get rid of Duro and—and of Marietta."

"BUT he couldn't have put the spiders in his own house. And in Nan's room. He—he'd known Nan so long. He—he simply couldn't have done it," said Jerome stubbornly. "It was Duro."

Jacob Wait looked at him and said nothing. Frieda cleared her throat and asked how Reginald had got hold of Duro.

Wait brightened. "Oh, that. You see, Reginald Preedy was on the parole board; Duro had been paroled and in applying for a parole all his past history came before the board. Nothing proved, but plenty suspected. Reginald spotted him then, and remembered him. Knew all about him and where to find him."

"What about this note from Celia that Maud searched out?"

"She told him—I'll read it."

Nan watched him unfold the small white note and was glad she couldn't see the writing. Jerome, however, got up and went to the detective and said rather harshly: "Let me see it."

Wait read it: "Dear Reg: I give you till Sunday to make up your mind. We'll all be at Tredinick. If you don't come to me before that time, I'll go to Maud myself. I'll tell her everything. I'm sure she'll give you up to me, darling, when she hears the truth. I'll telephone before I come! It's signed 'Celia.' She gave him one last chance."

Jerome took the note. He read it quickly, thrust it back into the detective's hand and turned abruptly away to stand at the window, now faintly gray.

Ted murmured, "The pattern. That's what she meant. As she went to Nan three years ago."

It was three o'clock when Wait left. Three o'clock of a pale, calm summer's dawn. There had been telephone calls from Tredinick village and from Chicago. But up to that time Reginald Preedy had not been found.

"There are deep places in Lake Tredinick," said Frieda. "Deep—yet if he should get away, Maud would always send him money. . . . Go to bed, Ted. You, too, Nan. Heaven knows tomorrow —"

"Tomorrow," said Jerome suddenly. He turned his white, tired face toward them and went to Nan. "Tomorrow," he repeated, looking down at her.

She knew he didn't mean tomorrow. He meant the storm has passed; the night has gone. Tomorrow is the sun and happy paths. He put out his arms and she went to him. She said, her face against his heart, "Tomorrow."

(THE END)

## His Leading Lady

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes, I'll admit that I'm feeling jumpy, dear," he told her. "This is going to be a big evening. Anything at all might happen."

Faces—white, staring faces. Audrey had forced herself to look away from the actors. Rows of faces stretched away on

either side of her, faces pale in the reflected glare from the stage, faces avidly intent. The audience was literally spell-bound, motionless, unbreathing as Mary Lindstrom reached those horrible final lines.

"I love you, do you hear? Oh, I love you—so!" Mary's (Continued on Page 80)

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For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo in stunning clear shades or the sophisticated new "Misty" tints.



**GLAZO**

*The Smart Manicure*

(Continued from Page 78)

clear voice broke. The last word was an inarticulate, heart-rending little cry.

Audrey's head jerked front. Mary was in Tim's arms, as close and yielding as Vedder could have asked. And not even Vedder would have dared to plan the wild, unrestrained sobs that shook the girl's slight body. Audrey gasped.

The curtain blanked the scene. There was a moment's silence, then someone clapped. Slowly the applause grew. They clapped and clapped. Once the curtain made a slight move, but before clearing the floor it hesitated and settled down again. There was a murmur of surprise, and here and there people began to stand up while others continued the applause.

"By jingo"—Ralph Fullerton turned gander-blue eyes to Audrey—"by jingo, I haven't seen anything to beat that on any stage, not ever."

"REALLY, Audrey, Tim is amazing. And Mary Lindstrom certainly—certainly completely outdid herself." Grace Fullerton was looking at her with an odd, almost embarrassed expression.

Audrey felt her own smile stiff and twitching on her face. Her throat ached. Quite a group was crowding the end of Audrey's row, laughing and shouting congratulations.

"Where have you been keeping this Barrymore husband, Audrey?" . . . "My dear, he's immense!" . . . "You'll have to watch him, Audrey. He's the great lover, and no mistake."

Mrs. Nead leaned from the row ahead. Her smile was sweet and her eyes watchful. She said:

"I suppose you're going to Vedder's supper party, Audrey dear? Aren't you?"

"Good heavens," laughed Audrey, "they wouldn't let me in. I'm just a costumer. That party is for the cast."

"Really? Is that so?" Mrs. Nead looked most surprised, then very arch. "Then Tim's going, of course. My! What a brave woman you are, with your husband so handsome and Mary Lindstrom in such a mood. Just to think, she was only acting; isn't it incredible? Just too incredible?" Mrs. Nead nodded and beamed and elbowed away into the crowd.

Smiling and murmuring "Yes, wasn't it?" and "Thank you so much," Audrey worked toward that narrow door down front. If only she could get away from these people! She was so confused. That was all, just confused. She must see Tim for a moment, only for a moment—to congratulate him, of course. Certainly Tim must go to Vedder's party. Why shouldn't he? Vedder always gave a party to the cast. A gay celebration. Wives, husbands or maiden aunts not invited, naturally. Only the actors—and actresses. Tim and Mary and — Oh, Tim!

AUDREY knew she couldn't let him go to that party with Mary. Audrey knew she was frantic with jealousy and fear. He'd have to come home with her. Just quietly she'd ask him to take her home, because she was so confused and tired.

Tim's dressing room was empty. For a moment of frozen panic, Audrey stood in the tiny cubicle. Beyond a thin partition, the laughter and shouted jokes of the other men of the cast echoed in the locker room. Tim wasn't there.

Audrey ran back into the corridor. At its dark far end was the door out to the parking lot. Audrey had almost reached this when she heard Mary's voice, low, half choked with sobs, but fierce, intense and urgent. To the left, down still another short flight, was the furnace room. At the foot of these steps Audrey paused.

Mary was facing Tim. They were in full costume and make-up. The great tears rolling down Mary's upturned face made streaks of mascara, blue in the hard light from a single bare bulb overhead. But the girl was beautiful, exquisitely beautiful even now.

"I'm not a baby, Timothy. I know what I'm saying. Oh, you darling, stupid man, I've been saying it to you night after night. 'I love you, do you hear? Oh, I love you so!' You knew I wasn't reciting lines, didn't you?"

"Mary—I —"

AUDREY, crouched in the shadow, pressed her fist against her mouth and made not a sound.

"You knew, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mary. I guess I ought to —"

"Don't, Timothy! Don't!" The girl stamped one small foot on the concrete floor. "Don't say it. I know what you think you ought to do. Your—your wife —" For a moment Mary was choked. Her little mouth twisted agonizingly, but she didn't try to hide her face. "Oh, I belong to you more than she does. You can have me, all of me. She doesn't love you the way I do. Tim, don't you see? She takes you for granted. You're—you're just her husband. I know. I've watched. She hands you her coat and goes right on talking to Mrs. Comstock while you help her on with it. She doesn't know you're touching her. She never even looks at you. Oh, Tim, when you touch me I get all weak and tremble inside. Have you forgotten how it feels to love a person like that?"

"Well, you know"—Tim laughed awkwardly and glanced away from Mary toward a huge silent furnace—"I suppose what you say is true, partly. I mean, Audrey probably doesn't find me very romantic. As a matter of fact, I guess it might even shock her a little to know—well, that I do get a kick out of touching her. There's just something about her right ear, for instance; it's silly, of course, but I—well I can't resist pinching that ear. I suppose I'm pretty much in love with her, Mary. I—you mustn't —"

SUDDENLY Audrey knew she was going to cry. She must get away. She couldn't face anybody now, not anybody. Not daring to swallow, or even to breathe, Audrey backed cautiously up the few steps. In the corridor she turned and ran—toward the stairs to the wings. The theater would be empty now.

When, some time later, Audrey walked out through the lobby, her nose was freshly powdered and her hair nicely smoothed. She went around to the parking lot. At the wheel of the sedan sat Tim.

"Wh-what are you doing here?"

"Waiting patiently, as usual." He grinned. His make-up was still on.

Audrey got in. "Why aren't you on your way to Vedder's party?" She couldn't look at him. She busied herself with the window handle on her right.

"Now see here, my dear," said Tim plaintively, "I've been hobnobbing with those 'interesting' people of yours for hours. Can't we just go stoddily home by ourselves now?"

The window handle wouldn't seem to get in quite the right position. "Of course, Tim, if you want to," Audrey murmured.

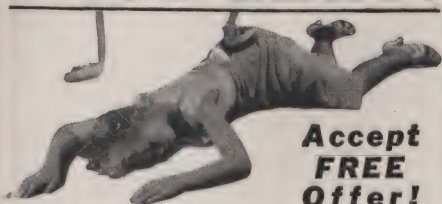
"Good girl." Tim chuckled. With one foot he stepped on the starter button. With one hand he reached across and very gently pinched his wife's ear.

"Oh, Tim! Darling, darling!" Audrey caught the hand in both her own and pressed it close against her ear and neck and cheek. It felt big and bony and hard, and she wanted never to let it go.



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## Pretty Mother

(Continued from Page 60)

Living up to a child's expectations of beauty is a responsibility—and a privilege. Think back to your own first impressions of glamour. What were they? More important still, what picture are you creating now for the young, keen eyes about you? Do your children think you are the prettiest mother they know? Or perhaps it is your nieces and nephews, or the children in your classes, who are eager to idealize you.

Do you sometimes say, "Oh, it doesn't matter how I look—there are only the children here"?

PLEASE don't. Years from now, when others have forgotten how you looked, those same children may remember you as a mother with scraggly hair, whose general appearance somehow vaguely embarrassed them. For children are relentless critics, putting away into the vast storage space of their young, uncrowded minds countless unvoiced thoughts.

Sometimes I think a mother's first grooming thought ought to be for her hands. Their skill and strength and tenderness deserve visible beauty. The child who reaches for mother's hand in the dark ought to find it soft to the touch as well as reassuring. The little folks who are struggling with table manners and the mastery of knives and forks and spoons ought to be able to remember that the hand that guided them was clean and finely kept. The daughter who is being taught the necessity of clean nails will learn more willingly from one who is herself carefully manicured; and if she is permitted to use mother's own nail accessories, and a touch of natural polish as a reward for honest effort, it is better than an hour of argument.

Hair is so often remembered by those who look backward to first impressions of beauty, that it behooves every mother of us to bestir ourselves to keep our locks shining and in place. Professional waves are not always available; but as long as hot water and good shampoo preparations are within easy reach of everyone, there is no excuse for stringiness. Hair ought to be fresh, sweet-smelling, a delight to the child who wants to touch it or burrow his nose in it.

Skin should be sweet-smelling, too, with the healthy, *appetizing* look it has when it is well cared for. This doesn't mean hours of time, but regularity—and intelligence. Fifteen minutes a day, and an hour once a week, will keep the average complexion in excellent working order.

Nor should the less apparent aspects of beauty be overlooked. Mothers are busy people. They grow worried, and warm. In their crowded days it is easy for them to be something less than immaculate in matters of intimate personal care. Soap and water isn't always enough to assure incontrovertible daintiness. Fortunately there are splendid, easy-to-use antiperspirants, depilatories and deodorants, to keep us sweet, and smooth, and clean, beyond the shadow of a doubt. They have as important a place in the modern bathroom cabinet as dentifrice.

Fragrance is a lovely thing. Childish imaginations are stirred by perfume. "Oh, mother, you do smell so nice" is a compliment straight from the heart. An atomizer filled with delicately scented toilet water is no extravagance, and for "occasions" there should be a bottle of fine perfume.

Mothers—and aunts and teachers!—should be lovely to look at, lovely to touch, and deliciously fragrant!

## DO YOU KNOW THIS BRIDE ?



**S**HE desires the finest and newest appointments for her home.

She is of unquestioned good taste in her home equipment and table decoré.

She insists about quality and value without extravagance.

Do you know such a bride?

... Because it is for her, that Southgate, the new pattern in Wallace Silver-Shod was designed.

Of course, Southgate is but one of the five lovely patterns in Wallace Silver-Shod — each with an appeal of its own but each the possessor of outstanding value because each is SOLID Silver-Shod.

Blocks of sterling silver are fused in at the wear points (the back of the bowl on the spoon, for instance) of the most used pieces. This added feature is imperceptible in the finished pieces, of course, but it prevents them from ever wearing out.

And yet Wallace SOLID Silver-Shod can be purchased at a surprisingly reasonable price. A thirty-four piece set complete for serving eight people is only \$42.50.



THERE IS A PLUS  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

## Wallace Silver Shod

AND OTHER SILVER PLATE

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS — FOUNDED 1835



*Your cigarette line  
reads...  
They Satisfy*



*And there's a wealth of  
good taste in store for you*



## FARING FORTH

(Continued from Page 37)

crumbs, and fry them to the color of deep amber. Sometimes I vary the egg-and-crumbs idea by dipping the chicken in a rather light batter. Either way is good. But I submit that steamed chicken done this way is more tender, more juicy and flavorsome and altogether desirable, than any other chicken can ever be.

**Sauce or No Sauce.** Tastes are curious and unaccountable, and that is why some people like a brown gravy, and some a cream gravy, with their fried chicken. After all, folks never were meant to be all alike. Life is tough enough without that happening.

But brown or cream—and have your own way—there are other things we all agree on that are almost a “must” with fried chicken. One of these is the well-known and justly celebrated corn fritter.

**Fritters—Fritters.** To make these—and they can be ready to fry as soon as the chicken is done and being kept hot—the tender and garden-fresh whole-kernel corn is what I use. I have always thought corn on the cob came pretty late in the season; but then, something has to be left for the harvest and the harvest moon!

Well, take 2 cups of the corn. Make a batter by sifting  $1\frac{2}{3}$  cups of flour with  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon of salt and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons of baking powder. Beat 2 eggs, add  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of milk and beat into the dry ingredients, beating all smooth; add the corn and stir it into the batter. Drop by spoonfuls into the hot fat, fry to a lovely brown and serve with your chicken. A decoration of currant jelly on these fritters is a grateful thing, and one to be commended.

**Waffles There May Be.** Briefly, if you like waffles, you are probably a waffle enthusiast. There seems to be no middle ground. No “Oh, I like them pretty well,” or “I can eat one sometimes, if you have maple sirup.” The waffle lover loves. And the waffle hater hates. There is no compromise. It is all very elemental. And waffles are inextricably hooked up with fried chicken. We all know that.

**Ways With Waffles.** Sift together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt and 3 teaspoons of sugar. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and mix with 1 cup of milk. Add 3 tablespoons of melted shortening and add to the dry ingredients. Beat the whites of the 2 eggs stiff and add to the mixture. Bake on a hot waffle iron and serve with maple sirup and plenty of golden butter. By plenty I mean plenty. How I hate waffles and griddlecakes and hot biscuits that one is expected to eat with a postage stamp of butter and no more in sight!

But good waffles with generous slabs of fine butter and a lavish display of maple sirup are something to fare forth for. Find them where you may and when, they are sure-fire attractions. Especially with chicken as a tablemate.

**New Peas Will Come.** What is so sweet as the first peas from the garden patch, especially if they are picked and shelled and cooked and eaten before the wilt gets them? They'll soon be here. Maybe not by Memorial Day, but surely by the Fourth of July.

With little new potatoes—peas and potatoes together, as I have written before, in hot seasoned cream, oh, how it takes me back! Back to that bountiful table at home, where good living was a cult and good food an end to be arrived at, no matter how long or how heavy the going.

**And Asparagus.** Every kingdom should have a queen, and the vegetable kingdom—that's an old bromide, calling it that—has a queen. Her name is asparagus.

This delicate beauty should be cooked in boiling, salted water to just the right tenderness, not overcooked, and good all the length of the stalk.

Break the stalks—don't cut them—when you are getting them ready for cooking. Break the stalks just where the tough nether end stops being tough, and wash the asparagus well. Some folks scrape it. I think that is awful.

Tie it in bunches with soft twine. Then you can take it from the kettle without breakage. Dress it with salt and pepper and melted butter. Or, if you are hollandaise minded, hollandaise you will have. And, in the case of asparagus, eat with thankful hearts. For it stays with us such a little while. Its span is narrow. We should make the most of it while it is here.

**A Good Hot Soup.** I guess it's pretty well agreed that a hot soup, winter or summer, starts a meal off on the right foot. It's strange, but true, that soup seems to make other things taste better and at the same time goes quite a way toward satisfying that appetite that will not down at our mere bidding.

Few soups are as popular as a good vegetable soup, and I don't need to remind you of that one, or of any of the almost infinite variety of soups that come in cans, ready for you to serve, with such a little time and trouble. The soup kettle is undeniably out. Leaving time for getting around more. Time for those jaunts and junkets we all like to take. And a good thing too.

**Shortcakes? Of Course.** The glory of strawberry shortcakes is a theme that never bores. But be sure they are short. I mean, on the short side, you know, speaking of tenderness and—well, shortness. You know what I mean.

A real shortcake results if you sift 2 cups of flour with 4 teaspoons of baking powder and 1 teaspoon of salt. Work into this with the tips of the fingers 4 tablespoons of shortening. Add gradually enough milk to make a soft dough that can be handled without sticking. I would say from  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup to 1 cup, but flour varies so it is hard to be too definite. Roll the dough out to about one-half inch thick. Bake in a hot oven—430° F.—until brown. It takes twelve to fifteen minutes. While hot, split the biscuits—for that's what they are—butter well, put together with well-sugared, icy-cold strawberries, cut in pieces, and send to the table right off quick. Hot biscuits, cold berries. Plenty of rich, thick, beautiful cream. Not whipped—that is, not for me. Wouldn't you travel, even in the rumble seat, if fare like this was waiting at the end of the road?

**Like a New Saddle.** When it's hot coffee with cream, or iced coffee with cream, it should be the color of a new saddle. Then it will be just right. You would better look into this leather business. And you will find, I'm sure, that I am right.

Have the coffee strong and clear and pour it over the ice cubes while it is hot. Sweeten to taste and add thick cream to get that certain shade. It will speak, then, to that parched and thirsty throat, cheer and revive the tired pilgrim, whatever his errand and wherever he's faring. And don't forget that saddle!

# They'll curtsy to you for Salmon Royale

An entree so inexpensive you've more to spend on your other courses!



## BALANCED THRIFT MENU "FIT FOR A KING"

Hot Consommé with Tiny Diced Carrots  
Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers  
Grapefruit Sections and Pickled Onions on  
Shredded Lettuce, French Dressing  
Salmon Royale  
Asparagus with Drawn Butter  
Bread Sticks Conserve  
Fresh Strawberries in Meringue Shells  
Coffee

## SALMON ROYALE

1 pkg. noodles  
4 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 cups milk  
1 cup grated cheese  
6 medium tomatoes  
2 cups (1 lb.) Canned Salmon  
1 cup cut-up mushrooms  
Salt, pepper, lemon juice

FOUR BOUNTIFUL COURSES that put no undue strain on the food allowance!

How is it done? By building your menu around this new Canned Salmon entree. So rich and tasty. Yet so thrifty.

So nourishing, too. For Canned Salmon gives you an abundance of *protein* to repair the daily breakdown of bodily tissue. (More, in fact, than almost any other common food.) And it is *protein* one looks for in a main dish food.

Canned Salmon supplies you with those necessary *minerals*, calcium and phosphorus. The “protective” *vitamins* A and G, the precious sunshine vitamin D. *Iodine* which helps to prevent goitre. In addition, Canned Salmon is classed as a high *energy* food.

Give this valuable food to your family in many new and different ways, described in the *free Recipe Booklet*. Write to Canned Salmon Industry, 1440 Exchange Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water, drain. Melt 2 tbsps. butter in double boiler, add flour, 1 tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper, blend thoroughly. Add milk, stir until thick and smooth. Cook for 5 min., add cheese, stir until cheese melts. Arrange half of cooked noodles in buttered casserole, pour over them half of cheese sauce. Repeat, using remaining ingredients.

Hollow out peeled tomatoes, season with  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper. Melt 2 tbsps. butter, add flaked Canned Salmon and mushrooms; simmer 5 min. Add 1 tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. lemon juice to salmon mixture; fill tomatoes with it.

Arrange stuffed tomatoes in casserole on top of noodle mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 min. until tomatoes are tender. Serve with lemon slices. Serves 6.



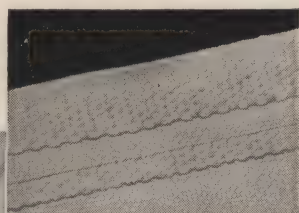
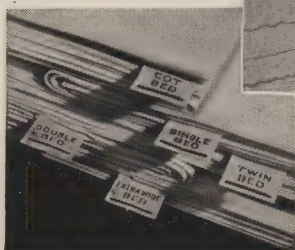
CANNED SALMON Our greatest food from the sea



JUST *Feel* THEIR  
SOFT STRENGTH

**Y**OUR FINGERS will sense it right away! There's a smooth, firm "body" to a Pequot sheet that you don't feel in ordinary brands. The Pequot feel is *woven* in—not faked with starch. It lasts. The longer you wash Pequots, the more like gentle old linen they become. Thorough, impartial laboratory tests assure you that this *soft strength* means long wear—true economy. It's one of the qualities that has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America, the sheet that women *re-buy* most frequently. Buy Pequot, try Pequot, and you will understand *why* Pequot is so popular! Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

**NO MORE MISFITS!**  
Permanent projecting tabs,  
shown below, tell you the  
size of every Pequot sheet  
on your linen shelf!



**EXTRA! EXTRA!**  
Double tape selvages,  
shown above, make Pequot  
sheets extra strong. Look  
for this exclusive feature!



**PEQUOT**

*Sheets and Pillow Cases*

PHOTO BY WALTER BEEBE WILDER



*The gardener gives a little bone meal to almost everything, beginning with the tulips.*

## A DIET FOR THE GARDEN

BY THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

**I**N THE beginning the gardener was inclined to pamper the ground with all sorts of delicacies. She was so grateful to the soil for the way it sent up her seeds that she fed it from spring to fall with every new fertilizer she could find. If you can call any fertilizer a delicacy.

Sometimes it would be only a snack from a sample package for the place around a certain plant, and sometimes it would be the better part of a ten-pound bag to make a spread for the whole border; but either way it would be given more as a treat than as absolute manna. For I made it my business whenever I put the garden through its spring workout with the spade to turn in plenty of manure, with a liberal raking of bone meal on the surface to boot, so there was really no necessity for all this extra fare.

Yet in many cases I must admit the results were rather amazing. Plants to which the gardener gave a stimulating spoonful of fertilizer seemed to spring without delay into leaf and flower; even coming out, she claimed, in finer colors than those which failed to receive this favor.

She found, of course, that it was fatal to linger over the long list of fertilizers in the seed catalogues. There was a limit to this type of temptation, and the gardener soon reduced this limit to a single brand that seems to serve her purpose very well.

So in our garden larder now there is this one brand of quick-acting fertilizer which the gardener uses to give her seedlings a lift and to stimulate her tall perennials just before they are about to bloom. It could be any one of the several brands a reliable dealer would be glad to recommend, and it is practically equivalent to the 4-12-4 formula you can buy in bulk at any large garden-supply place—the figures meaning the percentages present of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, respectively.

**T**HE rest of the garden larder consists of a hundred-pound bag of dehydrated and pulverized cow manure, a rather ritzy way to buy this material, yet very practical for the small place; a similar-sized bag of bone meal; a bale of pulverized peat moss; a large sack of leaf mold; a bag of dehydrated lime; and a small pile of sand in the corner. And I don't care how bad a piece of ground the gardener wants me to make into good growing beds, with these ingredients it can be done. With the bone meal and manure a poor piece of lawn can soon be whipped into shape. With the peat moss and sand I can lighten the heaviest kind of clay. With the leaf mold, sand, some garden loam and a little bone meal I can make a mixture for pots and flats which no seed or plant could possibly resist.

For the beginner who wants to experiment in a small way with soil improvement by means of these various fertilizers and conditioners, it is possible to get them in moderate quantities at no great cost; and they are certainly one of the best investments a person can make.

The gardener has learned a few simple facts in addition to the one that quick-acting fertilizer should be used with discretion. She has learned that peat moss, while an excellent soil conditioner for soil that is either too light or too heavy, contains no nourishment, and that too much of it in the garden is apt to produce acidity. She has learned to use lime early in the season, never to mix it with fertilizer, which it weakens, not to use it on lawns, where it encourages weeds, and not to use it with broad-leaved evergreens, which like an acid soil that lime tends to sweeten. She has learned that bone meal, while slow-acting, is one of the safest and most reliable fertilizers available; that leaf mold scratched into the surface of the garden soil keeps it from caking and helps to hold the moisture; and that the more manure I spade into the garden every spring the better everything seems to grow, regardless.



Here is a secret  
Between us two—  
I've got a tooth, and  
It's popping through.

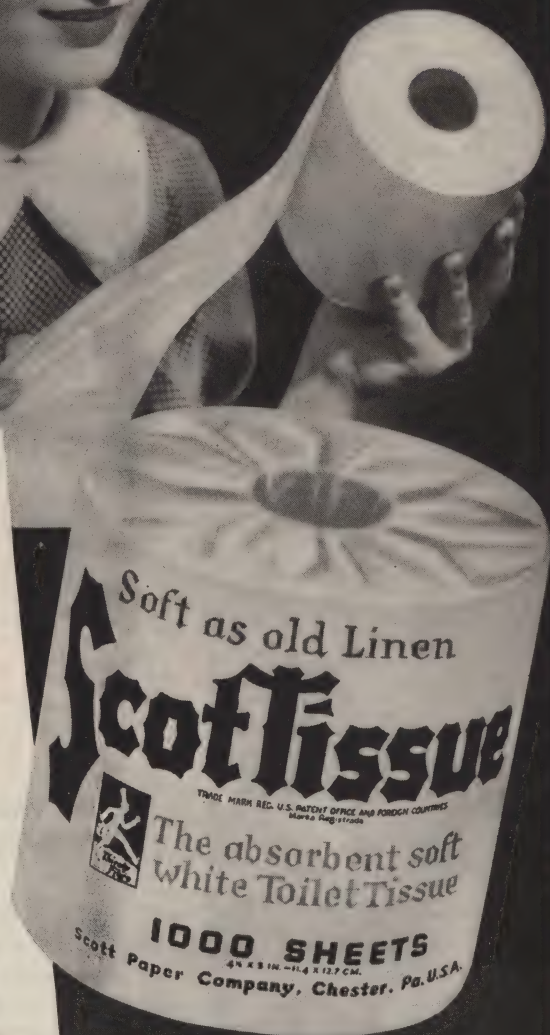
# Mother knows what's Best —for Tender Skins

This NEW ScotTissue  
with Luxury Texture  
cleanses comfortably,  
immaculately

EVERY MEMBER of your family—women and children particularly—deserves the comfort and health protection of the NEW ScotTissue.

Luxury Texture is an entirely new quality in toilet tissue. It combines linenlike softness with firmness and strength. It is crushable... more absorbent... safe for the most sensitive skin.

To produce the NEW ScotTissue, we've actually woven 27 extra yards of tissue into each 1000-sheet roll. This extra body means greater economy in use. A roll of the NEW ScotTissue lasts 3, 4, even 5 days longer than ordinary tissue. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.



At three months old  
The world's so new,  
So much to see—  
So much to do.

Twenty pounds of mischief  
Of the wriggliest kind—  
That is Donald Peter with  
Something on his mind.





## BEAUTY DEMANDS THIS LIFE-GIVING VITAMIN ELEMENT

*Flowers*  
BLOOM

● SKINS... LIKE FLOWERS... depend upon one element for life... for beauty. In flowers, it is called chlorophyll. In skin, Vitamin D loaded cholesterol! It feeds Vitamin D to the capillaries... the only source of skin nourishment.



*Skins*  
FRESHEN

● VITA-RAY REPLACES this vital element... so essential to color and texture. It contains cholesterol—feeding skin 1200 A.D.M.A. units of life-giving Vitamin D. Dryness, wrinkles, coarse texture disappear. Youthful freshness is swiftly restored.

### How Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream Corrects Dry Skin... Coarse Texture...

SUPPOSE a famous university said to you: "We can make you look noticeably younger in 28 days... freer from dryness, lines, wrinkles, enlarged pores... We can give radiant beauty to your skin."

#### Praised by Beauty Editors —Honored in Hall of Science

Such an offer is open to you... through use of Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream. Discovered by a Boston doctor—professor in a university world-famed for scientific research—Vita-Ray has been praised by magazine editors; approved by Good Housekeeping; honored in the Hall of Science.

Vita-Ray is used as any other cream. Each jar contains 1200 A.D.M.A. units of life-giving Vitamin D (enriched by Vitamin A) to impart beauty, radiant health and natural color from within. Vita-Ray also contains special ingredients to cleanse and is an excellent powder base—yet is only one cream to buy—one to use.

#### EFFECT ON SKIN SURFACE

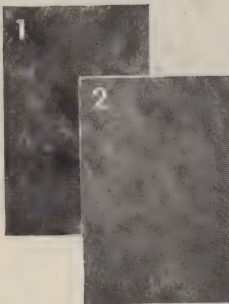
"Photomicros" taken at Medical University.

1. Skin before using Vita-Ray.

2. 28 days later.

Effect on pores, lines, wrinkles, is even more vivid in original full size prints, gladly sent you on request.

If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected to represent Vita-Ray, mail coupon below for jar containing six weeks' supply.



#### MAIL THIS COUPON

Vita-Ray Corp., 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Sirs: Please send me a jar of Vita-Ray Cream for which I will pay postman \$1.10 on delivery.

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Vita-Ray  
vitamin ALL PURPOSE  
CREAM



## Not for Love

(Continued from Page 12)

cousine"—even the priest was a connection of the groom's family. The bride was kissed—and bent or raised her head docilely, but always without speaking. In the vestibule her maid—a middle-aged Frenchwoman who contrived to be both devoted and bitter—hurried forward with her cloak: "Ah, mademoiselle—je veux dire madame—madame la princesse." She did not win an answering smile.

The bride wrapped her cloak about her, her husband put on his high hat, and they stepped together into the narrow street and the soft spring sunshine of Paris, to where their car was waiting for them. She had been at school in Paris for two years; she knew it well, and yet now it looked strange to her—not as if the scene had changed, but rather as if her soul had entered somebody with different eyes; eyes that saw everything as abnormal and distorted—even the little boys in berets and the workmen in blouses had something odd and sinister about them. She stared out of her window; the smell of the trees, the smell of the pavement—she was too much aware of everything.

HER right hand, still gloved, was taken in a firm grasp. "The little hand of my wife," said Ernesto, and kissed the tips of her fingers gathered together into a bunch by his hand.

She shut her eyes but did not withdraw her hand.

"Paris is so beautiful," she said, and wondered why out of all the sentences she might have pronounced she had selected just this one.

"The most beautiful city in the world—except, perhaps, Rome."

She made a slight gesture indicating that she had, as he knew, never seen Rome, and he answered her thought: "You will see it tomorrow, my dearest—you will see it as very few people do. It is three cities—it's a million, really." He sounded eager and happy.

She turned her head toward him, as if she would have answered him, if she could have managed to think of anything to say. Failing, however, she remained silent, until they reached the little house near the Bois which her mother had taken.

They were ahead of the others by only a few minutes. The French servants, cordial and interested, were waiting to greet them. Ernesto's manner was perfect; she tried to copy him, thanking them, smiling, saying the right thing. She managed to get to her room; she said she felt faint and asked for a small glass of brandy. But she did not feel faint; she felt as if she were dead. The brandy brought her back to life, so that by the time her mother appeared at her door, she could smile at her.

"No, it was nothing, nothing at all, mums. I just felt a little faint."

"My darling, you looked so pale."

"It's all right, mums, for a bride to be pale—done in the best circles." She glanced at herself in the glass. "Good heavens, I am pale—like a ghost." She dug her knuckles into her cheeks until they were as pink as carnations. That was much better.

SHE went with her mother to the salon where the few people who had been asked to breakfast were already assembling. Grace and Nellie—her friends, not very intimate, but the most intimate in Paris at the moment; several young men from the American embassy with whom she had been dancing during the past two

months; her Uncle Sam, broad and well dressed, determined to do his best to take his dead brother's place—he had been so kind, giving her a splendid Italian car as a wedding present. And then of course all the Roca Alta family—or at least as many of them as could afford a journey to Paris.

GENNIE knew her duty by this time—to go first to the old, old princess, Ernesto's grandmother. She had been an Austrian princess—Tante Altesse, as some of the older generation called her. She was little and bent, and very old, but she had kept the clear white and pink of a delicate skin. She had the great manner—she gave a word of praise as if it were a rich endowment, and a reproof as if it were a prison sentence. "Ernesto is afraid of her," Gennie thought, and then realized she was herself afraid of the old lady. All the others stood about respectfully—wistful ladies in diamond earrings, tall men with their hair *en brosse*—while the old, old princess told Gennie that her French was excellent; but that her Italian—"Ernesto tells me you mean to take lessons as soon as you are settled. I will send you an excellent teacher, and a man of a certain age."

Gennie did not remember saying that she meant to study Italian, though obviously it was the thing to do. She did mean, as far as she could, to do her duty, whatever that might entail.

Then she was released as if from an audience—someone else slipped into her chair beside the old lady and Eugenia moved away among the other guests. She felt strangely alien to both groups. It seemed to her that her compatriots were being too civil—too generous with offers and invitations—while she found Ernesto's relations too aloof; and yet, she said to herself, they had a sort of shadow of greed about them—they snubbed without refusing the good things offered to them.

As she moved across the room, she heard her mother-in-law's voice. She admired her mother-in-law; she was so serene; she at least, so Gennie thought, combined the best traits of both her countries—she was disciplined and educated and wise, and yet had a profound kindness more often found on the new continent than on the old. Gennie stopped and turned.

"I want you to talk a little to Ernesto's Uncle Roberto, Eugenia."

A LITTLE bald-headed gentleman bowed rapidly. As he smiled his face broke into a thousand wrinkles which seemed to have been engraved by the subtlest, most impish thoughts which all these years he had been secretly thinking.

"I am really a great-uncle," he said, staring at her with a sort of friendly appraisal—as he stared at all women. "I am so old that I know everything that can be known." He spoke French almost without accent.

"Ah, mon oncle," said Gennie, smiling, "I'm sure you knew those things many years ago—when you were much too young to know them."

He was delighted with this answer, and frowned a little as a voice behind him said, "May I speak too? I am Camillo."

Ought she to know about Camillo? She couldn't think. It was really very confusing, meeting all these new people so suddenly and so intimately. Because she couldn't remember she was more cordial than usual. (Continued on Page 88)





Maud  
Tourey  
Fangel

Ten toes to wiggle — a doll to cuddle —  
**HE'S HAPPY!**

Copr. 1937 by The Cream of Wheat Corporation

**KEEP HIM THAT WAY. KEEP HIM SAFE AND HEALTHY, TOO.  
CHOOSE HIS FIRST SOLID FOOD WITH CARE.**

From cuddly dolls to lullabies—there are a thousand ways to make your baby coo with happiness!

But to keep him thriving at first solid food time . . . that's different. There is only *one* right way: seek the advice of your doctor!

The right first solid food is very important. It must agree with your

baby, so there will be no disturbing upsets and lowering of vitality. It must be quickly digested, so the young stomach will not be overtaxed. It must encourage weight increases.

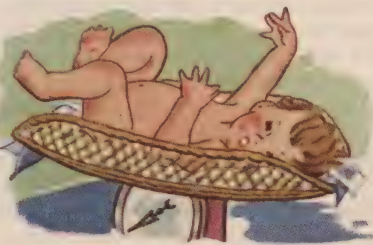
Your doctor will probably advise Cream of Wheat. Ask him to tell you about the ease with which it is digested in little systems . . . its

purity and safety . . . its uniformity in texture and taste . . . its freedom from harsh parts of the grain. Learn how readily and economically it supplies food energy babies need to help them gain and keep active.

Cream of Wheat is not made from just a single wheat. It is a select blend of the best produced by many growing areas. Millions of mothers through 42 years have raised sturdy babies on delicious Cream of Wheat.



"AH-H-H-H, Cream of Wheat . . . that's my dish! The more I eat, the more I want. It's some builder-upper, isn't it, Mommy?"



"SAY, what is this nonsense anyway? I want off! Of course I'm up to weight . . . I eat my Cream of Wheat every day!"



"SORRY, Teddy, it must be the cave man in me. Or maybe it's the extra food energy that swell Cream of Wheat is giving me!"

- ★ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.
- ★ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.
- ★ Is a good source of the food energy that is needed by every child.

★ As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural weight gains.

**Important:** The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has awarded to Cream of Wheat the "Seal of Acceptance". This officially indicates that this famous hot cereal and the advertising for it are acceptable to the Council.





"Don't wait till  
you have a baby



...to learn how to  
keep your skin

Baby  
Clean

Try this pure Cleansing Cream  
that hospitals use for babies!

MANY young mothers borrowed baby's Albolene Solid... and discovered an ideal cleansing cream! This delicate cream is so pure and safe that hospitals have used it for 20 years!

It was bound to be discovered by women seeking more sanity in beauty care. Today, it is used by many actresses to remove make-up efficiently.

And now, Albolene Solid is offered to you. Try this pure, bland cleanser. Made to hospital standards... it penetrates pores deeply... leaves no harmful residue. It makes your skin feel soft... baby clean! Ideal for dry skin!



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(Continued from Page 86)

"Oh, of course. I am so glad —"

The amusing wrinkles disappeared from Uncle Roberto's face—it became quite smooth and cold. He said, "Oh, Camillo. And what, pray, are you doing in Paris."

"Just what you are doing, dear uncle—attending Ernesto's wedding and getting to know my beautiful new cousin."

It was pleasant to be called beautiful. Gennie looked at Camillo. He was young and pale and frail. There was a strained, sad look in his yellow eyes. She thought, "He's touching—he's unhappy—perhaps he will turn out to be my only real friend among all these hard, highly finished people."

And yet there was something about him she didn't quite like. His face seemed to be composed of a material still in the molding; as if it might break up before your eyes and be remade into an entirely different face—handsome except for those pale eyelashes.

SUDDENLY she saw a tall, high-bosomed lady standing in the doorway, looking about her with an eye like stout Cortez. Good heavens—Alan's aunt. Gennie almost groaned aloud. No one had told her that she was in Paris. She would certainly speak of Alan; how was it to be borne? If she could only run away; but no, the large lady was approaching her—was bending to kiss her.

"My dear Gennie, you must let me tell you how lovely you look—quite the traditional bride." She nodded brightly at the prince. "I bring you all sorts of messages from your friends at home—I've just landed—Diana and Sally and my new son-in-law, and of course Alan."

Eugenia's heart seemed to rise and turn over in her breast. She saw the lady was perfectly innocent—hadn't an idea that Alan's name wasn't just a name, but a fire and an agony and a wild delight that mustn't be introduced casually into a conversation. She felt her mother's eyes turn suddenly upon her like a machine gun. This was the moment to behave heroically.

She said, "Oh, Alan? What has he to say for himself?" Yes, this was fairly heroic.

The lady, pinned down, couldn't evidently think of anything very definite. "Oh, just his congratulations and hopes for your happiness."

"Alan is such a dear," said Eugenia. She wondered at the English language. You could say of a man he was a dear, but you couldn't say he was beautiful and the darling of your heart, for whose mere presence you ache every moment of your waking life. She wondered whether Ernesto had ever heard any talk about her and Alan. She rather wished now that she had at least mentioned her broken engagement.

ALAN's aunt went on talking: "Such a dear! Hear her. That's no way to speak of a man whose heart you've broken. No, no, I'm serious. I thought he seemed very much changed on the boat coming over."

A shock ran through Gennie that crisped her finger tips: Alan here? Alan in Europe? She managed to repress the exclamation that rose to her lips and counted five, before she asked in a tone of false interest, "Oh, really, is Alan in Paris?"

"Yes; no, he left for Turin—something about airplanes. Poor boy, he would have been very much pleased with the commission, except that he wasn't in a state of mind to be pleased about anything." She shook her head cooly, and moved away.

"And who is he—this Alan—whose heart you have broken?" Ernesto murmured in her ear.

Obviously this was not the moment for explanations. She said casually, "Oh, there were a great many elderly relations who thought grandfather's fortune ought to be brought into their family."

"You are very kind to me—you do not mention all the men who never thought of the fortune at all."

SHE thought, "Among whom, my friend, we cannot number you." But aloud she said: "There weren't so many of them," and she smiled at him. It was silly, she knew, but she found something very soothing to her wounded pride in Ernesto's polite contention that all men had been wildly in love with her.

Then almost at once they went to breakfast, Ernesto leading her out.

At the bride's table was a beautiful bridal cake—a tower of white icing and orange blossoms, tied up with white satin ribbon. Everyone exclaimed, Eugenia not the least. "I never saw anything so beautiful. Mums dear, what a triumph!"

"But don't they have cakes like this in America?" someone asked, in a tone as if America still belonged to the Indians.

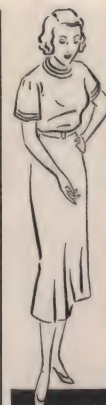
Ernesto answered lightly, "Gennie doesn't know. She was never married in America—or were you, my dear?"

"Not that I remember," she returned in just the same tone.

But oh, how nearly—how nearly she had been married. So nearly that she had arranged it all in her mind, and now it came back to her with much more reality than this alien gathering: June in the great old house in the Berkshires, when the roses were at their height; not a lot of strangers, but just the people she loved about her—the people who loved her and that much larger group, those who adored Alan. And for a honeymoon they had not arranged to take the Rome express—she and Alan had decided to fly in his own plane, or perhaps in a new one she would give him. Her mother had protested against this as dangerous, but they hadn't paid any attention. To her the idea of crashing out of the sky with Alan had seemed a beautiful death—a better death than being buried alive in an apartment in Rome with a man you hardly knew by sight.

SHE glanced sideways at Ernesto—she could imagine saying idly someday, "Who is that man? Oh, yes, I remember now, I remember distinctly—he's my husband." For an instant that icy inner coating of her soul seemed to threaten to break and allow her to feel her own agony. She remembered her mother's voice saying: "But Alan will make you wretched—he will destroy you if you marry him. He would make any woman miserable. He does not really love you, darling—he's mercenary." Mercenary, Alan! Alan who had so easily flung away her and her money for the sake of his own freedom.

She could almost laugh as she thought that to avoid Alan's greed her mother had brought her abroad and married her to this stranger who gladly accepted her fortune on the insulting terms she had made. Mercenary! Did her mother ever remember her own words? Did anyone remember their own words? Did she, who had vowed she would never marry, and within a few months was the wife of a Roman prince? She would grow old in Rome—she would come to know Rome better than she had ever known Boston; and perhaps some day her Italian friends would say of her, as they now said of her mother-in-law, that they hardly remembered she had been born in a different country.



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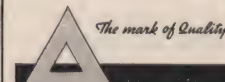
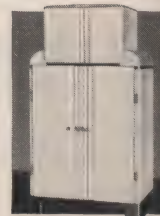
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Uncle Roberto had slipped into the place next to her, as if not so much his age as his long previous experience with her sex gave him a right to sit beside the most attractive woman in the room.

To him she made her first mistake, assuming him to be a Roca Alta, whereas it turned out that he was a younger brother of the old, old princess—an Austrian, and rather detached about the Italians.

"So you are going to live in Rome. You'll be disappointed—a modern city, the noisiest in the world; you have to stay there six months before you see that it isn't Chicago. Oh, yes, I have been in America—before the war. If I were Ernesto I should take you to the castle—that is romantic, that is really a background for you. But the young people nowadays don't care a bit for their ancestral places—they pretend it's because they have no money to keep them up, but the fact is they all want to live in a crowd and go to the cinema every evening."

He assured her that he knew more about the castle than any of the Roca

Alta family, and he began to tell her about it. He made it sound romantic, like a castle in a Howard Pyle illustration of one of her childhood's fairy books—dungeons and secret passages in the thickness of the walls, and fathomless wells. She thought how strange it was that in twenty years she would probably feel a greater sense of possession in regard to this unseen castle than she now felt about the ugly, comfortable, yellow-brick house that her grandfather had built in Brookline, where she had been brought up.

The meal seemed interminable to one without appetite. She saw her mother's sad eyes saying, "Darling, you're eating nothing." She threw her a comforting smile, indicating that she was healthy and could stand a lot of starving.

And then before long, with a great sigh of relief, she was in her own room—but even then she was not alone. Lucie had discovered that one of the bottles in her new dressing case leaked. Lucie was scolding and mourning alternately.

"But Lucie, I didn't make the bottle; don't scold me about it," Gennie said.

Lucie begged mademoiselle to look—the lining would be completely destroyed. Gennie wouldn't look—she didn't care what happened to the lining. She was unpinning her veil, stepping out of her shining satin dress. The long strain of this day was, at last, nearly over.

There was a knock at the door. "May we come in?" Grace and Nellie slid giggling through the door. "We thought you wouldn't mind if we came to talk to you while you dressed."

If only they didn't mention Alan. It was so hard to dress if your hands took to shaking. No, they weren't going to. They were examining everything, admiring everything—the lace on her slip and the new dressing case. They could sympathize with Lucie about the leak; a brand-new case like that—how outrageous. With less sincerity, they admired the flat emerald cross Ernesto had given her as a wedding present—a family heirloom. They did think it would be a little hard to wear. Gennie knew they would have preferred a pair of diamond clips from the Rue de la Paix.

"I suppose," said Grace with a faint and somehow rather irritating giggle, "that it's a profound secret—where you're going."

"No secret at all. We're taking the train to Rome, where we shall be in my mother-in-law's apartment for a month or so; and then when it gets hot, I suppose we shall go to the sea somewhere."

"The prince was simply darling," said Nellie. "He asked me to come and stay with you, if I were ever in Rome."

"Oh, Nellie, that would be marvelous. I hope you will."

"Well, my dear, you know I'm sailing for home on Saturday—on the same boat with your mother. But you'll be coming to America before long, won't you?"

Coming to America! A country where round any corner—at any party—one might meet Alan. She shut her eyes and could see Alan far more clearly than she had just been

## HALF OF SPRING

BY NATHANIEL BURT

In the soft silvering of a rain  
The beech tree has come out again.  
And with its red return I know  
But half of spring is left to go.

Half of the spring has passed, gone  
by,  
This rare allotted thing, and I  
Am sad again, seeing it go;  
There are so few that I shall know.

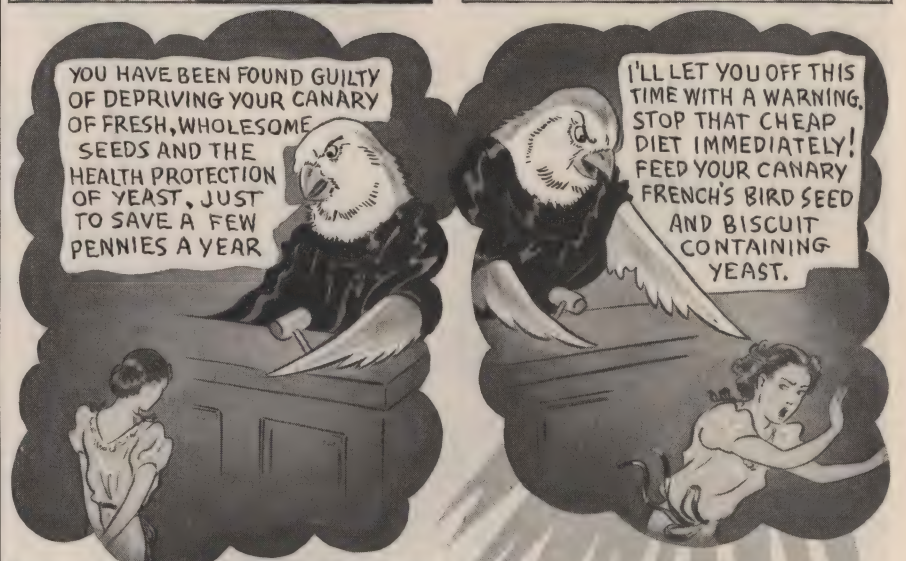
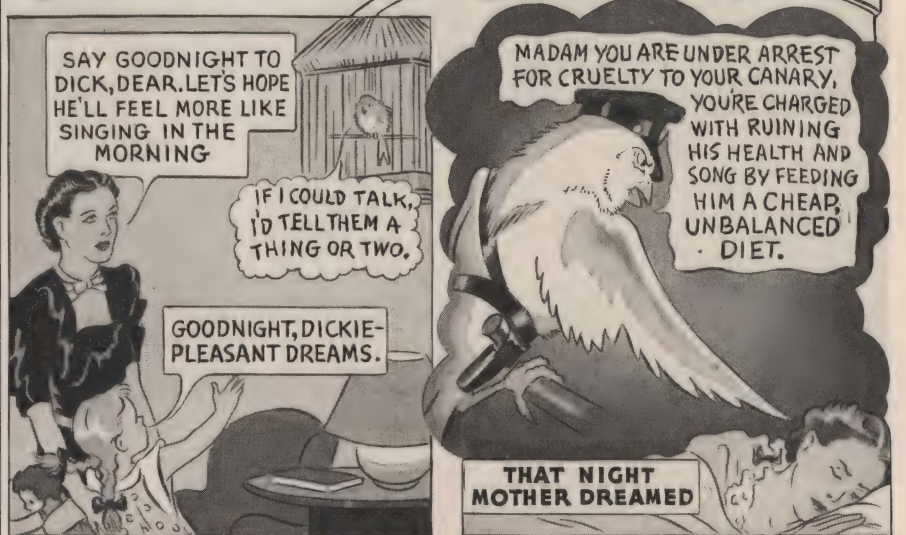
"AND the treasures they once had—ah, my niece, there would have been a fortune if they had only been able to hold them. The famous Titian in the London gallery, and the Greek statue, or possibly a Roman copy of a Greek statue of Daphne, so beautiful that one of the Borgias was said to have poisoned the contemporary Roca Alta in order to steal it for the Vatican—where you can now see it. Well, they're all gone now, all dispersed, except perhaps the Cardinal's Vase—the most valuable of all; that may still be there, only no one knows where. Roman, you know—cameo glass like the one in the Naples Museum."

"I'm afraid I don't know."

Uncle Roberto seemed mildly surprised. "Oh, well," he said, "none of the young people seem to know anything about such things nowadays—even Ernesto doesn't know a good picture when he sees it. This vase was like the Portland vase—the one the maniac broke in the British Museum—only this was better: blue, with the story of Cupid and Psyche. One of the old princes hid it when Napoleon was looting all the treasures of Italy; the French searched the castle three days, but they couldn't find it. Unfortunately the old man died—from rage, they say—without having told anyone where it was. Everyone has looked for it—I have myself—absolutely priceless. . . ."

He went on and on. She found his anecdotes amusing. They must have been

# The Verdict is "GUILTY"

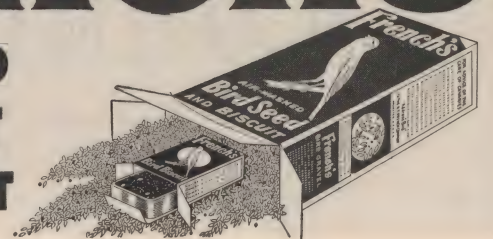


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# French's

**BIRD SEED**  
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(Continued on Page 91)





## *"Here Comes the Bride"*

All hail the Bride, the happy, happy Bride! Surrounded with beauty, she approaches, down the flowery way. And, all hail to Community Plate, of all wedding gifts the loveliest, of all silverware the finest. Offered always in *open stock* patterns, giving assurance that pieces may be added later. In making Community your gift to the bride, you may choose from six distinguished designs . . . discover joyfully, too, that complete services for six begin at as little as \$29.75 and may be purchased of your dealer on *terms convenient to your budget* . . . wherever fine silverware is sold.

# COMMUNITY PLATE

*Leadership in Design Authority*

DESIGNS SHOWN, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT . . . CORONATION • LADY HAMILTON • GROSVENOR • HERKELEY SQUARE





(Continued from Page 89)

seeing her two friends. . . . They were meeting again and he was saying, "Gennie, what a fool I was. It's too late to think of that now." No, it isn't. . . . She cut into this enthralling dialogue by saying aloud: "No, I don't believe I'll be going home for some time. You know mums is coming back in the autumn, and I hope she'll come to Rome for the winter."

"Oh, Gennie, tell me something honestly—do you feel as if you were a real princess?"

"I don't feel as if I were anyone at all, Grace. I feel as if Gennie Daine had evaporated and that no one had stepped in to take her place."

Grace nodded. "Yes, I bet that's the way every girl feels when she marries."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Daine came in. On seeing the girls, she began to cry. Tears by the bride's mother are thought natural, yet Mrs. Daine's tears were occasioned by a thought not obviously pathetic—the thought that her daughter, sitting in her shiny satin slip, with her slim arms stretched out to draw on her new stockings, wriggling her toes into her stockings with that familiar feminine gesture, her two friends staring a little enviously at her—the whole picture was so exactly that of the conventional bride, Mrs. Daine felt she couldn't bear it. She sent the two girls away—Lucie too—and then, finding herself alone with her child, seemed to discover that she had nothing to say.

GENNIE went on dressing calmly enough, and after a time Mrs. Daine burst out, "Oh, Gennie, you don't know what it is to love a child, as I love you, and have no guaranty of her happiness."

The girl's face stiffened a little. She had not a drop of New England blood; her mother had been a Southern beauty from New Orleans, her father the son of an Irish contractor in Boston politics, but she had been brought up among all the stern traditions of Puritanism, and it is one of the many curses of that tradition to be not only embarrassed at any expression of emotion, but to contrive to embarrass the other person too. Perhaps a child is always embarrassed by the unrestrained emotion of a parent.

Gennie said awkwardly, "Oh, there, mums, don't be so upset. There isn't any guaranty of happiness for anyone. Look at you. You married a man you adored, to the delight of your family, and what happened? He died. I dare say I shall be as happy as most people."

"Oh, Gennie, try to be—try to be happy for my sake."

Gennie, who was slipping on a black suede slipper, looked up and laughed. "And for my own, mums. I don't want to be a tragedy queen. I shall do my best to enjoy life—it ought to be interesting. I may have to put a little work on it—but I mean to try."

"AND Gennie, darling"—something in Mrs. Daine's tone told the girl that this was going to be important—"don't think badly of Ernesto. It may be that you don't understand his point of view. I'm sure you don't."

"Well, now, isn't that queer, mums?" Gennie said. She stood up and looked down at her pretty new shoes. "The truth is I've hardly thought about Ernesto at all. It doesn't seem to me that he makes much difference."

"Be tolerant, Gennie—it's another civilization, other standards."

"Mums, what are you trying to tell me—that Ernesto has a dark lady somewhere who is going to come and cut my throat?"

"How can you talk like that? You know Ernesto adores you, only —"

"Only what, mums?"

The question perhaps would never have been answered, but at this moment it was made impossible by the whirlwind entrance of Lucie in traveling clothes.

"Monsieur says it is high time we were ready." Her tone suggested that she was merely transmitting this information; but if anyone asked her, she would say they should have been off hours ago. She began flying about the room, making the hem of her skirt flip up, as she always did when excited.

THERE WAS no more time for talk. Gennie was glad of that. The three concentrated on getting the bride into her dress, her hat.

Mrs. Daine, even in the shadow of tragedy, took clothes seriously: "It goes a little more on one side—that hat—the whole chic is in the angle."

Gennie changed the slant of her hat, and held out her hand for her pretty new gloves and her handbag, which Lucie was still frantically filling with last-minute objects—the lipstick she liked best, and her money.

At the door Gennie kissed her mother, taking her in her arms. "There, don't worry about me, mums. I'm going to be all right—really I am." She was eager to get away—almost as eager as a bride ought to be—eager to end all this talk about her happiness. What did it matter, anyhow—one very unimportant, very rich, very inexperienced girl?

She opened the door and went out into the midst of the waiting company of guests. Ernesto was saying formal farewells to everyone. For a few minutes, while the bags were being carried downstairs, she found herself standing beside Prince Camillo. She was still a little afraid of silences. She began to talk.

"I do want to see the castle," she said. "You live there, don't you? I'm going to ask Ernesto to motor there as soon as we're settled."

"Do not do that, *ma cousine*," said Camillo.

Gennie was very much startled that a gesture which she had intended to be so friendly should be thus rebuffed. "You don't want us to come?"

"No, I have no taste for being visited in my cell."

"In your cell?"

HE BOWED, and Gennie found herself coloring—she felt awkward and a little resentful. She said, "Of course I will not come if you do not want me—at least unless Ernesto wishes to go. In that case —"

"Oh, in that case—the castle is Ernesto's. We all know that. But Ernesto has existed a good many years without visiting me. He may contrive to exist a few years more. But I would not advise you to visit the castle—it is not a healthy climate."

Gennie glanced at Camillo. Was this a warning, or what? She could tell nothing from his pale, blank, unstable young face.

Then it was really time to go. Gennie said good-by to Ernesto's mother, forgot his grandmother, was recalled to her duty by a quiet word from him, redeemed herself creditably—and then they were gone.

Mrs. Daine heard about her the buzz of compliments in several tongues. From her brother, "That's a lovely girl of yours, Charlotte." Yet somehow, to Mrs. Daine's eager ear, the foreign praises sounded a little patronizing—as if under them ran the opinion that Eugenia might be said to be almost worthy to be a Roca Alta.

Then the old *principessa's* stick was found, she struggled to her feet, leaning

# Don't Meet that New Man



## UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST

If the slightest moisture is allowed to collect on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale "armhole odor" when you most want to make a good impression . . .

PRETTY CLOTHES, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you feel sure of your personal daintiness, don't meet another new man until you have made the "Armhole-Odor" Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised, as are nine out of every ten girls who carefully deodorize, to find that your dress has a stale "armhole odor." That is the way you will smell to everyone you meet!

When you deodorize only, although it is quick and easy to do, you do not stop perspiration and do not give yourself complete protection. Perspiration occurs after you deodorize and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your

dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

### Complete Dryness Necessary

Girls who have tried many ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that one way is sure. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods are unreliable. They insist now upon the complete protection of Liquid Odorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use. Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm sweet, but completely dry, insuring both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of "armhole odor."

The action of Odorono is entirely harmless to the underarm skin. It simply closes the pores gently in that restricted little hollow and diverts perspiration to surfaces of the body where it can evaporate freely before it offends.

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The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



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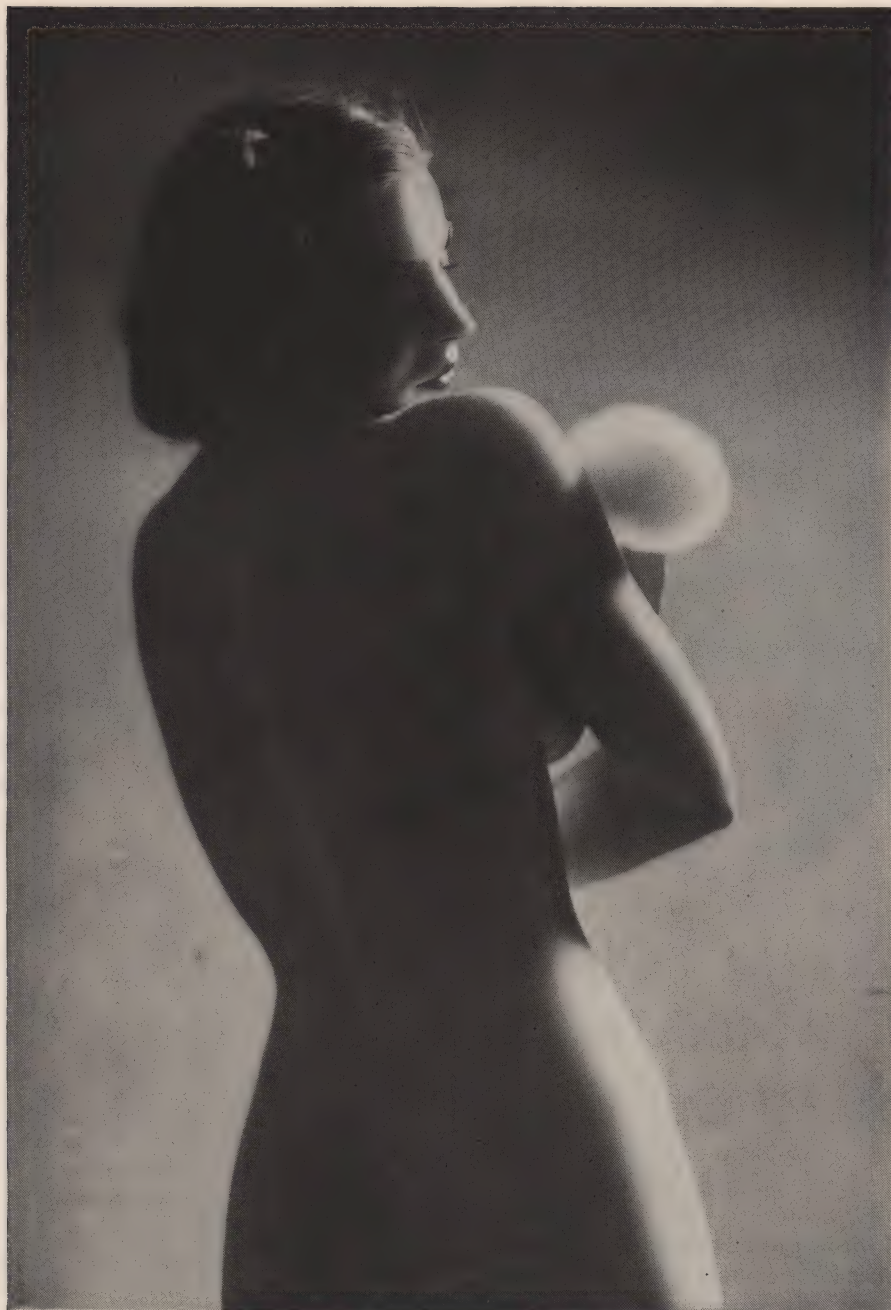
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You can get Evening in Paris Perfume, Bath Powder and Eau de Cologne at your favorite drug or department store.



## Evening in Paris

# BOURJOIS

on Uncle Roberto's arm, and everybody began to go.

Mrs. Daine caught the hand of Ernesto's mother: "Don't go, Louise, don't leave me. I'm so frightened."

The princess smiled her serene smile. "Too late to be frightened now, Charlotte. The deed is done."

"You don't know the dreadful thing I've done. I must tell you—I must tell someone."

The princess, noting a tone of hysteria, decided to stay. She explained to her mother-in-law that she could not go back to her hotel with her as she had promised. She would follow in a few minutes. The old princess permitted this change of plan with a nick of her head.

Grace and Nellie rushed up, stumbling over each other. "Good-by, Mrs. Daine—such a lovely wedding, and the prince is fascinating, simply fascinating. . . . Oh, I didn't know—but you must know it already, princess, if you're his mother—that he is fascinating, and speaks English wonderfully."

THE princess said quietly that this was not remarkable, because he had been educated in England. Camillo approached, bowed over Mrs. Daine's hand and that of his "chère tante."

"Shall you be in Paris long, Camillo?" the princess asked rather sternly.

"Time in Paris never seems long," answered Camillo.

When he was out of earshot the princess said, "I meant to warn Gennie not to lend Camillo money. I hope she hasn't."

"He would hardly have asked her at her own wedding."

"You don't know Camillo," answered the princess dryly. "How he ever found money to come to Paris —"

But it was obvious that Mrs. Daine was not listening. As soon as the door had shut upon the last guest, she beckoned the princess into her own bedroom, leaving the rest of the house to be put in order by the servants.

The contrast between the two women was marked. They were both Americans, both widows, both of the same age, and there the resemblance ended. Mrs. Daine had been a beauty and was still pretty. She was dressed in the height of the fashion, in hard, smart clothes that did everything to hide the defects of age. Her face, too, was made up, discreetly, but with the same object. Anyone might have taken her for thirty-seven or eight. The princess, on the other hand, had never been pretty. She had large generous features; she was dressed in rich, flowing clothes that had no relation to fashion, wore no make-up, and her hair was brushed back smoothly from a forehead that it was difficult not to describe as noble. While Mrs. Daine wore only two jewels on her hands—a diamond like a sheet of ice, and a ruby like a drop, or rather a pool of blood—the princess' hands were covered with little, unimportant and, to be honest, rather dirty rings.

"WHAT are you going to tell me, Charlotte?" she asked. She had had a momentary fear lest the bad news would be about the extent of the Daine fortune. Then she remembered that that was practically impossible—after what the lawyers had told her.

Mrs. Daine sank down on the sofa, and put both her hands against her cheeks. "I don't know what you are going to say to me," she murmured. "And yet I really couldn't have done anything else."

The princess seated herself in a large armchair, and waited calmly.

"You remember that I told you about that man—Alan Bruce?"

The princess bowed her head, but her heart stood still. She did not like the idea that her son's wife had been engaged to and passionately in love with some unknown American adventurer; she had heard terrific stories of modern love affairs among American youth—such words as "petting parties" and "necking" had penetrated to her rather remote world. She had asked her friend Charlotte not to mention the whole matter to Ernesto. Now she was afraid. Could it be the matter had gone farther than she had supposed—had become what a European calls a love affair? If so, she didn't want to know—now that it was too late.

CHARLOTTE DAINE went on, unconscious of her listener's alarms: "I had such a horror of that man—a drunken, a mad, reckless creature. I would rather have seen her dead—well, almost—than married to him. Louise, I had to save her."

"Well, my dear, now she is saved, isn't she?"

"Oh, I suppose so—I hope so—only she's so changed. She used to be the gayest, happiest creature—telling you everything that came into her head. And now I'm never sure whether she's even heard me when I speak to her. Oh, Louise, you don't know what an agony it is to feel a veil of ice between you and your child—and that not because she is resentful, but because she has withdrawn herself from the whole world."

The princess began to relax: this was no revelation; this was mere maternal terror. She knew how to deal with this. "Dear Charlotte," she said, "I'm sure you've done wisely, very wisely, in marrying her to Ernesto. The young forget so quickly. Her gaiety will come back."

Mrs. Daine seemed hardly to hear these words of hope. She went on: "You must understand that I was mad with fear. It seemed to me that if she refused Ernesto —"

"But she did not refuse him." The princess' gentle smile suggested that would indeed have been the action of a madwoman.

"Yes, she did."

"Charlotte, what do you mean?"

"SHE told me she would never marry him. She said that she had promised to think it over, but she had just said that to make it easier—that she liked him so much she didn't want to hurt his feelings. You can imagine how I felt—her one chance to forget. I cried. Oh, Louise, I did all those things I have always despised other women for doing—I talked about the agony of childbirth and the sacrifices mothers make. I am ashamed to think of the scenes I made, but I was fighting for her life; and at last I made an impression on her—or perhaps I just wore her out. Anyhow, at last she promised that she would marry him—on a condition." Mrs. Daine paused, and looked wistfully at her friend. "I suppose you can guess what that was."

The princess shook her head. "No, Ernesto did not say anything to me. What was the condition?"

"That the marriage should be nominal—that they should never live as man and wife."

"Is the girl mad?" Looking at the speaker, Mrs. Daine was alarmed to see a faint, angry flush on that usually calm face. "I can imagine what my son said to that."

"No, you can't, Louise, for he never knew," Mrs. Daine said. "Don't blame me too much. Think of the position I was in—if I refused to transmit this message, she would absolutely have refused him; if I did transmit it, he would have refused her."

(Continued on Page 94)



# If your children just won't eat...

Try this scientific way to stimulate appetite and build up weight



Children who won't eat! They are a problem! A child who doesn't eat his meals properly cannot be expected to gain weight properly, either. And such a child may also exhibit signs of listlessness or nervousness. Many mothers are solving these oft-related problems by the addition of a certain food-supplement to the diet.

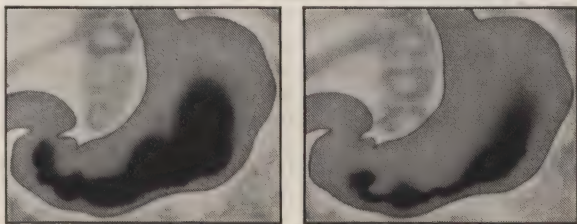
*It may be just the thing that your children need—*

**W**HY does a child fail to eat as he should? Why are so many children underweight? Why are so many youngsters listless, or nervous—instead of bright and full of healthy pep?

The reason, often, is that such a child lacks appetite. He has insufficient hunger. His digestive system may be under par, so that he does not eat enough, and does not get enough good out of what he does eat.

For such children doctors often recommend Ovaltine. Ovaltine is a valuable food-supplement. It was originated in Switzerland. Now it is used over practically the entire civilized world.

(These drawings made from actual X-rays of stomach)



**X-RAYS ABOVE** show one way in which Ovaltine encourages hunger! They show two stomachs—2½ hours after a meal of starches. One at left is over half full. Other one is nearly empty—due to action of Ovaltine in helping to digest the starches! When the stomach empties sooner, hunger can return sooner . . . Serve Ovaltine often. And—also—sprinkle it on breakfast cereal, to help digest it. It adds a delicious flavor.

Here is the way Ovaltine acts to scientifically stimulate hunger and build up a child:—

1. It contains the "appetite" vitamin—Vitamin B—without which a healthy appetite is impossible.
2. It helps digest starchy foods (like bread and potatoes) in the stomach. This enables the stomach to empty sooner, so that hunger may return more quickly.
3. It prevents milk from forming thick, heavy curds in the stomach. That makes milk digest better . . . Also, Ovaltine makes milk taste much better.

And, in addition, Ovaltine itself is very easy to digest. Very nourishing. It adds importantly to the food-value of milk. And it contains certain "protective" elements every child requires.

### *What Thousands of Mothers Say*

Thousands of mothers have written us telling how Ovaltine has helped their children get bigger appetites—add weight. How it has also helped their children to gain energy and get over nervousness.

Such testimony is impressive. It indicates that any mother who has a nervous, underweight child who won't eat his meals properly—should try Ovaltine. A trial may quickly show that Ovaltine is a food-supplement your child should be getting *regularly*!

Give it to your child at breakfast. At other meals,

or between meals. Mix 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls in a cup or glass of milk. See if he doesn't develop more hunger. See if he doesn't begin to clean up his plate at meals and add weight. And then, see if his listlessness or nervousness isn't replaced by healthy energy.

This may be a step of vital importance to your child. Consider it carefully. You can get Ovaltine at grocery and drug stores. Give it to your child, and see if it doesn't make a difference in him!

## Special Offer

Get your child one of these lovely Orphan Annie shake-up mugs. Our regular price, 50c. Sent to Ovaltine users for 10c and the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Encourages children to drink their Ovaltine and milk regularly.



**Orphan Annie "Shake-up" Mug!**  
Children love to mix up their own cold Ovaltine, when they have this mug of their own.

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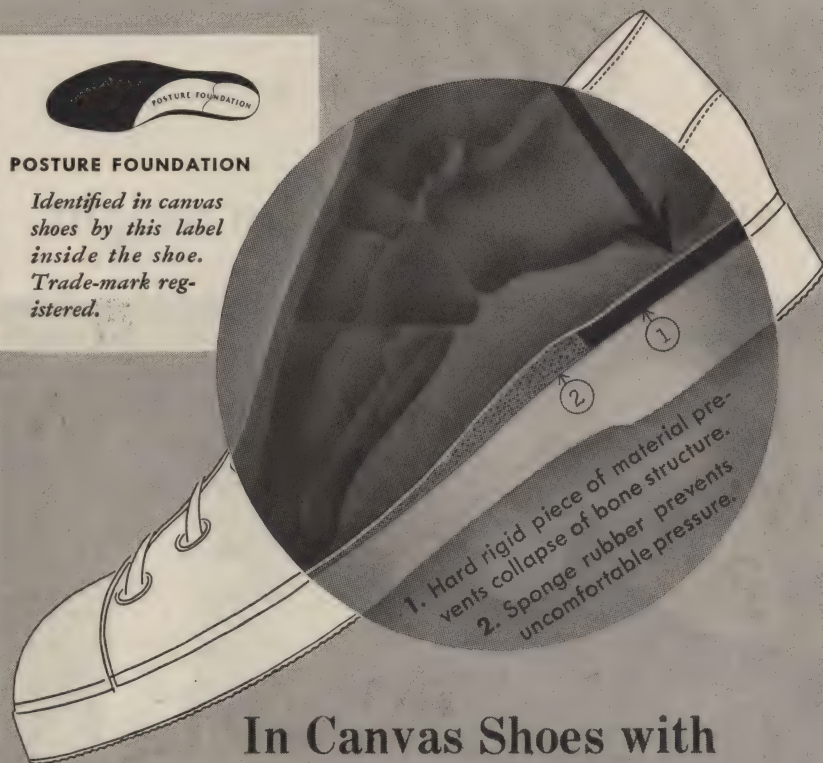


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Adults, too, will appreciate the added comfort of Posture Foundation. Even the most strenuous exercise will seem less tiring with this added foot-protection.

*Posture Foundation is a notable addition to the complete line of Goodrich Sport Shoes, which includes athletic shoes and playshoes in all styles.*



FOR ADULTS  
Hi-Cut and Oxford Models



FOR GROWING YOUNGSTERS



# Goodrich Sport Shoes

B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, FOOTWEAR DIV., WATERTOWN, MASS.

(Continued from Page 92)

"And so?" said the princess icily.  
"And so I agreed to everything she said—but I didn't tell him."  
"And Eugenia believes that you did and that he agreed?"

Mrs. Daine nodded miserably. She had hoped that by telling her guilty secret it would appear less terrible to her; but on the contrary, the princess' cold horror made it worse.

"It is too monstrous," said the princess. "How could she think that a man of any self-respect —"

"Of course, you and I know that, Louise, but a young girl —"

"Oh, I am sick of hearing of these American girls," answered the princess. "Cold, inhuman little puppets—they seem to think husbands are toys that they can put back in the box when they are bored with them. No, Charlotte, I can't forgive her for thinking so meanly of my son—she imagined it was her money he wanted. There are other fortunes in the world; only last year that pretty widow from the Argentine—she went down on her knees to me, asking me to use my influence. Women have always run after Ernesto—the rich ones as well as the poor ones. If all he had wanted was a fortune—but with the moment he saw Eugenia he loved her; the first moment —"

"Oh, I know, I know," Mrs. Daine wailed. "That is my one hope—he loves her and he is so wise and gentle."

THE princess sniffed. "I shouldn't count too much on that if I were you. He is like most men: wise and gentle when things go as he wants them to—and very fiery and pig-headed when they don't. Surely you know enough about men—Latin men especially—to know that this is an insult, unforgivable. Europeans are brought up to believe in insults—that's why they still fight duels."

"Well, he can't fight a duel with Gennie."

"It might be better if he could. He would hate her less."

"Hate her—hate my poor child?"

"Well, do you imagine he is likely to go on loving her—after this?" The princess had risen and was now standing, allowing herself to look desperate; her hands were clasped before her.

Mrs. Daine looked up at her. "If he stops loving her—then we are lost."

There was a long silence.

"Of course," the princess said, "there is just a chance. Two young people, one of them very much in love—it may be he will never hear anything about that condition."

"I pray for that, Louise. Ernesto understands women so well."

"He understands them well enough to know that a girl who would make a condition like that —"

"Don't say that. I can't bear it. I don't see how I am going to live through these next days anyhow—until I know." "You think you will know in a few days?"

"Surely her first letter —"

"Oh, my dear, brides' letters! I remember my own. Do you remember yours? They never tell the truth."

SHE moved away from Mrs. Daine's appealing eyes. She had not, as her family all supposed, made this marriage, unless to have an idea is to make the reality. She had thought, when she heard that Charlotte and her daughter were coming to spend the summer in Europe, that the girl might do for Ernesto. She had known her when she was a lonely little girl at her Parisian school—had thought her charming and well bred. Now, of course, with this colossal fortune, which under her

grandfather's will she had inherited — She had written and arranged a meeting in the early spring in Paris. That was the limit of her initiative in the matter. Ernesto had done the rest. But whatever she had done was wrong; she had made a bitter mistake; she had perhaps ruined her son's life—marrying him to this insolent, cold-blooded little china figure of a woman. She was recalled by Mrs. Daine's voice.

"Do you blame me, Louise?"  
"The fact is, Charlotte, you have sacrificed my child to yours."

MRS. DAINE began to defend herself. "He must have suspected that she did not love him—she never wanted to be alone with him, she never —"

"No, Charlotte, that didn't seem as odd to him as it would to an American. Besides, you know as well as I do, a man never thinks the woman he loves doesn't love him—not if she gives him any encouragement at all. He thinks she does not dare trust herself—that if she would let herself go — Ernesto, who knows nothing about American girls, just thought Eugenia had been beautifully brought up, that she was shy, reserved, virginal—that was part of her charm." And the princess gave a cruel little laugh.

"Louise, you won't turn against me?"

"Turn against you? How can I? Our interests are the same—to make this marriage succeed if we can. If we can't —" The princess paused. "Of course, if there is a division, I shall be on my son's side."

"Against poor Gennie?"

"Against poor Gennie. But let's hope it won't come to that. It's been my experience, Charlotte, that the crisis never comes as or when you expect. The will of God never coincides with the anticipations of His creatures." The princess laid her hand on her friend's shoulder. "I must go. The old lady doesn't like to be kept waiting. I am much more obedient to her than Gennie will ever be to me—the fashion changes. Try to put this all out of your head. Read a detective story, or a very naughty novel."

"If I only knew what they were doing and saying at this moment," said Mrs. Daine.

YET it wouldn't have helped her much. They were doing and saying what all travelers do and say at the Gare de Lyon. They had got into the motor that Mrs. Daine had hired on her arrival in Paris, with Lucie on the front seat, holding Gennie's jewel cases.

As soon as they were alone, Ernesto had turned to her and said with that flashing smile of his:

"Thank you so much, dearest, for being so charming to all those old people—my family. You can hardly guess how much it meant to them—to approve you. They will all go home happy, because they believe I am going to be happy. They think you perfect. They had, perhaps, the silly European idea that Americans have not good manners. Absurd—the Americans I have known have beautiful manners, founded on kindness of heart."

Gennie felt a note of patronage in this tribute, and said coldly, "I don't think most Europeans have much sense about the kind of Americans they take up—especially Italians."

Ernesto laughed. "No one can say that of me."

"No, for several reasons."

He glanced at her, but at that moment their driver, having crossed the bridge, decided to compete for a small opening in the traffic with a very large, lurching, double-deck tramcar that came careering toward them, clanging its bell. They made it with an

(Continued on Page 96)

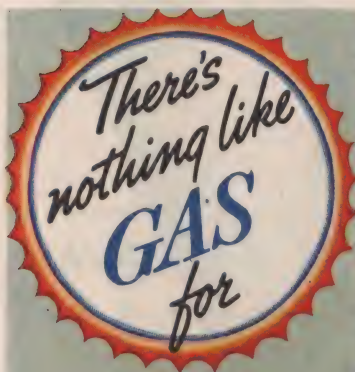


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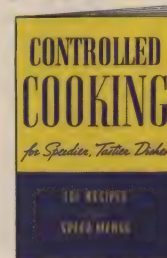
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Look for the  
YELLOW and  
red package

(Continued from Page 94)

inch to spare and the driver of the tram-car shouted *des injures* to the chauffeur. Conversation ceased.

Gennie stared out of her window. She noted that the afternoon sun did not look menacing and abnormal—only very, very sad.

"Why do you sigh?"

She didn't know that she had. "Oh, just that I'm leaving everything I've loved in the past."

"But not those you are going to love in the future."

"You know the answer to that, Ernesto," she said sternly. She was quite unconscious that her words had two interpretations.

Then they were at the station. The old princess' manservant was waiting with the tickets and the slips for the luggage, all duly weighed and put in the van. He superintended putting the hand luggage into the compartments and bringing Eugenia the number of Lucie's room in the second class. He seemed an incredibly competent old man. Ernesto bought magazines—Punch and an American weekly, a French newspaper and the Paris Herald.

Presently a guard came and shut all the doors, and the train started. Ernesto, with a cigarette in his mouth, began to alter the arrangement of her bags on the rack.

THE motion of the train seemed final to Gennie—made her realize that the thread that connected her with Alan was now definitely cut. Cutting it had been a complicated process, involving a ceremony, and buying a trousseau, and being polite to a lot of strangers, and now it meant going on a journey with a man called Ernesto; but never again need she be afraid that if she met Alan he would assume she was trying to lure him back—that she was going to go through all those debasing scenes when she pleaded with him.

She meant to forget all that.

"Do you want to get anything out of your dressing case?" Ernesto asked.

"No. I don't think so, thank you," she told him.

She was polite; she had resolved always to be polite to Ernesto—at least in public. Rich wives who allowed themselves to be rude were so horrible.

But it would be difficult to be otherwise than polite to Ernesto; he was so gentle and considerate.

The daughter of a widowed mother, she had never before traveled with a man—except once, years ago, a courier. Her mother was always fussing "What should I give the man as a tip?" and always getting it wrong, giving too much or too little.

There was, Gennie admitted, a certain comfort in being so sure that Ernesto knew the ropes—porters and conductors were attentive to Ernesto's wishes.

SUDDENLY she realized that she herself had no idea how she was going to treat her husband in private. She had never thought so far as that. She had planned everything so carefully up to this point—the departure from Paris. Beyond that she hadn't thought at all. She must evolve a policy immediately.

"I'll go and see the maître d'hôtel about dinner," he said, rather seriously, as if dinner were not to be taken too lightly.

Left alone, she settled down to the consideration of her problem—could she and Ernesto be friends? She had known some good, solid, masculine friendships already. As everyone knew at home that she was passionately in love with Alan, there was no emotional threat in her

friendships. She was rather proud of them.

Could Ernesto be brought into that group? He could be helpful—he knew things that she wanted to learn. She knew, of course, that he didn't love her, in spite of his courteous pretense. No man who loved her would have accepted her condition without a single protest, without a scene of some kind. He probably was in love with someone else—she hoped so. Perhaps someday he would tell her all about it, and perhaps someday she would tell him about Alan—and on that basis they might come to understand, even to like each other.

BUT there were great difficulties in her way in regarding him as a friend. In the first place, she despised him a little. She had a deep emotional reason for doing so: Despising him made Alan's conduct noble, almost took away the sting of his having jilted her; Alan could not live a captive to her fortune. Every time she tried to say to herself that Ernesto had been following the code in which he had been brought up, the vision of Alan's ruthless independence flashed across her mind, and made a pitiful timid fortune hunter of Ernesto.

And there was another reason against friendship—a better reason, though she had never faced it before. Now jiggling south through the suburbs of Paris, she saw it all clearly.

Ernesto was a man who had had great success with women—she had gathered as much from the young men from the embassy, and from some vague hints of the despair of some lovely diplomat's wife in Rome. What did Violetta say: "Oh, she's so clever; she's got them to transfer him to London—a raise and a flight at the same time." Looking at him with dispassionate eyes, Gennie was ready to believe it—he had charm. If she offered him the outward signs of friendship, wouldn't he be sure to believe she was succumbing? Undoubtedly he had accepted her condition in the hope that in the end he would make her love him—she smiled to herself sadly—because he didn't know about Alan. She probably seemed to him a very crude and unsophisticated girl, full of Anglo-Saxon sentimentalities and Boston inhibitions. It probably would seem to him no task at all, a mere matter of the inevitable march of events—that, married to him, she would fall in love with him. That was why he had taken her condition so lightly, that was why he behaved as if it didn't exist—he didn't believe it.

Everything seemed to fit in with this theory. The fact that her mother had not been able to describe his attitude clearly. When Eugenia questioned her, Mrs. Daine had said nothing but that "He agrees—don't ask any more." Of course he thought—her mother probably thought the same thing—that in the end she wouldn't be able to resist him. Her mother, she had early recognized, was almost too aware of his good looks and good manners.

NO, she must not be too friendly. Resolving this, she sprang up and locked the door of her room.

Presently a knock came and a confident voice said, "It's I." She called back that she was exhausted—hoped to sleep before dinner. She heard no answer, but the door of Ernesto's room slid shut.

She really was exhausted. She lay down. Was ever any creature as alone as she was? Slow tears began to sting her eyelids. She finally fell asleep.

She was waked by the tinkle of a bell and a voice outside in the corridor announcing the *deuxième service*. She sprang

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up and looked at herself in the glass. Anyone could see she had been crying. She had not finished removing the traces of tears when Ernesto knocked and asked if she were ready for dinner. She opened the door.

"Did you sleep?" he asked. His manner was cold.

Partly because she did not wish him to notice that she had been crying, partly because instinctively she didn't wish anyone to be cold to her, she answered sweetly, "Oh, yes, all this time. I was so tired."

Ernesto softened at once. "Poor little Gennie," he said. "And I was sulky at being deprived of your company."

They had a table to themselves. Gennie, who had eaten nothing since her breakfast, found the food delicious and said so—"So much better than in the trains at home. Why have you never been in America, Ernesto? It seems so queer when your mother was an American. Don't you want to?"

"Oh, very much. I should like to go to Hollywood—and Palm Beach."

"That's just what Uncle Roberto said."

"Uncle Roberto is your great admirer—he says you are like an edelweiss."

"He's very sweet."

ERNESTO laughed. "It's a funny thing," he said. "Uncle Roberto is a distinguished man—a diplomat, a brave soldier—but his attitude toward women is something that all women should resent—particularly an American. But I have never heard any woman, whether she was the mother superior of a convent or a dancer at the Folies-Bergère, who didn't speak of him in just that tone of affectionate indulgence."

That seemed an excellent solution—to talk about the family. She questioned him about them all, and finally she came to Camillo.

"And did you think him sweet too?" said Ernesto, with a little edge in his voice.

"Yes, I did. What's wrong with Camillo?"

Ernesto debated. "Well, principally that since he was a child he has never been able to see that anything he wanted to do was wrong. No matter what anyone does for Camillo, he always feels himself a victim. The truth is my aunt spoiled him horribly."

"I don't suppose it's very gay—living all alone in an unhealthy old castle."

"Unhealthy? Roca Alta is not unhealthy; it's built on a cliff in the mountains—it's a superb climate. Did he tell you it was unhealthy?"

"Yes, he did, when I suggested visiting him."

Ernesto laughed. "Now what in the world is he up to, that he doesn't want us to know? A girl, I suppose, to solace his loneliness. I must take you there someday—it's so beautiful."

But Gennie had not finished with Camillo so easily. "But why must he live there if he hates it, Ernesto?"

"BECAUSE, my dear, he hasn't anything to live on. He gambled it away two months after his mother died—he's a born gambler. At Roca Alta he lives for nothing, he gets shooting and riding, and is supposed to look after the estate—only, of course, he doesn't—and this is the great point—he cannot gamble, except for a few centesimi at the tavern in the village. Oh, no, my dear, don't waste your lovely sympathy on Camillo."

Every now and then she would glance at him with a vague, speculative look. Was he attractive? Probably. She tried to regain her first impression of him. She had said to her mother that first day that he was charming.

It had been just two days after they landed. Coming to Paris had almost broken her heart. She and Alan had talked so much of Paris. When she was a girl at school there—a romantic girl of fifteen—she had thought that everyone walking along the boulevards, or leaping into taxis, was hurrying to an appointment with a lover. Paris had always seemed to her—an idea based, perhaps, on the French novels the girls read on the sly—the very background of love. She and Alan had talked of driving in the Bois, rowing on the lake, eating in the open air, sauntering by the Seine, going to the opera. Instead, she found herself alone there with a despairing mother. Two days of it, and then the Roca Alta, friends of her mother's, had stopped at the hotel and taken them off to lunch at a little restaurant none the worse for being very inexpensive.

Gennie had known at once that her mother was thinking, "What a mercy it would be if he and Gennie —" She remembered a quiet struggle Ernesto had had about the wine—an inferior vintage had been substituted. The proprietor had been very fluent and Ernesto very stern but perfectly polite—not at all angry. At home any man who noticed that he was being cheated would have been angry about it; but Ernesto seemed to feel that the man had a right to cheat him if he could get away with it—only in this case he couldn't. The point of view had amused her.

SHE was a clear-headed girl—she knew that much of the initiative for Ernesto's admiration had been hers; she had softened and beamed and hung upon his words. She needed his admiration—not only to remind her that she was a living girl and not a dead cinder, but because in some way it made Alan a nobler figure: He had not rejected something that all men spurned; oh, no, he had rejected something that princes desired. And so she had tried her best to charm Ernesto—and she had charmed him.

All through those first weeks, her mother, her clever mother, hadn't said a word to urge on a marriage. Once she had said, "Don't you think you're being rather unfair to Ernesto—if, as I suppose, you haven't the faintest intention of marrying him?"

Gennie had laughed and answered that she didn't suppose that he had the faintest intention of asking her. "Foreigners do so hate it to be known that they've been refused," said Mrs. Daine. Gennie had replied that no man liked it very much; but somehow the idea that her mother was sure she was going to refuse him gave her confidence that no pressure was going to be brought to bear on her. She went on, thinking, as American girls always think, that she was free—that nothing unspoken was an obligation—even being taken to visit the old, old princess, who appeared mysteriously from the south.

So when the crisis came and Ernesto did ask her to marry him, Mrs. Daine had a good case: Eugenia was not an ignorant child; she had been warned—she knew what she was doing—she was treating Ernesto as Alan had treated her. Gennie didn't want to do that. Besides, in the most cold-blooded thinking, she saw the practical advantages of such a marriage: to take her forever away from Alan; a dignified life—at least she supposed the life of a Roman princess was dignified.

A FEW weeks ago that had all been so theoretical, and now here she was sitting opposite him at a little table, being called a princess and hurrying south to a new life.

(Continued on Page 99)

*"We switched to your dairy so we could get our milk with those Welded Wire caps."*



*"I'm glad to hear it. Everybody should insist on this extra protection for their milk."*



#### TAMPER-PROOF



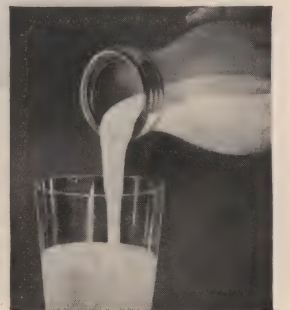
A Welded Wire Seal locks out dirt, dust and other contamination endangering the dairy-purity of the milk left on your doorstep every day.

#### EASY TO OPEN



The Welded Wire is a modern safeguard, drawn tightly around the neck of the bottle. To remove it, simply pull down the free length of wire.

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With the Welded Wire Seal, the entire rim of the bottle—over which the milk pours—is kept sterile-fresh. You are the very first to break the seal.

YOU deserve the Welded Wire Seal on your milk. If your dairy does not supply it, write, giving your dairy's name, to: Standard Cap and Seal Corporation, 1200 Fullerton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



# More Fun at Home in a warm-hearted kitchen



**THINK OF THE HAPPINESS** an attractive kitchen can bring the whole family! Arranged and decorated the modern way, it becomes an extra dining room when the children entertain. What good times they can have by themselves—without disturbing the grown-ups in the rest of the house! And how much better to encourage these parties at home in a lovely new room that the youngsters are proud to show their friends.



## Better Looking—Better Cooking

A Florence Table Top or Console Oil Range is the heart of the warm-hearted kitchen: modern in design and finish—ultra-modern in convenience; endorsed by leading testing laboratories, and backed by 65 years' experience. An investment you'll never regret.

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Please send free booklet to \_\_\_\_\_

Also folders on ( ) Gas Ranges ( ) Gasoline Ranges  
Copr. 1937 by Florence Stove Company

## The Heart of Good Living

Day after day, year after year, a modern kitchen pays dividends in health and happiness. When you do your own work, so much centers in the kitchen. The new way is to make it comfortable: a radio—a sewing corner with an easy chair for those pauses between sheets of cookies or a roast not quite done—gay shelves for colorful dishes, flowers on the window sill; up-to-date worksavers, all conveniently arranged to save steps and backaches. And a new Florence Oil Range as the heart of it all.

For Florence now offers Table Top and Console Oil Ranges modern in style, fully enclosed, and finished in gleaming porcelain enamel: smart white or popular colors.

These ranges are kind to your cooking. The wickless kerosene burners focus the heat without waste. The extra large oven, fully insulated with rock wool and equipped with Fingertip Heat Control, can be quick and hot or mild and gentle.

Reliable Florence Dealers everywhere are now showing beautiful Florence Oil Ranges for every need and pocketbook. Be sure to see them. Send today for the big free booklet "The Heart of Good Living." It contains beautiful color illustrations of modern livable

kitchens, and many interesting suggestions on how to arrange and decorate them. It also shows the complete line of Florence Oil Ranges. Mail the coupon.



# Florence OIL RANGES



(Continued from Page 97)

As they finished dinner, the train stopped at a station, and Gennie suggested getting out. They walked up and down the platform; they stepped out and looked at the stars.

"It's such a beautiful night," said Gennie.

"The most beautiful in our lives."

Her heart stood still. There was no mistaking that tone. He thought himself her lover, her husband; he was going to ignore the condition—he was going to pretend that she hadn't heard it, or that she hadn't meant it. She was panic-stricken for a second. Being panic-stricken, she acted too quickly. Turning, she ran to the train, and made for her own compartment. She started to slide the door to, and found Ernesto's hand in the way. Their two faces confronted each other through the six-inch space, their eyes stared straight—hers very blue and his very black.

"I don't want you to come in, Ernesto. I want to be alone."

He didn't answer her, but he slowly slid the door open, against her pressure, and stepped inside. "Now what is it?" he said. "You wound me very much, Eugenia. Those tears and wishing to be alone—has anything happened to change your feeling for me? My dear, you must not conceal anything from me."

"Oh, Ernesto, don't be like this. My feeling hasn't changed, because I never had any."

HE STARED at her more and more and she saw with surprise that under his deep tan he had grown pale. "You mean you do not love me?"

"You must have known I didn't love you."

"Then why did you marry me?"

Well, she had been afraid of this—that he was going to pretend ignorance. "I married you," she answered, "for reasons that are too long and complicated to tell, but they are just as good as—better, perhaps, than your reason for marrying me."

"You mean you think I married you for your fortune?"

"I know very well you did."

"You know nothing. I adored you, Gennie. I was glad you had money so we could be happier, but if you had nothing at all —"

"Oh, Ernesto, don't put on that act. The only thing there could be between us is a little honesty. You know I didn't love you when I made the condition that our marriage was to be a fake."

"A fake?"

"A nominal marriage, I believe is the polite term—you were content with that. I was to get a very good name and you were to get a very good fortune, and everything was to be lovely. Now don't come to me at this date and try and pretend it was different."

"When—how—to whom did you make these conditions?"

"MY MOTHER made them to you in a letter. I saw her letter, and I saw your answer. Now listen to me carefully, Ernesto. I can see you might have very good—very respectable reasons for making the bargain you did, but you can't have any reason for trying to get out of it. If you do that I really shall despise you."

"You will despise me?" He was now ashen, breathing with difficulty although speaking with apparent calmness. "No, you will never do that. You may hate me, but I assure you, you will never despise me."

"I don't want to hate you, Ernesto, and I don't want to despise you. So won't you please go away and leave me in peace? I don't want any more scenes and excitements. I'm sick and tired of

them. If you'll behave decently and keep your word, I'll be a good friend to you—and I can be a very good friend."

He wasn't listening to her. "Tell me exactly what you think happened. You told your mother this incredible condition of yours, and she led you to suppose that she had conveyed it to me."

"No led-me-to-suppose at all. I saw her letter and I saw your answer. You said—I can quote it word for word: 'There will be no difficulty on my side in agreeing to the terms that Eugenia lays down.' Do you deny writing that?"

HIS black brows drew together until they were a solid line across his forehead.

"No, I think I remember some such phrase in a letter to your mother." He paused. "The condition I was agreeing to was that she should spend part of every winter with us in Rome."

"Oh, Ernesto!"

"You do not believe me?"

"No—I saw her letter."

"You spare me no insult," he answered.

"Fortunately, I have her letter. It brought me so much happiness I carried it." He put his hand to his breast pocket and took out his wallet. Folded in the back was a sheet of paper which Gennie instantly recognized as a letter from her mother—not necessarily the letter in question. And yet she had a sick feeling at her heart. How much, how passionately her mother had desired this marriage—how she had protested against Gennie's stipulated condition—how she had declared that no man of any self-respect would agree to it; and then how little comment had been made on the fact that Ernesto had agreed. Gennie had thought she was sparing her mother's feelings in not triumphing over her.

SHE put out her hand and took the letter. The date was right. It began just as the other one had—the letter that she, Gennie, had read.

*My dear Ernesto:* I have just had a long and I think, from your point of view, satisfactory talk with Gennie. She is deeply flattered and more than a little upset by your offer. She likes you, admires you, respects you, but fears that what she feels is not love. Perhaps she does not know very much about love. She asks you to give her a few days more to think it over, but I am sure, between ourselves, that she means to accept. There is one stipulation that she does make, and you must forgive an only child for wanting it definitely stated that you agree to it—she asks that after you and she are married you will offer no objection to my spending every winter in Rome with you. Believe me, my dear Ernesto, I shall not take advantage of your invitation, but she will be much happier if you confirm it.

The letter ended with the usual forms.

Gennie raised her head. "She sold me out—my own mother."

"And what have you done to me between you?"

The bitterness of his tone drew her for a second away from her own griefs. "Oh, you must surely have known you couldn't have thought I loved you."

"At least I thought you were a woman."

"I suppose what you're trying to say is that if you had known you would not have agreed."

"Agreed? I would have fled from you as from the plague—I would have found you a gross, indelicate monster."

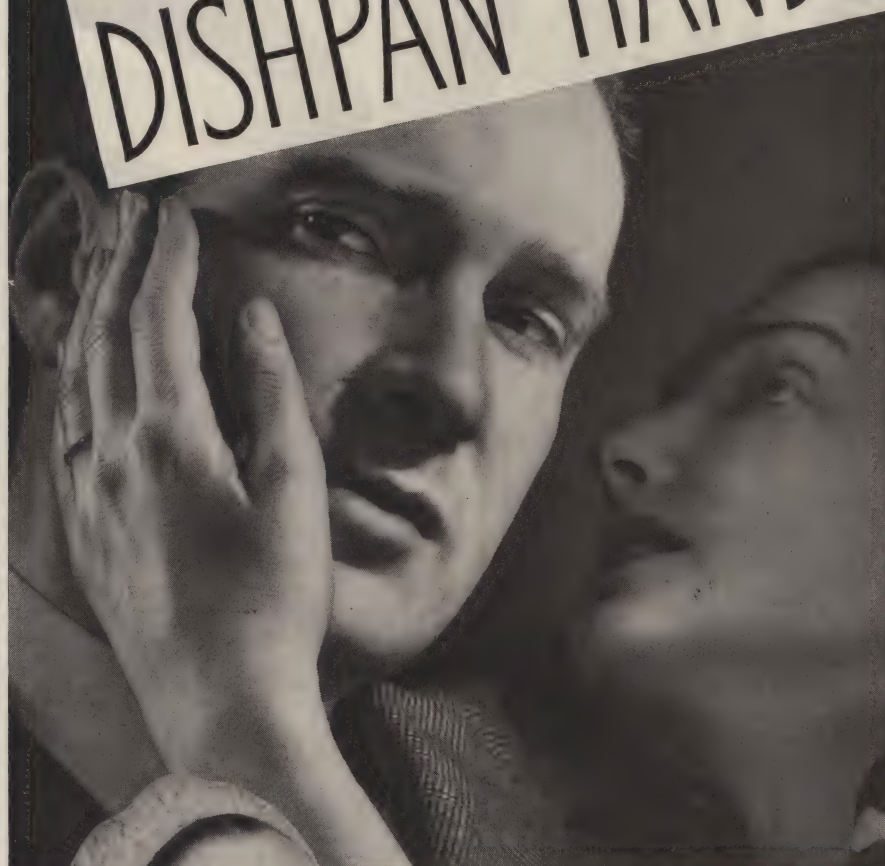
"Now really, Ernesto. I can't let you talk to me like that. I may assume, then, that, although you didn't agree, you mean to stand by the compact."

"Stand by it?" He looked at her intensely—and for the first time she saw hate. "The idea of so much as taking your hand sickens me—actually sickens me." And then he turned and left her room.

(To be Continued)

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# Romance dies at the touch of DISHPAN HANDS



I'M GOING TO WASH DISHES, OF COURSE, BUT I'LL NOT RUB OFF **HONEYMOON BLOOM** BY HAVING DISHPAN HANDS. I'LL USE LUX!

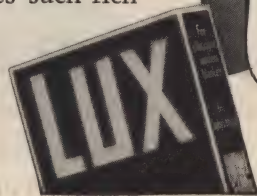


MRS. WILLIAM TUCK

## Brides Everywhere say...

"We want to **KEEP** romance, so we're going to use **Lux** for dishes and avoid rough, dishpan hands."

THESE clever young wives know! They've washed dishes at home or they've found out from married friends how quickly hands get rough and chapped from harsh kitchen soaps. Unlike such soaps, Lux has no harmful alkali to parch and dry the skin. And it makes such rich suds—gets dishes clean in no time. For such a small cost—less than 1¢ a day.



MAYBE MEN **RESPECT** THEM—BUT, BELIEVE ME, THEY DON'T ADMIRE **DISHPAN HANDS!** I WON'T HAVE THEM, THANKS TO LUX!

MRS. JOHN MCGUIRE





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**FEET LIGHT**

**FOR EVERY WALKING MOMENT**

**Marlene**

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This summer, live in white Naturalizers and be gloriously foot-free. Made on the famous Plus-Fit Lasts, these always-youthful shoes fit your feet when you're on your feet. And that means a lot on a sizzling summer day. Write for name of nearest Naturalizer dealer. Blue Ribbon Shoemakers, St. Louis.

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**WEAR**

**Naturalizers**

**PLUS-FIT LASTS** conform to the bones within as well as the foot itself.



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## *This is My Story*

(Continued from Page 15)

I have to bear witness to the fact that I never spent healthier years. I cannot remember being ill for a day.

Classes began immediately on our return from these walks, and each of us had a schedule that ran through the whole day. Classes, hours for practice, time for preparation, no idle moments were left to anyone. Immediately after lunch we had two hours for exercise, and most of us played field hockey during the winter months.

I was as awkward as ever at games, and had never seen a game of hockey, but I had to play something and in time made the first team. I think that day was one of the proudest moments of my life.

I realize now it would have been better to have devoted the time which I gave to hockey to learning to play tennis, which would have been far more useful to me later on. Mlle. Souvestre thought, however, that proficiency in outdoor sports was more or less useless. She looked upon any game primarily as a method of exercise to keep yourself well and healthy. It did not occur to her to advise me to play tennis, and I liked playing with a team and winning its approbation. It was a rough-enough game, with many hard knocks. Most of the English girls probably had a chance to play on teams at home for many years, but I came back to the United States, where no one played field hockey and it was particularly useless for a girl.

WHEN we came in at four o'clock we found on the schoolroom table big slices of bread, about half an inch thick, sometimes spread with raspberry jam, more often with plain butter. Those who were delicate were given a glass of milk. I remember the milk seemed to me pretty poor and it had a rather chalky taste, but then I was accustomed to milk from Jersey cows at home. Then we studied until the bell rang which sent us scurrying to dress for dinner. Fifteen minutes was allowed—that was all the time we had—and everybody changed shoes and stockings and dress.

One day a week we did our mending in the period after four P.M., under supervision, of course, in the schoolroom.

In the evenings we worked again, though occasionally we were allowed to go down to the gym and dance. Most of our lessons were in French, though Miss Strachey, a member of the well-known literary Strachey family, gave us classes in Shakespeare, and of course we had German, Italian, Latin and music.

My music was not far enough advanced to allow me to have a man teacher, so Miss Eames taught me for a time. Finally I graduated to a professor. I think he was an Austrian; but in any case, he made me practice three hours a day. That was a waste of time, as I know now, and those hours might have been more profitably used, since I have rarely touched a piano in the past thirty years. I may have gained something in character, however, for one of those hours had to be practiced before breakfast. It meant getting up on cold, dreary mornings and going into a cold and dreary room to find a piano.

THE earliest months at Allenswood were marked by a friendship with a really fascinating girl whose real name I will not give you, however. I shall call her Jane. She was brilliant and a real personality. She had the most violent temper I have almost ever seen, and I doubt if anyone had ever tried to discipline her,

but she had a fine mind and a very warm heart.

Jane and I took history with Mlle. Souvestre, and I still say all my historical names in French, harking back to this early teaching. There were perhaps eight other girls in our class, but so far as I was concerned there was no one but Jane. This impression of mine was helped considerably by the fact that Mlle. Souvestre seemed to feel that there were only two members of her class—Jane and myself.

She gave her classes in her library, a very charming and comfortable room lined with books and filled with flowers, looking out on a wide expanse of lawn where really beautiful trees gave shade in summer and formed good perches for the rooks and crows in winter. We sat on little chairs on either side of the fireplace. Mlle. Souvestre carried a long pointer in her hand, and usually a map hung on the wall. She would walk up and down lecturing to us. We took notes but were expected to do a good deal of independent reading and research. We wrote papers on the subjects assigned. Jane and I labored hard over those papers. This was the class we both thoroughly enjoyed beyond any other.

Mlle. SOUVESTRE would ask different ones to read their papers, and I have seen her take a girl's paper and tear it in half in her disgust and anger at poor or shoddy work.

Jane was half American, which perhaps explained Mlle. Souvestre's interest in her. Her mother had married first an Englishman and then an Irishman who owned a place in Ireland. Jane's aunt, she told me, had a big ranch in Texas. She had never been to Texas, nor had I, but the place was very vivid to her and she could describe to me miles and miles of country to ride in, and the endless number of cattle that roamed the plains.

I was quiet and docile, so I think I was considered a good influence on Jane, and we were put alone together for our German lessons because Jane had been so insubordinate that they found her a disturbing influence in the regular German class. She was always being sent out by the teacher for some trick or rudeness, but we got on quite well until one day the teacher angered her and Jane threw an inkstand at her. I knew this was an unpardonable offense on top of all the other things which Jane had already done, and I was completely heartbroken.

I WENT to Mlle. Souvestre and wept after the inkstand episode, but she was adamant and Jane was expelled. I was inconsolable and for many years kept in touch by correspondence with her, but she was not a very good correspondent and after a time we lost track of each other. I know that she has married and had children. Her glamour, however, is still with me, so that I would give much to see her walk into my room today.

During my three years at school I had a room to myself for one term, but one or two terms I roomed with a German girl, Carola de Passavant. She was a beautiful girl with a lovely character and real capacity. She has since shown that she can meet whatever life might bring her. Her husband was an officer on the western front during the World War. She has five children, and after being brought up in the greatest luxury, her father and mother died and most of their fortune was lost, with the result that she now has to be very careful, but I have never heard her

(Continued on Page 102)



# The FIGURE Returns to Fashion



The new, romantic clothes demand smooth foundations... the smoothest are closed with

The

*Talon*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

fastener

In a mood of sentimental reflection, fashion has made the figure the basis of charm in the new romantic clothes.

This means that your first consideration is your foundation garment. It must trim the waist, curve the hip, lengthen the diaphragm and, if need be, heighten and round the bosom.

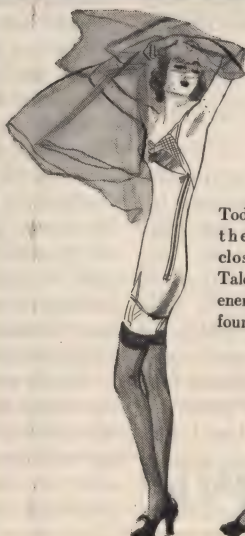
And...to accomplish *all* that fashion requires...it should also be closed with a Talon slide fastener.

For this is the sure way to the *all-over* smoothness your figure must have today. No protruding bulges or ripples can mar your silhouette when your foundation is closed with the smooth, flat-lying Talon corset fastener.

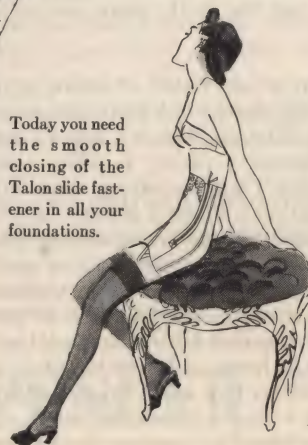
Today you'll find Talon slide fasteners on girdles and "all-in-ones" for every occasion. Ask for them at your favorite store.

Address all inquiries to Hookless Fastener Company, Corset Department, 71 West 35th St., New York, N. Y.

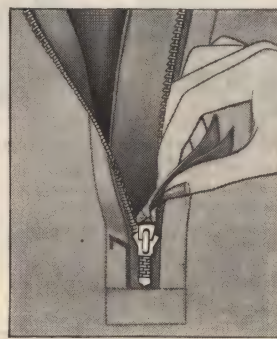
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Today you need the smooth closing of the Talon slide fastener in all your foundations.



TALON fastener is the only slide fastener made expressly to meet the rigid requirements of foundation garments. It locks automatically. It is not damaged by laundering. It always operates with ease.





SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET THAT MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI, IS IT?



## BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire at 3¢ a portion!

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

### What one woman tells another

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Good cooks tell us that Franco-American tastes better and costs less than buying all the sauce ingredients and uncooked spaghetti and making it at home. And, ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of left-overs, too!

The tempting menu below is one of dozens of inexpensive combinations that taste so good—but be sure they're made with Franco-American Spaghetti!

### DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls  
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti  
Buttered beets  
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce  
SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

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(Continued from Page 100)

complain. The rest of the time I think I must always have been with Marjorie Bennett. We became more and more intimate and I went home with her to visit occasionally.

Most of the little group of girls I remember well were the leaders in school. Avice Horn, sent from Australia to get the benefit of life "at home" in England, was attractive and capable beyond the average. Helen Gifford, a little wisp of a girl whose spectacles seemed bigger than she, was an extraordinarily brilliant child whose sister had preceded her as a pupil. Leonie Gifford had been much relied on by Mlle. Samaia, and Helen followed in her footsteps, though Helen's achievements were almost entirely intellectual. She was one of the younger girls whom we older ones picked out as a leader of the lower school. Today she is the head of a school which carries on the Allenswood traditions, though it is in another place.

ANOTHER youngster I saw much of was Hilda Burkinshaw, not so brilliant as Helen, but very practical. She had been sent home at the age of five from India, and school was almost more home to her than any other place in the world. Hilda, or Burky, as we called her, is married and has several children. I am godmother to her daughter. For a number of years Hilda and I were thrown at times very closely together, as you will see later.

Hilda, Helen, Marjorie, Avice, Jane—so long as she was there—and I were occasionally invited in the evening to Mlle. Souvestre's study, and these were red-letter days. She had a great gift for reading aloud and she read to us—always in French—poems, plays or stories. If the poems were those she liked, occasionally she read them over two or three times and then demanded that we recite them to her in turn. Here my memory training at home stood me in good stead, and I found this a rather exhilarating and pleasant way to spend an evening. Though some of the others found it even easier than I did, others suffered to such an extent that their hands were clammy and they could hardly speak.

We all assembled in the library every evening before going to bed, mail was distributed and the roll called, and we passed before Mlle. Souvestre and wished her good night. She had an eagle eye which penetrated right through to your backbone and she took in everything about you. She did not approve very much of my clothes, but she did not tell me until some time later.

I did not know that my grandmother and my aunts had written about me before I arrived, so I felt that I was starting a new life, free from all my former sins and traditions. I am not sure that I would not recommend this for any child who has been somewhat fearful of authority in her early youth, for this was the first time in all my life that all my fears left me. If I lived up to the rules and told the truth, there was nothing to fear.

I HAD a bad habit of biting my nails. In very short order that was noticed by Mlle. Samaia, who set out to cure me. It seemed a pretty hopeless task, but one day I was rereading some letters of my father's which I always carried with me, and I came across one in which he spoke of making the most of one's personal appearance, and from that day forward my nails were allowed to grow.

By the first Christmas holiday I was quite at home and very happy in school. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were spent with my Mortimer family at Claridge's Hotel in London. It did not seem

quite right to have a small tree on a table in a hotel. We had always had big ones at home, but Auntie Tissie saw to it that I had a stocking and many gifts, and the day was a happy one.

I had been invited to spend a few days with Mrs. Woolryche-Whitemore and her family in the north of England. Her husband was rector of a church in Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, and she had five little girls, one or two about my own age. She was Douglas Robinson's sister and held very closely to her American ties, so that though I could only be considered a connection by marriage, I really was made to feel like a real relative and taken into the family life and treated like one of the children. I enjoyed every minute of that visit and it was my first glimpse of English family life.

BREAKFAST in the morning had food in covered dishes on one of the sideboards, with lamps under them to keep the food warm, and everybody helped themselves to whatever they found, and there was a great variety of food. High tea was served in the schoolroom about 4:30 in the afternoon, and the children's father joined us sometimes and shared our bread and jam and tea and cake. Those who were very hungry could have an egg. Long walks and drives, endless games and books on hand for any unoccupied moments made life seem very full for the days that I stayed there.

I had traveled up alone and was going back alone. There had been a good deal of discussion as to how I was to get over to Paris to see Auntie Tissie once more before she left for Biarritz. I was to live with a French family for the rest of my holiday in order to study French.

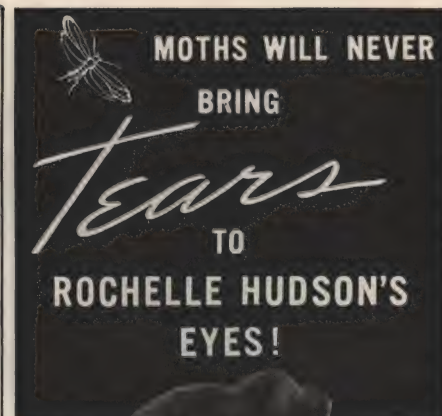
It was finally decided to engage one of the English inventions—a visiting maid with good references—to travel from London to Paris with me. I had never seen the lady, so it was rather remarkable that after my long journey, almost a whole day from the north of England to London, I should pick her out without any difficulty in the station! We proceeded on our journey to Paris.

I marvel now at my self-confidence and independence, for I was totally without fear in this new phase of my life. The trip across the Channel was short and I managed to find myself a very windy corner to keep from being ill, but I was glad enough, once through the customs and on French soil, to curl up in the compartment on the train and drink *café au lait*, poured out of those big cans that were carried up and down the platforms.

WE REACHED Paris in the early hours of the morning. The maid went with me as far as my aunt's hotel. I spent a few hours with her and was then taken over by Mlle. Bertaux. There were two Mlles. Bertaux and their mother. They had a simple but very comfortable apartment in one of the less fashionable parts of Paris, and here was to be my first glimpse of French family life.

The furniture was rather stuffed, as I remember it, and was of an entirely nondescript period. There was, of course, no bathroom, but hot water was brought by the *bonne à tout faire* mornings and evenings, and a little round tin tub was available if you felt you must have it. Once during my stay we went to the *établissement de bain*, a public bathhouse which I did not relish at all!

Meals were very good but very different from anything I had known. Soups were delicious, inferior cuts of meat were so well cooked that they were as palatable as our more expensive cuts. A vegetable was a course in itself, and at each place at the table were little glass



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### Her Lane Hope Chest gives absolute moth protection!

SAFE in her Lane Hope Chest are the treasured keepsakes and winter woollens of this famous 20th Century-Fox star. She isn't taking any chances with the pest that causes more loss in homes than any other thing. Think! Moths did over \$200,000,000 damage last year alone!

If you want absolute moth protection, store winter's woollens in a genuine LANE, the cedar chest that gives you a moth insurance policy free and the only chest TESTED for aromatightness. Exclusive Lane features eliminate sticky interiors and insure aromatight construction. New, superbly styled Lane Chests are now on display. See these ideal gifts for girl graduates and brides at your Lane dealer's store. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. B, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributors: Knechtel's Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



Special

No. 48-1366—A modern design with center panel of V-matched American walnut, flanked by American walnut stump panels and ebony inlay. Lane automatic rising tray.

\$2975

Slightly higher in West and in Canada



Lane Silver Jubilee Chest

No. 48-1318—Curved deep trunk top and front panel are Bubinga and Oriental woods. Front end panels are matched black walnut stump. Equipped with Lane automatic rising tray same as shown above.

\$3950

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**LANE**  
CEDAR CHESTS  
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME



rests for your knife and fork, which were not taken out with your plate as you finished each course. This household was run with extreme frugality and yet they lived very well. The two Mlles. Bertaux were excellent guides and very charming, cultivated women.

My first glimpse of Paris in the early morning had been almost like a dream. I could not remember the time when I had not wanted to see Paris, for of course I didn't remember my first visit when I was not yet six years old. The wide avenues, beautiful public buildings and churches, everything combined to make it for me the most exciting city I had ever been in.

I saw much of Paris with Mlle. Bertaux on that first visit, but chiefly we did the things that a visitor should do, not the things which later came to mean to me the real charm of Paris. However, the Musée de Cluny and the Louvre left me with a desire to return and see more of the things I liked on my first visit. I did all the things that any sight-seer should do, and it simply whetted my appetite for new sights and sounds. I longed to really know this city of which I had dreamed for so long.

Mlle. Souvestre had arranged that I should go back to England under Mlle. Samaia's care, and so after what really was a very delightful holiday I went back to school, hoping very much that I would have another chance to stay with the Bertaux family.

School life itself was fairly uneventful, but in the world outside great excitement reigned. I had hardly been conscious of our own Spanish War in 1898, even though I had heard a great deal about the sinking of the Maine and about Uncle Ted and his Roughriders. My grandmother and her family lived so completely out of the political circle of the day and took very little interest in public affairs. Maude and Pussie, however, had friends who went to the war, and we would scan the lists of casualties and deaths; but on the whole, this war did not bring sorrow to enough homes or last long enough to mean real privation to the people of the country. I remember the general horror when one young man who had been a prominent figure in New York society died in a Florida camp, and the joy and excitement when Uncle Ted came back and went to Albany as governor of New York. One read of scandals and of battles in the papers, but it was all on a fairly small scale. This war of ours had hardly touched my daily life.

In England, however, the Boer War, which lasted from 1899 to 1902, was of a more serious nature, and tremendous feeling in the country at large was soon reflected in the school. There was great confidence at first in rapid victory, then months of anxiety and dogged "carrying on" in the face of unexpected and successful resistance from the Boers. There was a considerable group in England and in other countries that did not believe in the righteousness of the English cause, and Mlle. Souvestre was among this group. She was pro-Boer and was not in the habit of hiding her feelings. She was, however, always fair, and she realized that it would be most unfair

to the English girls to try to make them think as she did. With them she never discussed the rights and wrongs of the war. Victories were celebrated in the gym and holidays were allowed them, but Mlle. Souvestre never took part in any of the demonstrations. She remained in her library and there she gathered around her the Americans and the foreign girls, of which there were a great number. I remember a Russian girl, who was very attractive to me, a Dutch girl, a Swedish girl, and one or two girls from South America. These she felt at liberty to keep with her and to them she expounded her theories on the rights of the Boers, or small nations in general, to their own country and their freedom. Those long talks were very interesting and echoes of them still live in my mind when certain subjects come up for discussion today.

SHE told us she was an atheist, primarily because she could not comprehend a God who would think of bothering about such insignificant things as

individual human beings; and doctrines of religion which preached reward for good behavior and punishment for bad, she considered food for small minds. Right should be done for right's sake and not for reward or through fear of punishment, and only the weak needed religion. I often thought of what my dear, religious grandmother would have thought had she

been able to listen to some of the doctrines which Mlle. Souvestre propounded. I do not know what effect it had on the others, but, so far as I was concerned, I think it did me no harm. Mlle. Souvestre shocked me into thinking, and that, on the whole, was very beneficial.

I cannot remember what I did on my first Easter holiday, but somewhere about this time I must have gone to Liverpool to see my father's aunt, Mrs. Irvine Bulloch. My father had always talked to me about her, and between my father and his Aunt Ella had existed a very close tie. He wrote her long letters at regular intervals, which she always answered, and on her regular visits home they always renewed their intimacy by long talks, which had been a habit of his boyhood. I had had letters from her and this visit meant a great deal to her, for it brought her "Ellie boy," as she called my father, back in his daughter.

She had kept her close ties with the United States, corresponding regularly with her sisters in the kind of minute daily-life correspondence which the members of my father's family of the older generation seemed able to carry on. The only other people I know of who wrote and still write in the same way are the English people, who keep in touch with one another, though scattered to the four corners of the earth in their far-flung empire, by writing an almost daily diary of little inconsequential happenings to the children sent home to be educated or the parents living in the old family home. These letters are passed about from one member of the family to the other and keep up a kind of intimacy which wipes out time and space.

I think I saw my Great-aunt Ella once more before I went home for good, but



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Your summer Spencer may be designed of an exclusive Spencer open-mesh fabric which launders in a jiffy and feels delightfully fresh and cool.

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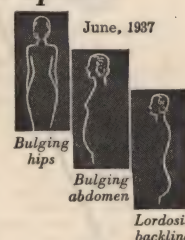


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safe, easy  
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FLIT SPRAY  
WILL NOT STAIN



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never after that, as she died before I returned again to England. She was white-haired, gentle-voiced, aristocratic-looking, just in the way Auntie Gracie had been. They were the same type of Southern gentlewoman. So many members of her family in the United States having died, I became one of her nearest ties to the country she loved.

Every one of my children, during her lifetime, received at birth the most exquisitely knitted garments from her—little booties, knee-length stockings made of the finest wool in almost a lacelike pattern, and jackets and capes and caps. Her interest in each child that came was as keen as though she sat by our fireside and watched them grow.

When she died she left me her engagement ring and two silver-and-gold salt-cellars brought from India to her by my father when he went around the world.

In all probability most of this first Easter holiday was spent with my Woolryche-Whittemore cousins in the parsonage in the north of England.

I was beginning to make a place for myself in the school, and before long Mlle. Souvestre made me sit opposite her at table. The girl who sat opposite her received her nod at the end of the meal and gave the signal, by rising, for the rest of the girls to rise and leave the dining room.

This girl was under close supervision, so I acquired certain habits which I have never quite been able to shake off.

Mlle. SOUVESTRE used to say that you need never take more than you wanted, but you had to eat what you took on your plate; and so, sitting opposite to her day after day, I learned to eat everything that I took on my plate.

There were certain English dishes that I disliked very much—for instance, one stands out. It was a dessert called suet pudding. I think I really disliked its looks as much as anything else, for it had an uncooked, cold, clammy expression as it sat upon the dish, and the girl who served it cut it into what looked like heavy, soggy slices. We had treacle to pour over it, and my only connection with treacle was through Nicholas Nickleby, which did not make the pudding any more attractive. Mlle. Souvestre thought that we should get over such squeamishness and eat a little of everything, so I choked it down when she was at the table and refused it when she was not.

It was a great advantage in one way, however, to sit opposite Mlle. Souvestre, for sometimes she had special dishes and shared them with three or four of us who sat close by. When she had guests they sat on either side of her and it was easy to overhear the conversation, which was usually interesting.

I think that I started at this period in my life a very bad habit which has stayed with me ever since. Frequently I would use, in talking to Mlle. Souvestre afterward, things which I had overheard in her conversation with her friends which passed through my rather quick mind, giving me some new ideas; but if anyone had asked me any questions, they would have discovered soon that I had no real knowledge of the thing I was talking about. Mlle. Souvestre was usually so pleased that I was interested in the subject that she did the talking and I never had to show my ignorance.

As the years went by I began to realize that I had had a rather poor grounding in many subjects in the classes that I had attended before coming to boarding school. I learned a great deal here. Mlle. Souvestre's active and keen mind was a great stimulus to all her pupils, and she

taught us how to find out whatever we wanted to know, but I never really filled in the fundamentals that were lacking in my education. More and more, as I grew older, I used the quickness of my mind to pick the minds of other people and use their knowledge as my own; a dinner companion, a casual acquaintance provided me with information which I could use in conversation, and few people knew how little I actually knew on a variety of subjects that I talked on with apparent ease.

This is a bad habit and one which is such a temptation that I hope few children will acquire it. It has one great advantage: it does give you a facility to pick up information about a great variety of subjects, and adds immeasurably to your interests as you go through life. Of course later on I discovered that when I really wanted to do something, I had to dig in and learn all there was to know about a particular subject.

Mlle. SOUVESTRE introduced me to her guests occasionally, and in this way I met many interesting people. For instance, Beatrice Chamberlain had been her pupil; and when she came out to visit, Mlle. Souvestre, because of her American mother, introduced me to her. Whenever I read her name or that of her father in the newspapers after that it gave me a thrill, because I had really seen and talked with her. This is one way of giving youth an interest in the news.

As the summer holidays came nearer my excitement grew, for I was to travel to St. Moritz, in Switzerland, to spend my holiday with the Mortimers. My only recollection of the trip is a part of it which was made by "diligence" from Basel to St. Moritz, a long day's drive.

My first view of these beautiful mountains was positively breath-taking, for I had never seen any high mountains before. I lived opposite to the Catskill Mountains in summer and loved them, but I had never even crossed the river and climbed their heights, and how much more majestic were these great snow-capped peaks all around us as we drove into the Engadine. The little Swiss chalets built into the sides of the hills, with places under them for all the livestock which did not actually wander into the kitchen, were very picturesque but strange to my eyes, with their fretwork decoration.

HOWEVER, I was totally unprepared for St. Moritz itself, with its street of grand hotels tapering off into the more modest pensions and little houses dotted around for such patients as had to live there for long periods of time.

The hotels all bordered the lake, and the thing that I remember best about my time there was the fact that Tissie and I got up every morning early enough to walk to a little café that perched out above the lake on a promontory at one end. There we drank coffee or cocoa, as the case might be, and ate our rolls with fresh butter and honey, the sun just peeping over the mountains and touching us with its warm rays—and I can still remember how utterly contented I was.

Tissie tried to find me companions of my own age, but as I remember it was not very easy to foist me on other children and there were not many other children whom she knew.

Caroline Drayton, now Mrs. William Phillips, came there for a time with her father, Mr. Coleman Drayton, but she seemed in those days much more sophisticated and grown-up than I was. She had been her father's companion for so many years that philosophy and history and literature were all familiar topics of conversation. To me (Continued on Page 106)



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## FLOORS LIKE THIS ARE UNNECESSARY

This Floor Pox floor is the result of neglect. A little simple, inexpensive care would have prevented this unsightly condition.

Beautiful, well kept floors ... will add new charm to your home ... make it pleasant and more healthful to live in ... and win the admiration and praise of friends. Ugly floors afflicted with Floor Pox (worn spots between rugs and in doorways) are unsightly and distasteful. They rob the most artistically arranged room of its beauty ... provide lodging for dirt and germs ... and ultimately prove costly.

### Millions of users praise Johnson's Wax

Today, and for years past, millions of housewives in all parts of the world have ended the threat of Floor Pox—and are praising Johnson's Wax as the surest, easiest, and by far the most economical way of bringing new life to dull floors ... and preserving them under an exquisitely mellow, almost translucent protective coat.

### Home values go up

If you ever want to sell your home you'll appreciate the importance of well kept waxed floors ... or pay the price of neglect. Johnson Waxed floors increase home values.

### Mrs. Crewe "learned" about Wax from hospital



Mrs. J. F. Crewe  
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"The care of our floors had always been a problem. Then I learned that hospitals use Johnson's Wax for sanitation, appearance, and ease of keeping clean because you don't have to scrub a Johnson Waxed floor. So I tried it and was amazed at how wonderfully easy it is to have truly beautiful floors. I don't expect to ever pay a refinishing bill again."

### Costs only a few cents a room

You'll be amazed at the incredibly low cost of using Johnson's Wax. A few pennies a room will keep your floors beautiful and protect them against wear.

**TESTS SHOW FLOORS MAY BE SAVED.** The amazing "electric shoe," new scientific testing machine, actually duplicates the wearing action of millions of feet walking across a floor surface ... and proves that a finish of varnish or shellac not protected with Johnson's Wax wears away after the equivalent of one year's normal wear. The same floors regularly protected with Johnson's Wax showed no signs of wear or breaking down of the finish—proof that floors can be made to last indefinitely!

**Consulting Engineers Verify Tests.** Results of Electric Shoe Tests have been verified by an impartial firm of consulting engineers: The Trundle Engineering Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



## THIS FLOOR REFLECTS BEAUTY EVERLASTING

Here is a floor that will always be admired. Tramping, gritty shoes won't hurt it. Johnson's Wax provides protection against Floor Pox.

### Wax only once every 2 months

Once you have tried Johnson's Wax you'll marvel at how simple and easy it is to have beautiful, shimmering floors always. Wax every 2 months is often enough.

### 3 Ways to Beautify Your Floors

**MAKE** a Home-made Polisher by wrapping a brick in soft cloths (cover all rough edges).



**OR BUY** Johnson's "Back Saver" Weighted Brush at any wax dealer's for \$1.95.



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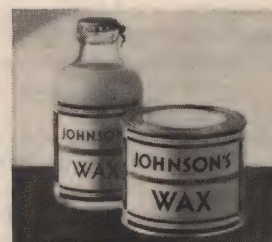
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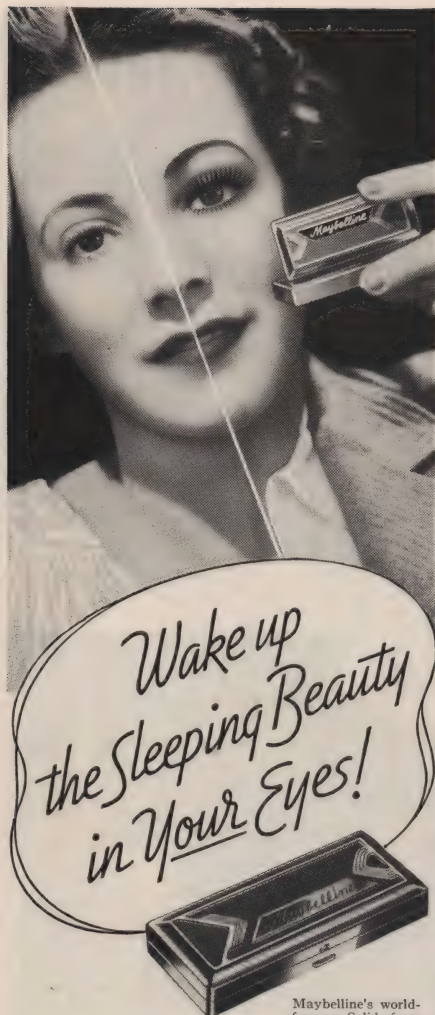
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Walk on **WAX**... and save your floors





Maybelline's world-famous Solid-form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold vanity—75c. Refills—35c.

**W**AKE UP the sleeping beauty in your eyes with a few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara. Transform sleepy, scattered, scanty lashes into long, dark, curling fringe. And presto!—your eyes are ready to work wonders when you're dressed and ready for the day's task, shopping or pleasure.

Avoid any possibility of the hard, "made-up look" given by ordinary mascaras. Use only the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the ever-popular Solid-form—for the natural appearance that reveals your individual charm. Not lumpy or gummy. Non-smarting, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Only 75c at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Form your brows into the graceful, expressive curves most becoming to your individual beauty—with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Blend a soft subtle shadow on your lids—with the most becoming shade of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. See how much it adds to the charm of your eyes!

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. **TODAY**—try this more delightful way to daytime and evening enchantment!



Maybelline Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Cream Mascara, in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.

(Continued from Page 104)

they were only just opening up and as yet were an unexplored world, though I did have a good background of general reading.

Her association with her father made her seem to me at that time more Tissie's friend than mine, which amuses me today, for as the years have gone by we have become great friends and I have discovered that we are practically the same age. She was tall and dark and very straight. Charm of manner and of voice added to the distinction of birth and breeding. Her small head rose from the straight column of her neck in a regal way, and always a certain aloofness set her apart. You felt that something within her was in communion with another world.

We were staying in the Palace Hotel, and I tried to play tennis once or twice but I was too awkward and conscious of my awkwardness to try it after the few exhibitions of my lack of skill, so I think a good part of my time was spent in walking and reading.

Toward the end of the summer Tissie told me that she had decided to make a trip by carriage from St. Moritz through the Austrian Tirol to Oberammergau, where the Passion play was being given. She was taking a friend with her and I could go along if I was willing to sit either with the coachman on the box or on the little seat facing the two ladies. I would have agreed to sit on top of the bags, I was so excited at the prospect of seeing the Passion play and all this new country.

**W**E HAD only a one-horse victoria and much of the country we drove through was mountainous, and when we climbed I got out and walked, so our progress was not rapid and we had plenty of time to enjoy the scenery.

I still think the Austrian Tirol is one of the loveliest places in the world. We spent a night in a little inn which had housed the mad king, Ludwig of Bavaria, when he went to fish in the rushing brook we saw below us. We visited his castles and finally arrived in Oberammergau.

It was the night before the play, and because of the crowds our rooms were separated from one another in simple little village houses. We walked the whole length of the village finding the people, whom we would see the next day taking their parts in the holy play, sitting in their little shops, selling the carved figures which they made during the winter for sale to the crowds that came there as tourists.

The Passion play was given once in every ten years, so you can imagine my excitement at having this opportunity. I went to bed in a feather bed that night, the first one of my experience, and nearly died of the heat, but was too weary to remove the feather coverlet over me and find something else as a cover.

**T**HE Passion play adjourned only when people had to eat, and so we sat through long hours of the day. I loved it, though I realize now that I must have been a tired child, for I had to go to sleep after lunch and could not get back until the end of the second period, because no one is allowed to move or make a noise during the acting.

We went from there to Munich, back to Paris, and then I went back to school.

Christmas of 1900 I was to have my wish and spend the holiday entirely in Paris with Mlle. Bertaux. Burky, of whom I have already spoken, was to be with me. We shared a room and my chief concern was to fill a stocking for her that Christmas, for I knew that very often

the child had gone without a stocking, though her parents never forgot to send her remembrances on Christmas and on her birthday. This year they added to their box a present for me, an Indian silver box with a dragon design on top and my initials on it. I still have that box to remind me of our Christmas in Paris.

As the Mlle. Bertaux had charge of us, and as we were supposed to take French lessons every day as well as do a great deal of sight-seeing, we were carefully chaperoned and our days were carefully planned. I was getting to know Paris, however, and to feel able to find my way about and to decide in my own mind what I would like to do if I ever were free to plan my own days.

**T**HE last few days of our stay, Mlle. Souvestre was back in Paris and we went to see her. She quizzed us about what we had learned. At this time she told me frankly what she thought of my clothes, many of which were made-over dresses of my young aunts, and commanded me to go out with Mlle. Samaia and have at least one dress made.

I was always worried about my allowance, for my grandmother felt, quite rightly, that we children should never know until we were grown up what money might be ours, and that we should always feel that money was something to be carefully spent, as she might not be able to send us any more. However, she sent money for my holiday to Mlle. Souvestre, so I decided if Mlle. Souvestre thought I should buy a dress, I could have it.

I still remember my joy in that dark-red dress, made for me by a small dress-maker in Paris; but so far as I was concerned, it might have been made by Worth, for it had all the glamour of being my first French dress. I wore it on Sundays and as an everyday evening dress at school, and probably got more satisfaction out of it than from any dress I have had since.

The one great event of interest that I remember in the winter of 1901 was the death of Queen Victoria. There was a great deal of feeling in England for the Queen and every loyal English subject wore mourning for a certain period.

**S**OME of my Robinson connections had arranged for me to come in and see the funeral procession from the windows of a house belonging to one of them. It was a very exciting day, beginning with the crowds in the streets and the difficulty of arriving at our destination, and finally the long wait for the funeral procession itself. I remember very little of the many carriages which must have comprised that procession, but I shall never forget the genuine feeling shown by the crowds in the streets or the hush that fell as the gun carriage bearing what seemed like the smallest coffin I had ever seen came within our range of vision. It seemed to me that hardly anyone had dry eyes as that slow-moving procession passed by, and I have never forgotten the great emotional forces that seemed to stir all about us as Queen Victoria, so small of stature and yet so great in devotion to her people, passed out of their lives forever.

By the next Easter, Mlle. Souvestre had decided that she would take me traveling with her; and this, for me, was perhaps one of the most momentous things that happened in my education. This trip was planned to go to Marseille, along the Mediterranean coast, to stop at Pisa and then spend some time in Florence, not staying in the town in a hotel, but living with an artist friend of Mlle. Souvestre's, a man who was really



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THE BEST FOOD MIXER MADE

Compare Mixmaster with all other food mixers and you will know why women everywhere prefer it. **Look what it has!** Automatic Full Power on all speeds—a Mixmaster advantage proved and ACCLAIMED by hundreds of thousands of users. Beaters hold the speed you set them for—won't slow down as batter thickens. Has big, easy-to-clean FULL-MIX beaters for lighter, fluffier mashed potatoes, finer-textured cakes, more egg-white and whipped cream volume. Mixmaster has a WIDE range of mixing speeds—an ideal speed for every need. Motor and beaters lift off the stand for portable use right at the stove. Be sure the food mixer you buy has all these advantages. Be sure it's a genuine MIXMASTER—there's only ONE food mixer by that name—the Sunbeam Automatic Mixmaster. Complete with juice extractor, \$22.50 (Slightly higher West of Denver.)

## Sunbeam IRONMASTER

FASTEST HEATING iron made

Begin ironing in half a minute after you plug it in. Stays hotter all through ironing—gets you through sooner. Has new, patented DOUBLE AUTOMATIC Heat Control with Thumb-tip regulator up in the handle, out of the way of the fingers. Weighs only 3½ lbs.—ends tired arms and wrists. Complete with Sunbeam Master Cord Set, \$8.95.

## Sunbeam SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER

The most perfect-toasting toaster made. **Silent! Entirely Automatic!** Current shuts off when toast is done but toast remains hot in the toaster oven until you touch a lever and take it. Times the toasting of each slice individually—the same uniform, golden deliciousness from first slice to last. Toaster alone, \$10.95. With trayset, \$16.95.

## Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER

Makes most delicious coffee the **VACUUM Method in half the usual time.** Has automatic table-stove that brews coffee and keeps it hot afterward. Remove Brew-top and you have the loveliest of servers. Smart—easy to use. Coffeemaster alone, \$11.75. With Service Set, \$17.95.

THESE APPLIANCES ARE ALL—  
**Sunbeam**  
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE



painting in his villa on Fiesole, the hill which overlooks Florence.

Traveling with Mlle. Souvestre was a revelation. She did all the things that in a vague way you had always felt you wanted to do.

One funny incident took place in Marseille. I felt that I must have a bath, and so when the maid came to bring us hot water, I asked her how a bath could be achieved. She told me she would prepare it and come back for me. I got all ready, my towels over my arm, my soap in my hand, and we began the long trek, finally finding the bathtub neatly housed in a cubbyhole just outside the room where the men were drinking and playing games. This was my first introduction to the tin tub with a sheet spread over it. I do not know why that sheet filled me with such misgivings; but though I was to meet it in many, many places throughout Europe afterward, I always had a squeamish feeling as I got in, expecting surely that there must be bugs beneath it which would squish unpleasantly under my feet.

The maid meanwhile returned to tidy up our rooms and remarked to Mlle. Souvestre, "*Que ces Anglais doivent-êre sales; ils ont toujours besoin de se baigner.*" (How dirty these English must be; they always have to bathe.) When I finally returned I found Mlle. Souvestre much amused and waiting gleefully to tell me this story. She added that she did not explain that I was not English.

In the afternoon we walked upon the *quai*; we looked at all the boats that came from foreign ports, saw some of the small fishing boats with their colored sails, went up to a little church where offerings were made to the Blessed Virgin for the preservation of those at sea. There is a shrine in this church where people have prayed for the granting of some particular wish; the crippled have hung their crutches there and people have made offerings of gold and silver and jewels.

WE ENDED up by dining in a café overlooking the Mediterranean and ate the dish for which Marseille is famous—bouillabaisse, a kind of soup in which every possible kind of fish which can be found in near-by waters is used. With it we had the ordinary *vin rouge du Pays*, because Mlle. Souvestre still believed in the theory that water being uncertain, wine was better and safer to drink, and if you diluted it with water, in some way the germs were killed by the wine. I accepted this theory, and whether it is true or not, I never had any ill effects

from my mixture of *vin du Pays* and water. We finished with Gruyère cheese and bread and coffee. Mlle. Souvestre would sometimes take other kinds of cheese, native to the country we were in; but to my uneducated palate Gruyère was the only kind I dared to try.

The next day we started our trip along the shores of the Mediterranean. I wanted to get out at almost every place the name of which was familiar to me, but our destination was Pisa and it never occurred to me, the child of regular trips from New York to Tivoli and back, that one could change one's plans en route.

SUDDENLY, toward evening, the guard called out, "Alassio." Mlle. Souvestre was galvanized into action; breathlessly she leaned out of the window and said, "I am going to get off." Directing me to get the bags which were stored on the rack over our heads, we simply fell off onto the platform, bag and baggage, just before the train started on its way. I was aghast, for my grandmother—who was far from Mlle. Souvestre's seventy years, though I did not realize it then—would never have thought of changing her plans once she was on the train. But here we stood, our trunks going on in the luggage van and we without rooms and, so far as I knew, in a strange place and with no real reason for the sudden whim.

When we recovered our breath, Mlle. Souvestre said, "My friend, Mrs. Humphry Ward, lives here, and I decided that I would like to see her; besides, the Mediterranean is a very lovely blue at night and the sky with the stars coming out is nice to watch from the beach." I was thrilled!

Alas, we found that Mrs. Ward was away and the older hotel of the place was crowded, so we had to take rooms in the new hotel. The proprietor had only just moved in—the walls were still damp—but he gave us an omelet for supper and was as amiable as a French hotelkeeper is when he knows that he is going to be unable to make you comfortable but still wants you to stay. We spent a wonderful hour down on the beach watching the sky and sea, and though Mlle. Souvestre had a cold the next day as a result of sleeping in a damp room, she did not regret her hasty decision and I had learned a valuable lesson. Never again would I be the rigid little person I had been theretofore.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Roosevelt. The next will appear in the July Journal.

## This is the Town

(Continued from Page 19)

"Maybe you love her."

"No." Ted shook his head. "It couldn't be love. I've known her too long. I've known her since we made mud pies. She gave me measles." He said, "You don't look like the kind of a girl who would give a man measles."

"I never have," she smiled. "Mumps, yes; measles, no."

He was silent for a minute or two, then he asked, "And how are you going to support yourself in New York?"

"Since I left you at Penn Station, I've gotten a job. I'll start supporting myself on that. All right?"

He stared at her. "People don't get jobs as quickly as that in this town."

"Oh, yes. This kind of a job."

"What kind?"

"I am to teach little three-year-old children how to play from nine to twelve at the Mathis Play School."

"Don't they know how to play?"

"Not any more." She shook her head. "Children born these days have to be taught how. Children of one play level should not play with children of another play level. Didn't you know that? It's in a book."

"I'm afraid not. Not even now. I was turned out in the back yard to learn all by myself. How'd you come by all this specialized knowledge?"

"Painlessly. My roommate took the course in college. My roommate runs the school. It's very Park Avenue. Helena Cort. She's wanted me to come up and join her teaching staff for months. She's making a lot of money. Everyone sends children to her. Nobody ever thinks of bringing up their own children any more. They let Helena do it for them."

Ted shook his head. "Not for you—schoolteaching. It doesn't fit somehow—

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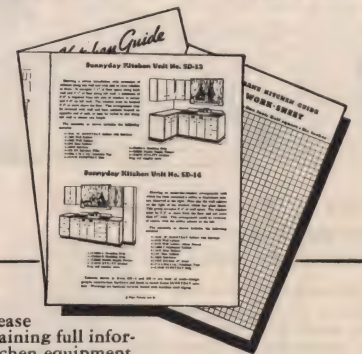
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a green smock and a forced smile for other people's screaming brats."

"It will have to fit—for a while."

"No. You don't even talk about it convincingly. That isn't what you want, Happy Shannon. You're making a mistake there. You've got to have more gristle to your meat than schoolteaching will give you—something to chew on."

She said, "I have. Much more. But that takes time."

"What takes time?"

"Getting my other job."

"What other job?"

"My real job. What I prepared for."

"I have an awful feeling that this is going to be something terrible," he said. "You have a glint in your eye."

She said, "I want to work with Doctor Bascom. I started years ago with Poofoo. Poofoo knows Doctor Bascom well. It was arranged that I was to go on the staff when I got out of college, but Doctor Bascom went to Africa —"

"The staff of what?"

"The laboratory staff. I took cats apart in college."

"Test tubes and smells?"

"Test tubes—and smells," she said.

"But I don't like that," he told her.

"Who is Doctor Bascom?"

"Dorothy Bascom."

"The gods deliver us—a woman doctor?"

SHE said, "Do you realize what it means to be taken on the Bascom staff—even on probation?"

"Yes," he said. "It means yellow stains on your fingers—and —"

"We won't talk about it, then." She smiled. "What do you do?"

He said, "Don't look now, but I think I write plays."

"What kind of plays?"

He said, "Lousy plays with Bel Geddes sets that run two years."

"Oh."

"Now don't be that way," he said. "It's art if they run two years."

The cab pulled up in front of the flamboyant and garish apartment house that Rita Surtee lived in because she owned the land it was built on—and wouldn't move off it for fear of breaking her luck.

The place was jammed. They forced in and pushed through a political argument to Rita.

Ted cupped his hands and shouted, "Happy Shannon!" into Rita's ear. He left them together and went on through to the front rooms. Rita took Happy's hand and went the rounds with her.

Cook's Night Out at Rita Surtee's. Rita living in the washed-up jetsam of her past like a fine old Gascony poignard on the wall of a New England fisherman's cottage. As foreign to the day we live in as a white-sapphire stock buckle. From her Italy of the seventies, a triptych here—a crucifix above her lonely bed—a carven table black with age and worn with the passing of a million Capuchin soup bowls. An Italy of youth and love and young lieutenants. A golden clock. Peshawar teak. The footmen's stools from Ayr. The traveling pistols of a royal pretender.

HER Thursday-night people came and went, scrambling their own eggs, bandying their talk, rattling the piano keys. The last mad salon in New York. A fat young singer from the Juilliard Foundation, living on hope. A Bavarian *Freiherr*—washing dishes at Childs the while he learned English. Bill Dunstan, with a girl from Detroit with four millions and no sense. Ogden Keen miserable when the singer thanked him gravely for his Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple*. A Japanese undergraduate with an allowance of two thousand dollars a month.

John Bayliss MacIntyre making an omelet and looking quite benign and unjudicial with his coat off and an apron tied to his galluses. Le Compte Drysdale at the piano playing with soft fingers. A Parsi talking yoga to a Jewess from Irving Place. The swimming instructor from the Hotel St. Denis showing Pamela Davis a trick with a knife. Barry Dunne reading Stroud's *Slave Laws*, flat on his back on Rita's black-silk bed with the heels of his shoes carefully placed on two sheets of her crested-vellum note paper.

He said, "Rita, I've meant to speak about your note paper for years. You've got to stop having it crested. I know it's your crest, but nobody else will if you keep using it on note paper."

"Barry—this is Happy Shannon."

HE RAISED his head. "The gods are kind! I come here once a year. I came tonight to mope because you ran down my fire escape three hours ago, leaving no address. And I find you here. Rita"—Barry raised up on his elbows—"you are magnificent. You are a lodestone. To know you is to know everyone else worth knowing."

Rita said to Happy, "You must not believe anything that Barry ever says to you. It offends him if you do. He lies so beautifully that he feels that everyone should appreciate his lying from an artistic standpoint." Rita is seventy-four years old and wears purple.

Barry said, "Rita, if I were a young man I should accept the challenge."

Rita said, "Miss Shannon—the fire escape is outside that second window," and she left them.

Happy touched her lips and smoothed back her hair at the mirrors over the dressing table. The room was choked with coats and hats.

Barry swung his feet to the floor. He pulled down the points of his waistcoat and buttoned his jacket across his flat waist. He put Stroud upon the night table.

"Do you know how glad I am to see you again?" he asked her.

She smiled. "No. How glad?"

"Terribly so. I have thought of practically nothing else all evening."

She said, "I'm sorry I left your place so abruptly. It seemed to be the thing to do at the moment. You were nice to cover me."

"Carter Newhall is strenuous."

"Yes," she said.

"How long do you think you will be able to keep him from finding you?"

"I HAVEN'T thought. With Carter you just avoid the present encounter—that's all. The future is too much of a gamble, always, to dwell on."

Barry smiled. "When am I to see you dance?"

"You aren't," she said evenly.

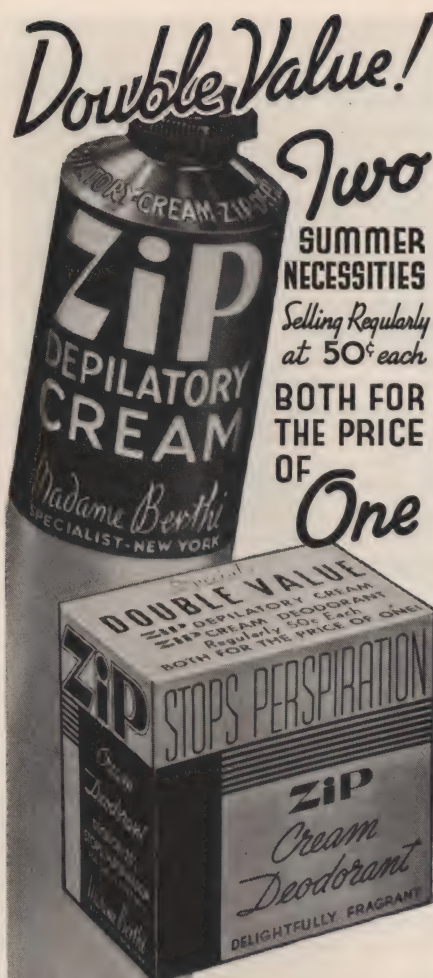
"Is that kind?"

"It's not meant to be unkind," she told him. "I have danced all my life, but not professionally. So it would be useless to try me professionally."

"No"—he shook his head—"that is not so. It would be foolish not to."

She smiled. "At any rate—we shan't try me."

He raised his hands and nodded slightly. Handsome, Barry Dunne, with the light on his smooth hair and the shadows painting deep strength into the lines of his face. He stood there before her, not a tall man, but with an infinite sense of power in the quietness of him. He burned there, perhaps, with one quick upswirl, like a dark flame. There was strength in him, the strength of whips—strength for the long pull, for the continued pressure of life that kills heroes, strength that no sudden snap



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will break and no long tension will pull apart. He smiled and he was suddenly very young in Happy's eyes—and as harmless as Charlie MacKay.

They went through to the kitchen. Barry pointed to the table and spread a napkin. "I will scramble the eggs." She sat on the table. He dropped Worcestershire sauce into the bowl—four drops. He grated a heel of dry Gorgonzola and whipped it up with the eggs. He mixed them slowly and laced them with paprika and onion salt.

"What else goes into it?"

"Almost anything. Chives, if we had them—chopped anchovies or very finely diced salami —"

She laughed.

He looked at her. "There's something infinitely comfortable about you and there shouldn't be. If I were a writer, I'd have you tawny. But you aren't tawny. Tigresses are tawny—but not you. You're kindly. Forgive me—but you are lovely. I say that humbly. And I know why it is so. You can work—you can work desperately hard —"

"How do you know?"

"In your eyes." He began to whip the eggs faster. "The capacity for work leaves a decided mark on a worker—like a wound stripe. You've got it. You're slightly roughed. People who don't work are smooth. I'm roughed. I work hard."

"I know you do."

"No, you don't at all." He whipped viciously at the eggs. "As a matter of fact, I don't work. If I did I wouldn't talk about it. I think I work—that's my trouble—whereas really I'm one of those poor clever devils who get flashes that come out automatically."

"It's the same thing, isn't it?"

"No"—he shook his head—"unfortunately, it isn't. It leads you a life of misery. When they don't come, you're sunk—for days. Perhaps months."

"What then?"

He smiled. "Diversions."

"You're rather nice, Barry." She looked at him. "That 'Barry' was quite involuntary," she said. "It just happened."

"Please don't let it stop and don't tell me I'm nice, for I am consciously trying to be nice to you. It's a pose. In reality, I'm a consummate swine."

"I don't think so. I think you'd really like to be quite a different person from the one you pretend to be."

He put both hands to the sides of his head. "Don't say things like that!"

"But why not? You're frightfully straight-line underneath—for all your desperate importance—straight-line and rather sweetly gentle, aren't you?"

"In the name of Sakyamuni—if that's overheard I'm ruined professionally. Do you know that Ogden Keen is outside? Ogden Keen hears around corners."

"They don't let you crawl away into your cave—do they?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're always Barry Dunne. You're still young enough to like being Barry Dunne, so you expose yourself to it and let them work on you on the strength of it, when you are bored."

"Happy—will you stop?"

"No, because for some reason I feel rather bad about you tonight. I shall forget all about you in a few hours. You don't mind my talking to you this way?"

He grinned and raised each of her hands to his lips. "Go on, fair person."

"But you mustn't do that to me—you do that to other women. You do it nicely too—but you mustn't do it to me." She took her hands from his.

He nodded gravely. "Forgive me—I mustn't."

"Other women have worked on you, haven't they? They have done wrong things to you?"

"I suppose they have."

She leaned toward him. "And they haven't done you any good?"

"Some of them have."

"Oh, but they shouldn't have—you shouldn't have let them, Barry—because it was easy to let them. And you shouldn't do easy things."

"Not vicious," he said, "just weak."

She shook her head.

He looked at her for a long moment, then he said, "Happy, I'm going to do something inexcusably childish—you're making me do it." He held out his hand and she took it. "Happy," he said, "I'm going to tell you something and I want you to believe that it comes from inside me—quite involuntarily. Happy, I'm going to—marry you."

HE STOOD very still above her, looking down at the back of her hand as it lay in his, then quite abruptly he let it go and walked out of the kitchen. For a moment she sat there on the table, staring at the back of her own hand. She knew that he had gone out and that he would not come back. Something had happened behind his eyes suddenly and he was quite powerless to face it. She felt the hurt of it in him; and because she felt it she dare not move for a moment. There is a time in every life when the road of its running divides and the choice must be made at the crossroads. One branch is right and the other is wrong. One leads on into the journey, but the other, if you take it, keeps branching forever, right and left, rambling to no definite end, just going on. She closed her eyes very tightly against the thought of what Barry must have found in his own mind to make him turn from her and walk out of the kitchen.

When she opened her eyes, Ted Dreher was in the doorway, smiling. He crossed to the bowl of whipped eggs and picked it up delicately between both his hands. He raised the lip of the bowl to just below his nose and passed it back and forth gently for bouquet.

"Barry Dunne," he said, and he poured the contents of the bowl into the kitchen sink.

"What shall we have for dinner, then?" she asked him.

"Baked clams," he told her.

"There aren't any."

"THAT is defeatism," he said. "You aren't the kind of a person who sits down and writes letters to congressmen when there aren't any baked clams, are you?"

"I don't know any congressmen."

"But you like baked clams?"

"I adore baked clams."

He held out his hand for hers and helped her off the table. "Good," he said.

"We go to Mike Cassidy."

"Who is Mike Cassidy?"

"Mike Cassidy," he said, "is the only other honest person in New York."

"Who is the first?"

"You," he said.

"Isn't there a law against there being two honest people in New York at one time?"

"Definitely," he said, "but you've broken it. You got Barry Dunne to the point of arranging to have O'Gorman see you dance—and then you backed down."

"After all, I'm just a young girl avoiding pitfalls," she said.

"A Barry Dunne fix with O'Gorman is not a pitfall—it's a crevasse."

They eased out of Rita Surtee's. The hall was full of people talking. The piano was heaped high with people singing. The air was thick with smoke and perfume.

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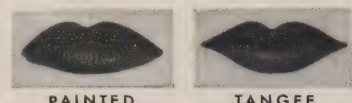
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They cabbed downtown under elevated-railroad webs, under bridge arches and through the long noisome canyons of the East Side. Kids screamed at the cabs passing. Lights blinked red and green. Other cabs missed them by inches.

When they finally stopped Ted got out and handed Happy out and paid the man. They were at Fulton Street and the East River, with Sweet's Restaurant across the way. Ted stood above her, looking down, smiling, his hands stuck in his jacket pockets, holding the skirts of it off his lean flanks.

"Now look," he said. "For this you ought to have long white gloves and a feather stuck in your hair."

"What are we going to do, play cowboys and Indians?"

"No." He shook his head. "We are going to meet royalty. In the Cassidy's there flows the blood of Irish kings. It was a Cassidy who cut off St. Patrick's head on the north bank when he dove in to swim the Liffey, and it was a Cassidy who sewed it on again when he waded out on the south bank. Do you understand?"

She said, "North bank. South bank. Head off. Head on again?"

"That's right. Bear it in mind—always."

THEY were walking out onto the New York Oyster Company's pier. The Sally G was tied up alongside, breathing in her own rich, fishy aroma. Across the way, the million buildings that are Brooklyn flowed smoothly into one solid wall with lighted windows punched through viciously, in long, straight rows like the sharply cut holes a tommy gun drives into sheet metal. A tug dug a deep cough out of its belly and tossed it across to them.

To Happy, the pier was like a broad avenue leading out into the black tide that sucked by it on both sides—an avenue that for a moment ended all living, as an island ends all living, as a mood does.

There was a small hut at the end that the Cassidy's lived in. Mike was the pier caretaker.

Tom Cassidy stood in the hut doorway strumming a guitar, his finely cut head thrown back, sniffing the river air. The notes that he strummed had no melody but there was a somber rhythm—a night rhythm to them and a subtle harmony.

Happy stopped. "I don't believe it," she whispered to Ted, beside her. "His head is like a king's head—a Roman emperor's."

"There's a bust of him in the Metropolitan Museum," Ted said. "I took him up and showed it to him once. He looked at it and he said that it must be some foreign relation way back. It was the Emperor Caracalla."

Tom Cassidy stopped his strumming. "Tis Mr. Dreher," he said.

"The same," Ted said, "devil take 'im."

"ME BROTHER Michael has gone to a wake in Stapleton," Cassidy said. "Tis me brother Michael's house, miss."

"Happy Shannon," Ted told him.

"Happy, this is Tom Cassidy."

"How do you do, Tom Cassidy?"

"Tis a gude name," Tom said.

"Shannon. A proud name. I do fine."

"Tom," Ted told her, "is a detective. He finds missing people."

Tom nodded.

"Where do you find them?" Happy asked him.

He strummed for a moment on the guitar, running little rivulets of harmony into the night, flowing them together into a broad stream that dripped and splashed pleasantly into the soft whispering of the river below them.

"In the morgue and in jail and in the hospitals," he said. "In Buffalo and in Coney Island and in this river here. There's no tellin' where you'll find missing persons if you have the patience to look. And it takes patience, it does."

"It must be awfully hard work."

"Tis not at all," said Tom. "Tis a matter of strict routine."

"But it can't be," Happy said.

"Would you be telling 240 Centre Street how to do its work?" Cassidy asked her.

"What's 240 Centre Street?"

"WHEN I left it at five o'clock"—he strummed on—"twas still police headquarters, if it's all right with you."

"Well, how do you find missing people? Tell me that."

"First," said Tom then, "you fill out D. D. 13, which is a paper of description. Only it niver is because no one in this world knows how anyone else looks, least of all members of his own family."

"What then?" Happy asked him.

"Then," Tom said, "the description goes out on the teletype and a Missing Persons Bureau detective starts to check up the description and the private life of the missing person."

"How?"

"With the family, when they calm down—with dentists and doctors—with friends who know the personal habits of life, love and the pursuit of happiness."

"What then?"

"While that goes on," said Tom, "the clerks at the bureau start checking from the date of disappearance, forward to the present date. They check all arrests by the police and all people admitted to hospitals by name and by the description in case they give an assumed name. They check unidentified dead, and if they don't locate their man, out goes an eight-state alarm. That usually does it."

"And you don't use a false mustache or a magnifying glass—or bloodhounds?"

"Is it the police we're talking about, or Uncle Tom's Cabin?" Tom asked her. "What do you do?"

"She's a woman of infinite promise," Ted Dreher said. "Can we bake clams?"

"YE CAN bake clams, Mr. Dreher." Tom Cassidy put his guitar against the side of the hut. He smiled at Happy Shannon. "The man eats nothing but clams," he told her. "Tis part pelican he is."

Ted laughed. He was standing with his back to the hut, his head tilted back, smoking and staring upward at the last faint wash of blue that cut the sky above. There was something solid about him, Happy was thinking, warm and alive and capable. A kind man, Ted Dreher—kind, with a deep fineness.

Tom Cassidy brought out a basket of clams and sat down to them and to his great iron pan with his broad-bladed knife open and his fingers leaping in the lantern light. He can open clams faster than any other living human. He opened four dozen. He chopped garlic and made his paste of mashed capers and parsley and fresh ground pepper. He cut tiny cubes of Irish bacon and dusted them with thyme. He stuffed his clams and salted them with celery salt and with a faint droplet of tabasco and he put them on to slow bake in their own shells.

And while the clams baked, Cassidy took his guitar again and brought music down to them out of the night. That's what he did do. He didn't make it; he called for it on the guitar and it came down to him from the stars above and hung just over their heads with the soul melancholy of old peoples and old places. There was depth to it and fire and the heavy feel of living. It sang in their



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hearts and called back the racing feet of memory until the whole meaning of things was alive.

Happy got up from the bench and stood in front of Cassidy, leaning slightly toward him. "Look—would you understand it, Cassidy?" She stood back from the man and his guitar and swept both her arms out to the darkness above—to the million lighted windows in the great stone walls that hemmed in the black flow of the river and the three of them there alone on the pierhead. "It's a pit, Cassidy—a deep pit under the walls of a million splendid castles. A pit with a black river running through it to take us away forever. To take us from light and life—from love and warmth and music. Would you understand it, Cassidy?"

Ted Dreher straightened up and stared at her across the darkness. His cigarette snapped from his thumb and finger and rose over the pierhead in a thin arc of fire that disappeared below the stringpiece.

IN A LOW voice Cassidy said, "In Armagh I have seen an old tower that the Spaniards built, with black swans in a silver pool below it, and red poppies like wet blood all around as far as the eye could see—"

"Play," Happy said, "play me this."

"'Twill be Irish music"—Cassidy spoke softly—"wild music that no man has written. Will you understand?"

"Will I not? Play it."

Her feet were moving now, slowly, easily, on the rough timbers and she was leaning toward the two men, her arms loose suddenly at the shoulder and the droop of mad despair in the whole movement of her. And Cassidy played; and it was no longer a guitar across his knees—it was voices that echoed under the low skies of Donegal when the winds blow down from the darkened Pole. It was screaming in fear and in death and in the agony of all memory. It was the choked cry of dishonor and of pain and the whimpering of children lost in darkness. She danced it—all of it together—in the darkness there before them, faint light catching the blue whiteness of her face, the flash of her gun-metal slippers, the whip of her dress in the river's breath. Slowly she danced it, her arms held out to them in hopelessness, her arms thrust to the stars, her arms flung outward to the bosom of the tide that souged against the old pilings below. Slowly and endlessly she turned, from them and toward them, begging them, pleading and crying out to the silences with no noise from her lips. And the music cried with her, wept for the desperation of all living—for the finality of all death. Then it stopped. And far across the pierhead from them she stopped with it in the shadows, until for a moment it was as if she had dropped suddenly into the river and gone out on the tide.

THEN Ted was going toward her with long steps, his hand held out to lift her up. What he did was done suddenly, without any thought. Her hands were in his hands and her head was thrown backward as she came up with the quick lift he gave her from his elbows. Then his hands were on her upper arms and in that moment he leaned quickly toward her and kissed her half-opened mouth, and her lips were soft against his lips for a brief moment and infinitely lovely.

"'Tis grand," Cassidy boomed across to them from his chair against the hut. "Bravo—bravo."

Happy went over to him and stood in front of him, her hands on her hips, laughing.

"'Tis a grand dancer you are," said Cassidy, "a grand dancer."

"Well," she said, "if I ever turn up missing, you'll know me now; won't you?"

"I'll know you." Cassidy nodded. "Happy Shannon, who can dance black swans in silver pools. Last seen with Mr. Theodore Curtis Dreher, III, of No. 12 Sutton Mews."

"Dinner!" Ted Dreher said. "I'm starved."

Much later that night they were snorting up Fifth Avenue in an open-top cab, leaning back in it, hand in hand, the wind on their faces.

THE high spire of the Empire State shot up ahead of them into the metallic blue of the night sky. Ted put two dollars and twenty cents on the line and they allowed themselves to be whisked up on top.

That is breathlessness, late in the evening, breathlessness and quick relief from all that New York is. It is spiritual, almost, where the mood is right for it. When you come out on the terrace with the Atlantic winds in your face and the warm land winds on the back of your neck, there is no real world left. The faint echo of what it once was lies below in long streaks of light, but there is no reality to it. For miles it rolls away from you until it is lost completely in the horizon clouds; and with its going, the cord is severed and you are no longer earthbound. That's it, perhaps, freedom. For a dollar and ten cents apiece you can buy a temporary soul freedom that all the farmers at Lexington couldn't take with musketry fire. That's what we have lived for as a nation. The Empire State Building. The ten cents is amusement tax.

"But don't you see what this is?" Happy pointed to the far tracery of lights below them—so far below them that the traffic noises were lost in distance. "This is the other dance!"

"I don't get it."

"The other one." She turned toward him. "The heights—wind in the stars—life once more."

"Shall we go back and get Cassidy and his guitar?"

"I believe you would," she told him.

"Of course I would. There is only one moment you live in in this world—this moment. And there is only one way to enjoy it. Do with it as you please."

"Do you believe that?"

"Not entirely." He smiled. "It seemed like a good thing to say at the moment. It has a ring to it. I use things like that in my business." He put his hand on her arm. "I want to tell you something quite serious, Happy Shannon. Will you believe me?"

"I'll try."

Ted said, "Happy, you have the hot breath of fame in you. It breathes in your spirit. Fame is a fire, Happy. Do you want it? It starts from a tiny spark in your soul, but the flame of it can consume all your happiness if you let it. Is it worth the risk?"

"I don't know." She shook her head, looking at him. "Does it have to?"

"Most always," he told her solemnly. "Whether you want it to or not."

She said, "That is rather frightening."

"Yes"—he nodded—"it is—until you face it. And you will face it. You aren't a schoolteacher or a laboratory man, Happy. You're a dancer. You'll have to face it someday—so face it now and get it over with."

"No." She shook her head. "That isn't so. That's just something that happened to me—dancing."

"You're wrong. It happened because you were the person for it to happen to. There's no escape from it."



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"I don't want to escape," she laughed. "I'll want to dance—always."

"Not for yourself. You can't do that with dancing. Dancing is for other people. Do it for other people, Happy—as you did it for Cassidy and me tonight."

"You mean professionally?"

"The only healthy endeavor is professional endeavor. You've got to make money with any art—to learn it."

She looked at him. She said, "I want to—why lie? I want to desperately, but I don't dare, Ted."

"Why not?"

She shook her head. "I could tell you it was because of Poofoo—but it isn't. It's because I couldn't bear to fail."

He took her hands in his. "Happy," he said, "you won't fail—you know that. That's your real fear—knowing that you won't fail, that you'll have to go on, always. Isn't that so?"

She looked at him without speaking, still with her hands in his. They were very close together in an angle of the parapet next to a telescope mount. Behind them in the restaurant were people from Fort Wayne and Managua and Marseille—eating ice cream.

"Happy"—his voice was soft—"you needn't worry about my kissing you again—for I shan't. Good night."

THEY left the wind in the stars and the high majesty of the upper reaches and shot downward once more into mortality, the echo of their fall from grace ringing in their heads as the pressure of the lower air piled up against their eardrums.

He cabbied her back to Helena Cort's at 220 Park and left her. Inside, in the tiny foyer of Helena's apartment, Happy stood very still for a moment. She looked at her hands, holding them out in front of her in their tight black gloves, backs upward. She looked down at her slender feet side by side in the nap of Helena's Bokhara. "Of all the very crazy people in the world," she told herself, "you have the craziest prospects." She closed her eyes tightly in a brief little urge to the god she worshiped, which was a compound of Poofoo and a vague white-bearded gentleman they had handed out to her years ago in Sunday school. But there was no urge in her. Instead, there was a face in her closed eyes. It hung there, tongue in cheek, smiling. She looked at it coolly.

"My name is Dreher."

"What if your name is Dreher?"

"Well, my hands are sunburned on the backs—sunburned red, and there is a soft golden down over the burn."

"What of it, Dreher?"

"I just thought I'd mention it, that's all. I smell sort of clean and tweedy and tobaccoey and I don't really care that—snap—about any girl. Not even you, Shannon. But you're amusing, you are—you're slightly different. Not much, just slightly. You stand with your feet firmly planted and look a man back in the eyes and talk him down when the mood is on you. You and I might be the same kind of people, Shannon, if we tried to find out."

"No, thanks, Dreher, I'm busy—I'm here in New York to work."

"All right. Some other Whatsuntide."

Then quite suddenly Ted was gone and there was another face where his had been. Not clearly outlined—shadow-washed. But the eyes were clear and they were Barry's eyes. They looked at her steadily, but there was pain in them and she couldn't look back at that pain. Only for a moment—and they were gone too.

#### IV

IT was well on toward midnight, but there was no sleep left in Ted Dreher. He paid off his cab and walked up to

Fifty-seventh and all the way east to Sutton Place. A sliver of dying moon hung over the darkness of Blackwells Island, silverying the endless flow of water and the windows of the stone buildings that huddled together like old women in dirty dresses. The green blinker on that rock that juts out about three hundred yards south of the island, winked in spaced rhythm. Winked and went out. Winked and went out.

The breath of night sighed in the gutters of Sutton Mews and brought a corded whirl of smoke from a brazier on the rock spit beyond Ted's house. It was thick with wood smoke and the heavy, baked smell of forgotten mickies. It made him hungry suddenly. Violently hungry.

HE WENT up the four stone steps to his entrance, pulling out his keys. Two feet, crossed at the ankles, protruded from the open vestibule. Inside on the floor, with his back against the front door and his battered felt hat pulled down over his face, Charlie MacKay sat. His hands were in his coat pockets. His collar was up and his chin sunk deeply into it. He was sound asleep, snoring through a dead cigarette that stuck to his upper lip.

Dreher lifted both his feet and dragged him out into the air.

Charlie said, "Just a moment. Are you allowed to do this sort of thing?"

"Have you got a home?"

"Somewhere." Charlie reached into his pockets and opened his eyes. "What have I done with it, do you suppose?"

"You'll get soft spots under your arms, sleeping in doorways."

Charlie said, "Miss Buttonhagen, bring me the Dreher file." He touched a match to his dead cigarette and drew in his feet. He pushed his hat on the back of his head and looked up from his seat on the cool stone doorstep. "Look," he said, "do you know of any way to get in touch with this girl, Happy Shannon, that you run down fire escapes with? Do you?"

"Why?"

"You might do her a big favor," Charlie told him.

"How?"

"THIS Carter Newhall is poison. I've had him on my hands all evening. That boy is going to find her if he breaks New York in half. He has turned the case over to Missing Persons."

Ted Dreher stared at him. "He can't do that," he said. "The fool!"

"Why can't he? Anyone can. All you need is for somebody to be missing."

"It's a horrible thing for Newhall to do," Ted said. "She's not missing. But it will scare her. They're bound to turn her up. Why, she was talking to a Missing Persons dick a couple of hours ago. For a gag, she gave him full details in case she ever did turn up missing."

Charlie said, "Barry Dunne called Inspector Doyle when Carter told him what he had done. He knows Doyle and he asked Doyle to soft-pedal it if he could. That'll help some. But it'll help more if you'll tell me where she is."

"Why?"

Charlie said, "Will you get it through your head that there is a million dollars in that girl? I took her to Jack Durando's this afternoon—and he saw it. He near went noots when I told him I was going to have O'Gorman check on her. He wanted it all for himself. God. We're offering her a fortune!"

"Charlie," Ted said, "I don't like the odds you people have chalked against this girl in the time trials. They smell slightly."

"Don't get me wrong," Charlie told him. "My soul's in this. That girl has

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something that you don't realize till you see it. It was all luck—meeting her. I never go wrong on hunches. I got it straight out of the air and I played it all the way through. I've seen her dance, don't forget, and I've seen Jack Durando's reaction to her dancing. I want this girl for Rafkin—there's a million dollars in her."

Charlie's hat was slammed down on the back of his head, the brim of it turned up in front and down in back, his hands thrust into the pockets of his top-coat, the second button of it buttoned into the top buttonhole. He puffed out his pink cheeks.

Ted snorted. "You want her for Rafkin—the Newhall lad wants to spank her for leaving Maryland—and Barry Dunne is swinging into the Paris-in-the-springtime routine."

"By George!" Charlie stepped back and snapped his fingers. He can snap his fingers so loudly that it sounds like a stick breaking. Ted Dreher jumped. Charlie beamed.

"That's exactly it," he said. "Barry Dunne doesn't quite realize it yet, but he is in love with her. Broadway and show business will be at a standstill from now on. That's why he's stalling Carter Newhall. That's why he soft-pedaled Inspector Doyle."

"I'm going to bed," Dreher told him. "Good night."

Charlie MacKay grabbed Ted's arm. "Wait—you don't believe it? When I left the flat to come here, Mr. Dunne was calling up Peggy Nash for Carter. They're going to El Morocco."

"There is nothing strange in that," Ted said. "Peggy Nash boards there."

"Wait!" Charlie held up his hand. "After he called Peggy Nash, he began to create breakfasts."

"What do you mean, he began to create breakfasts?"

"That's a sure sign."

"Are you mad?"

"Certainly I'm mad. I've the papers to prove it too. That's more than you have. I'll show them to you."

"Who began to create breakfasts?"

"MR. DUNNE did. When he creates breakfasts, it's a sure sign that he's in love. I've known him for years. It never fails. He was writing them, casting them, designing sets for them and producing breakfasts. . . . Champagne"—Charlie's voice became almost ecclesiastical—"chilled and poured over fresh quartered peaches. Strawberries and frozen prawn. Escargots and iced Liebfraumilch with Vichy water. Terraces sloping to the sea with Javanese serving maids in gay sarongs and bare feet. The morning sun over the hills of Fiesole. Glasses of green crystal—and a jade bowl filled with rose water and petals of the cherry blossom —"

"That isn't a breakfast—that's a vice."

"The principle is the same," Charlie said. "Barry Dunne is in love."

"Well, good night."

Charlie grabbed Ted's arms. "Association with Barry won't do that youngster any good. She can hit the dance racket straight without help, and I'm going to see that she does. If Barry backs her in any way, it'll look like all the other ones he's backed—phony."

"Look, Charlie. She is white, free and twenty-one. Go home to bed."

One side of Ted Dreher's house is right on the East River. There is a window seat cut high up into the wall of his living room, with bookshelves and bowed mullioned windows that give out onto that rock spit where the galvanized-iron-pail brazier still glowed. The light of it gilded the lead of the windows until it ran molten gold and dripped down across the small panes of glass.

The room is blue and oak and old leather and bronze. Seven glass doors give out of the far end of it into a garden. There is a pool there with lily pads and a slim fluted pilaster beyond it with Silenus on top waving his arms and singing his drunken song.

There is crystal in the room, and the soft ring of heavy silver. There is a sword resting from ancient battles and two pistols with carved stocks of ebony and chased steel. And above the fireplace there is De Vold's Lola Montez smiling quite faithfully down at anyone who cares to smile up at her—waiting there, perhaps, for Joaquin Murietta.

It is a most pleasant room, hanging in a vaporized elixir of tobacco and amontillado, pencil shavings, tweeds and old wood ash, but it might just as well

have been a fourth-floor rear on Prince Street to Dreher, with dirty yellow walls and a cobwebbed window.

He stood in the middle of it looking out through the back doors to the garden, running his fingers idly through his sandy hair. There was a restlessness on him that was like a dog snarling at his heels.

He climbed up on the window seat and lay flat. Outside of the windows, the fire danced in the brazier and flung shadows up into the night like the ragged shawls of old beggar women, torn by strong winds.

The telephone rang and he climbed down again to answer it. It spoke to him with Peggy Nash's voice.

"Theodore—where have you been?"

"Don't call me Theodore. Where are you?"

"I'm at El Moroc and you've got to come right over here at once."

"Why?"

"Because I'm in trouble."

"Look here, Peggy—for heaven's sake be a little more explicit, can't you?"

"How can I in a telephone booth?"

"Who's with you?"

"In the booth? How can anyone be with you in a telephone booth?"

"Not in the booth, idiot—at El Morocco?"

"A lot of people, and you've got to come right over and take care of me." The telephone clicked off.

(To be Continued)

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*Try the colorful, tasty dishes illustrated on this page*

(TOP)—To dress up the fish platter, at the same time adding appetizing color and flavor, serve Sliced Pineapple—either broiled, baked or fried—with salmon, cod, halibut, haddock or sole, whatever fish you prefer. Serve with stuffed baked potatoes and buttered broccoli or spinach. Because of its nutritional value, the Pineapple can replace one vegetable or a salad.

(CENTER)—Equal parts of Pineapple—either Tidbits or cut-up Slices—with shrimp, tuna or salmon and diced celery, all thoroughly mixed with mayonnaise, makes a colorful, interestingly-flavored and wholesome salad. Split lengthwise the tops of long, soft rolls; spread apart and fill with the salad mixture. It's a combination that will win applause whenever you serve it.

(LOWER)—Mix together 2 cups shredded carrots, parboiled, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1½ cups cooked rice, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 egg well beaten, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, 1 cup grated American cheese. Place in buttered baking dish, cover with slightly drained Crushed Pineapple, strip with pimiento. Bake in moderate oven (350°) ½ hr. Serves 6.



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PINEAPPLE**

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## BEGINNER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 40)

thin slivers. It really takes less time to do than it does to tell you about it. Sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar. If you wish, you may slip a few orange sections in the center. Put the wedges in a shallow pan, cover with waxed paper, and store in the refrigerator to chill and "season" until serving time.

**EVERY** woman judges another's cooking ability by her piecrust. You'll be on your mettle that night, so I suggest you make the pie once before the great day arrives. Some of the prepared mixes are excellent deceivers too. Unless you have time to practice making piecrust several times before the great day arrives, I suggest you use one of the good prepared piecrust mixes that can be purchased in your grocery store. Follow directions on the package.

But if you have a desire to make the piecrust yourself, it really isn't so difficult to make. Usually the trouble lies in getting too much or not enough water in the dough, but by using an exact quantity you are more likely to turn out the perfect pie. If you have the courage, try your hand with this recipe.

**Lemon-Chiffon Pie.** CRUST: Sift and measure  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of flour. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of salt and cut in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of shortening with a fork or pastry blender until the pieces are about the size of a pea. Add 2 tablespoons of ice water a little at a time, mixing only enough to make the dough hold together. Shape the dough into a round ball, pat out flat on slightly floured board or pastry cloth, pinching the edges together if they crack. Roll out very thinly, using a light springy touch. Never put all your weight on the rolling pin. (If pastry should ever stick, loosen it with a spatula and dust the board again lightly with flour.) Fit into a pie plate that measures six inches at the base. Trim off the excess crust, crimp the edges of the crust with your thumb and forefinger. Prick the crust well all over with a fork. Bake in a hot oven—450° F.—for fifteen minutes. If you ever want to make a two-crust berry or apple pie, just double the quantities. FILLING: Sprinkle 2 teaspoons of plain unflavored gelatin over  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of cold water. Let stand and mix  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of sugar and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of lemon juice together. Add a dash of salt to 3 egg yolks and beat them until they are quite thick. Add the sugar and lemon juice to the beaten yolks, stirring constantly. Put in the top of the double boiler and cook over low heat. Keep up the stirring until the custard forms a thin coating on the spoon. Remove the custard from the hot water and stir in the gelatin that has been softening in the cold water. Add 1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind. Stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Pour into a bowl and cool in refrigerator until the mixture begins to thicken. Then beat the 3 egg whites until they just stand up in peaks. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating hard after each addition. Fold the egg whites into the thickened custard and pour the mixture into the baked and cooled pie shell. Chill until set. Late in the afternoon whip  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of heavy cream until stiff. Fold 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of chopped mint into the cream and spread on the pie. If you haven't any mint, or don't care for the flavor, substitute  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of vanilla.

For the main course, broiled chopped beef with a special sauce—and what a sauce! Everyone can serve hamburger, but this dish commands respect.

**Broiled Chopped Beef, Sauce Diabla.**

Put  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds of round steak in a bowl and add the following:  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon of salt, a good dash of pepper, 1 beaten egg,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of milk and 1 tablespoon of chopped onion. Shape into 4 rounded cakes and keep uncovered in the refrigerator until you are ready to broil them. Broil in a pie pan placed about two inches from the heat. They need not be turned, but you may if you wish. You will find that the added liquid and egg keep them juicy and delicious. There's really nothing more "choky" than dry, hard meat cakes. For medium well done, broil fifteen minutes, as the cakes are about one and a half inches thick and have added liquid. SAUCE DIABLA: Put 1 can of condensed tomato soup or 1 cup of canned tomato sauce in a small saucepan. Add  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of water, 2 tablespoons of tarragon vinegar, 1 bouillon cube,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, 6 whole black peppers, 1 bay leaf,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of dry mustard mixed to a paste with a little water, and 1 peeled clove of garlic. One whole bud of garlic is made up of many small cloves. I thought I'd better explain, as this might be your first meeting with garlic. I wouldn't want you to put in the whole bud. If you ever did you'd have to move out of the house. Simmer all these ingredients for twenty minutes. Strain, store in a covered jar until serving time. If you wish, you may use cider vinegar instead of tarragon, and a dash of ground pepper instead of the whole peppers. This sauce is nice to keep on hand. Many attractive dishes can be made with leftover meats combined with the sauce.

THE toasted potatoes and ginger carrots give you a little different way of serving these staple vegetables. If John has an unkind feeling toward carrots in any form you might have buttered peas.

**Toasted Potatoes.** Allow 2, 3 or more new potatoes, depending on their size, for each person to be served. Personally, I think the smaller they are the better. Peel and let stand in cold water for a while before cooking. Drain and cook until just tender in boiling salted water. Time will depend on their size, but new potatoes cook very quickly and bear watching. They have a tendency to break up and get mushy if overcooked. Drain, and toss in 2 tablespoons of melted butter. Mix 1 cup of dry, finely sifted bread crumbs with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. Packaged bread crumbs can be purchased in your grocery. I use them a good deal because they are always fresh and save so much time, as I never seem to have stale bread left over. Spread them out evenly in a shallow pan. With a fork lift the potatoes out onto the crumbs, roll them in the crumbs until well coated. Put the potatoes in a pan, pour the rest of the melted butter over them and set them in the oven until your meat cakes are ready. If you have an electric stove your broiler, of course, is in your oven. The potatoes may be placed in the oven under the broiler just the same, with no fear of overbrowning.

**Ginger Carrots.** Wash and scrape 1 bunch of carrots. Cut in quarters lengthwise. Cook in a small amount of boiling salted water until tender. Drain, and add 3 tablespoons of butter, 3 tablespoons of sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of ginger. Simmer until nicely glazed.

LET the host show off a bit by mixing and serving the salad from a capacious



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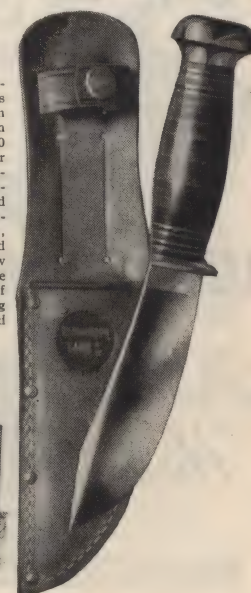
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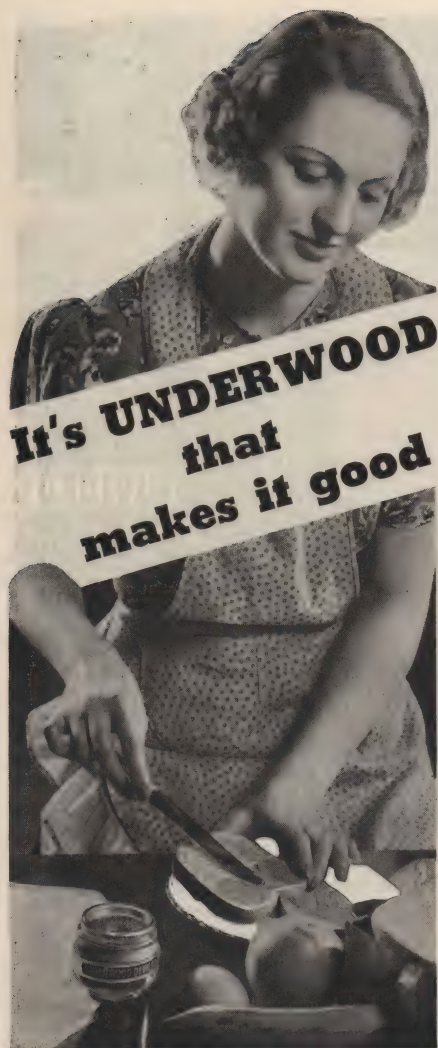


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the Gods"



bowl—the one you received as a wedding gift. Once you've included this little ceremony in your dinners, it will become a habit.

**Green Salad With Cucumbers.** Any combination or one of the following greens makes a nice-looking salad: lettuce, chicory, romaine, escarole, endive and water cress. Before arranging in the salad bowl, greens should always be shaken free of all moisture. A clean linen towel or several paper towels aid in this process. For this particular salad, slice a firm, ripe cucumber and arrange with the greens. For the dressing, mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of vinegar or lemon juice or a combination of the two with 1 cup of olive or salad oil. Add 1 teaspoon of salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of white pepper. Shake well, put a clove of garlic in the jar and you have sufficient dressing for many salads. It's more economical to make up a quantity—then it's always ready. Put about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of dressing on the salad just before you serve it. With a salad spoon and fork toss the greens until they are well coated with dressing. Never put too much dressing on a salad. This is a man's salad and you want to set a precedent for perfection.

For those of you who have an automatic refrigerator and don't have time to make a pie for dinner, I've included an easy way to make an ice cream all your own which requires no cooking and has that smooth texture so much desired. There are many good ice-cream mixes which require little time too. Follow the directions on the package. Here is the recipe for the Chiffon Ice Cream.

**Lemon-Chiffon Ice Cream.** Set up your refrigerator to the coldest position. Beat 4 egg yolks until they are very, very thick. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of powdered sugar, a little at a time, beating hard after each addition so that all the sugar will be dissolved. Then stir in the juice of 2 lemons. Whip 1 cup of heavy cream until it is fluffy and will hold its shape but isn't stiff. Fold this into the egg mixture and pour into a freezing tray. Place the tray in the coldest portion of your freezing cabinet. This ice cream only requires about two hours freezing time, in most refrigerators. Stir only once after first hour.

Most beginning cooks think "putting up" preserves a task for the experienced. This one is easy. Make up a "batch" a few days before the party and surprise your mother-in-law with a glass to take home. You can make delicious preserves—and quickly too—with pectin. Use the proportions given in the directions on the bottle, but this one has that something different that you may like to try.

**Strawberry Preserves.** Cap and wash 1 quart of the nicest strawberries you can find in the market. Drain well. Add 1 tablespoon of vinegar. Cover and bring to a boil slowly. Boil one minute. Add 4 cups of sugar and let come to a boil again, but uncovered this time. Boil fifteen minutes. Skim off the foam. Pour into jelly glasses that have been sterilized for fifteen minutes in boiling water. Cool and seal with melted paraffin. If you are going to serve some with the dinner, and give mother a jar, you won't need to bother sealing it.

## Life Begins at Graduation

(Continued from Page 27)

packed up his toothbrush and typewriter and moved to New York. With an irreverence that still makes many hardened reporters shudder, he marched into the city room of the old New York World and walked up to the editor's desk.

"Well?" snapped the city editor, hardly glancing up from a sheaf of copy.

"I'm from the West. I want a job as reporter on the World," said the typewriter Lochinvar.

The editor wavered for a moment between anger and surprise, then swiveled back in his chair and asked, "What can you do?"

"I can write," was the young man's answer.

He got the job.

According to the success stories of leading businessmen, many of them started in a similar way.

Today, as college graduates are finding out, it is done quite differently. To slide down the well-marked groove and find your way to your first job today, you must comply with set rules. If you get a job it is often because you have a "contact," your record on an application form reads well, and luck has favored you.

Quick success is just as easy today as it was when an immigrant boy landed in New York and built a huge fortune with the materials he found in an expanding, rising America, but the first chance comes harder. A young man has a longer fight on his hands to make a start than the young Westerner who broke into his first job on the New York World just by asking for it.

But once we get past the employment office, we are on the same footing as the young Woolworth, the young Edward Bok or even the young Mae West. If we

have what it takes, we can play to packed houses.

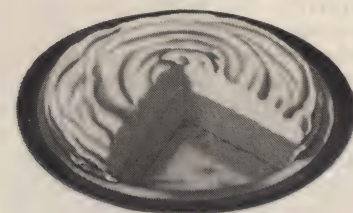
A set formula of orderly procedure marks one aspect of the world as we found it when we graduated from college. The other aspect is chaotic, a crazy quilt of divergent tendencies that challenge attempts to understand their meaning. We entered a world that is trying to spend its way to prosperity; we found nations signing peace pacts that were the seeds of future wars; we found present wars being waged as a preparation for future peace. We were graduated into life at the time when half the world is pitted against the other half in a titanic struggle of ideologies, each claiming, as did the ex-Kaiser, that God is on its side.

WE FOUND bargain-rate divorces that are supposed to enable men and women to find happier married lives; at the same time we were taught that marriage is for keeps and its object is the lifetime union of two people who want children to inherit their name. We graduated with instincts and eagerness for an early marriage and found that income is just as important as love in making a happy match. We met face to face for the first time with the unruliness of the world and had to decide whether to be shocked by its novelty or to accept it as a matter of course. We continually stubbed our toes on things that wiser men have learned to avoid, and due to our inexperience we often made the mistake of thinking that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

We start this thrilling experience of life after college with very definite expectations. Our list is as long as a child's letter to Santa Claus. We all hope for comfortable incomes, satisfying jobs, beautiful

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1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind

Add one-half cup sugar, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the other one-half cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell or graham cracker crust and chill. Just before serving spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

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wives, intelligent children and active, useful lives. But we want to do something more. A young law student whom I know was asked by an older man what he wanted to do with his life.

"I'd like to make this world a better place to live in," he answered.

What are the specific things that we want to win from the life we are now starting? They fall under the classifications of work, marriage, security, world peace and personal leisure.

**T**HE prime expectation of young people is to work at a job that will be more than just a job. To be fully satisfying, it must give a young man a chance to infuse something of his own personality into his work.

Every young man has a mental picture of the perfect job. He may see himself as publisher of a news magazine, he may imagine himself as conductor of a great orchestra, or as star salesman for a brush concern. But no matter what it is, that perfect job must always give us an opportunity to do creative work. An innovation in presenting news, a new interpretation of a Beethoven symphony or a sure-fire sales method may give that satisfaction.

If it doesn't come from the daily job, we will get it at home in a hobby. Many of us may be tied to unexciting, mechanical work in filing rooms, shipping rooms or at clerks' desks that offers nothing more satisfying than the monotony of a dull routine. To balance this, we will take up spare-time activities that do give us a chance to add the color of our personalities to work distinctively our own. Many of my friends are getting a great deal of enjoyment out of amateur photography, and the reason is easy to find. It gives a creative outlet that our jobs do not often supply.

**Y**OUNG people have pulled in their horns a long way where salaries are concerned. Some years ago, when the happy vision of two chickens in every pot stalked in the land, it was the general opinion of college graduates that a fast roadster, membership in the country club and perhaps even a seat on the stock exchange were prerequisites to the full life. Their bread had to be buttered with caviar—and beluga at that. Those dreams are as dead as the false prosperity that inspired them. The New Deal, bringing with it a broader horizon of living for the average man, has made him willing to give up the second helping of dessert in exchange for a free ticket to the municipal art show. "The finer things in life" are being prized more than a new couch for the sitting room, and sundry other luxuries that used to worry us before the Roosevelt culture campaign.

Young people, being most impressionable, have been the most eager and willing to readjust their economic requirements to the new way of American living. In New York City two young people I

know, the man not yet twenty-one and the girl still in her teens, have been happily married for two years and living the full life in a walk-up cold-water flat on an office boy's salary and hopes. Their case is typical of the new mode of living that young Americans, barely out of college, have adopted. Realizing that the lines of advancement in the new giant-sized organizations that typify American industry move slowly, they have reduced their salary expectations and turn to leisure-time activities in the home and society for added compensation. Europeans have been living that way for centuries. Perhaps America is becoming mature. Instead of grumbling, wistfully dreaming of a far-off swivel chair and a push-button board that may sometime be theirs, young people face life with an interest more in present pleasures and a willingness to get along on less. Rising

interest in music, painting, sports contests and low-priced vacations in the country is a sign of the trend of this country—and its young people—toward more emphasis on leisure-time activities. Shortening working hours, mechanization of industry are the causes. Longer play time and shorter work time are the effects. Live on less and enjoy it more is the formula to which young college graduates are adjusting.

**A**FTER the college graduates have solved the problem of a satisfying job, the problem of marriage usually comes next. The day is long

past when a diploma was a one-way ticket to a job and an option on the boss' daughter. The diploma today is worth only its weight in paper unless you have experience to back it up, and the boss' daughter is probably window-shopping in Reno for her third husband. Initiative can earn good jobs and better salaries for a young man if he waits long enough. Luck and a certain amount of foresight can bring him a satisfying position in the working life of the country, where he can have the pleasure that comes to a creative artist. But nothing can bring marriage and the cash to pay the rent to most college graduates as soon as their normal instincts make marriage desirable. For many of us, supporting a wife is out of the question. Marriages are being delayed, and as a consequence families are getting smaller.

**T**HERE are two very pretty sisters on our block, both engaged to fellows who went to high school with me. The girls realize that their men won't be able to get married for several years, so they are both working in a department store now. They are mature and ripe for marriage and should be having children. There are many young people all over the country in the same situation.

This has brought about a real revolution in the marriage habits of the young people who are not in the high-income classes. The old-fashioned idea of the husband as breadwinner and the wife as

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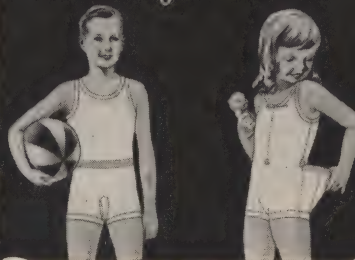
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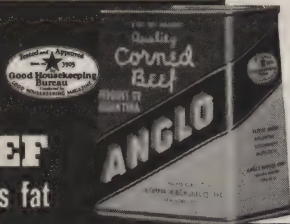
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the keeper of the home fires has been crippled by the lower salary expectations that young people have been forced to accept. An equal division of labor supporting the household is the rule in many of the new marriages. Of course, such an arrangement is possible soon after graduation.

But children are just as important today to a permanent and happy marriage as they have always been. And with starting salaries in most lines as low as they are today, and the price of bread, butter, rent and permanent waves mounting steadily, the homes of the young newlyweds aren't going to ring with the happy laughter of little kiddies for a long time. Babies cost money. No money: no babies. When the men that graduated with me get married they will think of it more as a partnership than as a means to propagate their kind. Many of them will go into this sort of relation, but still more will prefer a long term of enforced bachelorhood. Then, as they are nearing thirty and the girls on the block are getting really desperate, these young men will be ready to be married and raise children in the normal, happy way. It means a tough break for all those unborn children whose pleading voices will probably haunt us in the dark hours of the night, but the present economic system is at fault. It is the best birth-control device that's been invented.

THE Government is being paternal to a large section of the population. I graduated from college with the firm conviction that I didn't want any Federal hand to rock my cradle, stir my soup or keep the wolf from my door. I was as anxious to be independent and as confident of my ability to get along on my own as the first frontiersman who drove into the West with rifle and ax. But even at college I grew very familiar with the paternal activities of the Government. The National Youth Administration gave employment and aid to a portion of the student body. At the age when their fathers were dreaming of worlds to conquer, many of the men who graduated when I did were wards of the Government.

Take Lou as an example. Lou was captain of the football team, a husky, outspoken Irishman with a big heart but a small income. At a time in life when the strength of his arms and the force of his mind should have been the only social security he needed, Lou had a vested interest in Government aid. He grew from adolescence to manhood behind the financial skirts of the NYA. His sociology professors taught that he has a right to a happy and restful old age, a right to health insurance, a right to support when he is jobless. I suspect that when Lou reached out his hand to meet the world his palm itched expectantly. He has been taught that modern civilization takes care of its own; he has seen this principle carried out by agents of his national Government when they gave him a part-time job, bought his textbooks for him and set his father to work writing captions on pictures for the WPA guidebook to America.

It is not Lou's fault if he starts business life with the conviction that the Government owes him something. Thousands of young men graduate from college today with this new concept of social stability. They accept it as a necessary piece of furniture in the national household as readily as they accepted the radio in their own home.

Older generations will say that modern youth has been softened by social security. A little starving made a man of you in the old days, they will say. But we

have been educated to believe in a higher standard of happiness for Americans; we have been taught that scientific advancement should bring equal progress in human comforts; the copybook virtues that we learned came from Franklin Roosevelt's speeches instead of McGuffey's reader. Social security will not soften us. On the contrary, it will require strength, determination and courage to preserve these gains against future attacks. The old guard were toughened by scrapping for the right to live; we'll win our spurs in the fight to keep that right.

IN no field are young Americans so completely agreed as in their views on war. Almost without exception we see no excuse or valid reason why America should ever enter a foreign war. But that opinion is new to young people. The boys I knew at high school were easily fired with enthusiasm to fight the Japanese. At the time when newspapers were selling the "yellow peril" to the public we'd joke about the prospect of meeting some geisha girls on an overseas expedition; we were thrilled with the picture of defending our country from a supposed foreign menace. Recent years have changed all that. Mark this: there is nothing temporary, nothing flighty about our opposition to war. It is a deep-seated hatred born of intelligent study, backed by militant action and reinforced by a penetrating knowledge of the actual facts of war. We are not going to give up what may be a fruitful career, a chance for a successful marriage and a useful life just to hang on a barbed-wire fence fighting someone else's battles. Our parents didn't invest money in our college education merely to have us walk out of a dugout and get a few ounces of shrapnel in the stomach. Social security and postdepression philosophy weren't devised to preserve human happiness just long enough to clap all able-bodied men into uniforms and send them out to sink in a sty of blood and mud. Legislation to civilize trade practices, raise wages and shorten hours was not enacted so that the War Department could fatten a herd of robots to be fed to foreign cannon. The steely determination of young college graduates to keep their country out of war is one of the most powerful forces in American life today. It equals the faith of a twelfth-century crusader and packs a hard punch.

THE men who are graduating into active life in this country are not the type who are asking for any favors. True, we expect a lot from life. But we expect nothing that we are not willing to fight for, just as past generations fought to clear the frontiers of the West, to hammer out an economic empire across the seas and to build a smooth-running structure of mechanized industry. Two distinct methods of realizing these hopes lie before us. One is organized political activity; the other is independent initiative. One implies a "youth movement" with all the stuffed dolls, crackpot speeches, mistaken eagerness and juvenile lobbying that plague sincere programs of that type. The other means slower progress, wasted effort, personal disappointments and lack of leadership that always handicaps a fight based on unorganized personal initiative. Both the youth movement and individual effort will have a part in securing to men and women of my generation the benefits which we expect. Both influences are already at work.

The American youth movement is still in its swaddling clothes, but is proving to be a very noisy child. It became vocal in 1934, when the first American Youth Congress was

(Continued on Page 120)





*Give them time and  
they'll win success!*

## CHOOSE AN ELGIN FOR YOUR GRADUATE



TRUST AN ACCURATE ELGIN to tell the pride you feel...to speak your good wishes for your boy or girl on commencement day. You'll not be disappointed!

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1 *Sema Rue*  
GREET'S MOTHER-IN-LAW—UPSETTING POTTED PLANT ON JUST-VACUUMED RUG IN THE RUSH.

2  
LISTENS AS MOTHER-IN-LAW SAYS "I'VE BROUGHT YOU JUST THE THING FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES—A BISSELL!"

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AMAZED AS BISSELL WHISKS UP DIRT. ADJUSTS ITSELF, WITH "HI-LO" BRUSH CONTROL, TO RUGS OF ANY NAP-LENGTH.

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6  
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"A Bissell is so handy for daily quick clean-ups—and you can save your vacuum for periodic cleaning. Bissell's Hi-Lo brush control automatically and fully adjusts to any rug nap. And a Bissell does get the dirt!" See the colorful new models at your dealer's.

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Say goodbye to risky razors and clumsy corn-pads. A new liquid called NOXACORN relieves pain in 60 seconds. Removes the peskiest corns and calluses. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine and "corn aspirin". Easy to use; absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. 35¢ bottle saves untold misery. Druggists refund money if it fails. **NOXACORN** to remove any corn or callus.

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You may not have time for long, expensive manicures, but with Manicare you simply brush your fingertips a minute a day, to keep nails nice. No hangnails or brittleness. 35¢ at druggists.

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If you'd like to earn a fully equipped 1937 model bicycle in the next three weeks, I'll show you how! Drop me a postal today.

Girls' Club Manager  
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**FREE SAVES \$2.00 IN CLEANING COSTS**

Dresses, sweaters, drapes, men's, children's clothes, upholstery, etc., clean beautifully in COLD water with new substance called DRUMS. Nothing like it. Sample sufficient to do what would cost \$2.00 if done by dry cleaner sent prepaid for your name, address, and address of your drug, 5 & 10 or Dept. store on postcard.

**DRUMS CLEANS**  
DRUMS won't burn or explode. Is odorless and gentle to hands. Quickly, easily removes grease, fruit, perspiration, all soil from silk, satin, rayon. Thousands acclaim DRUMS the finest, safest, most economical cleaner ever used. Restores old, dull, dingy fabrics to new-like loveliness. Brightens colors. Won't harm anything COLD water won't harm; therefore, superior to soap, safer than gasoline and cheaper than dry cleaning.

25¢ size mixed in COLD water makes 3 gallons of cleaner. 10¢ size makes 1 gallon. At 5 & 10, Dept. and Drug Stores.  
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(Continued from Page 118)

called. Since that time membership has grown to 1305 organizations, which are said to represent 1,650,000 people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. An additional three and a half million of our people are represented as co-operating with the American Youth Congress.

That's a good section of young America; school, college, farm and factory have a voice in the organization. It is sponsoring a bill in Congress at Washington to provide jobs and vocational training for young people, going farther than the present National Youth Administration. The bill, known as the American Youth Act, is being pushed by buttonholing, political pressure, campaign songs, pilgrimages, demonstrations, fireworks and petitions all engineered by a steering committee of young people in New York and Washington.

A HEARING on the bill in 1936 at Washington brought leading statesmen into contact with the problem, and since that time Washington has had an increasing respect for the intelligent seriousness of purpose of the young men and women sponsoring the bill. Whether it passes or not in the form proposed is immaterial. What is important is the fact that there exists an active and articulate group among young people who know how to pull political strings, formerly reserved for pork-barrel parties, and know how to get what they want. That is one method used by my generation to realize its ambitions.

## Temple Belle

(Continued from Page 17)

manner, and the girls who worked nine hours a day, and then went home to Brooklyn, said "No" to her. Margaret loyally tried to like her, but it was difficult to like someone whom one really wanted to push out the office window.

Mr. Temple's impending connubial connections began to upset his business day.

Baba would arrange for dinner at the Ascot, and suddenly change to the Flowertons' in Oyster Bay. Mrs. Bellruss telephoned to say that her Pomeranian had bitten her macaw, and would dear Bill send out a good vet—the one out in Jericho was drunk today. Mr. Bellruss' older brother Joe appeared to lunch with Mr. Temple, and the office perceived that Uncle Joe was a tiresome old fool.

BABA wanted the wedding in late November, and Temple said no, October, for he had to be in Chicago on November first for the Eastern Differentials meeting. This was no time to go abroad, he said, and he had to earn his living. This war was fought largely over the telephone and Margaret couldn't help hearing. Temple won, and the wedding date was set for October twenty-seventh, and the Bellruss family moved into town late in September. Florists, photographers, caterers and couturiers advanced on Mrs. Bellruss. Temple began to look tired.

"I don't want to hear any more about this wedding," he said one morning. "Miss Cornish, don't let another Bellruss at me. Now where was I?"

"Contingent to," she read from her notebook.

"Right. Contingent to the specifications submitted by your people."

Margaret's head bent lower over her notebook, as into her ears pierced the sharp pain of his delicious voice.

The other method is painstaking personal initiative. This will move best through the vote that all these young people possess. Already they have Roosevelt, a President who represents their majority opinion, and future elections will shape the course of American progress still more to suit their preconceived expectations from life. But the vote will not be their only tool. Each day of their private lives, every resource of their trained minds, every grain of grit in their character will be devoted to hewing out a life in America along the liberal lines that they have been led to expect.

I GRADUATE into life and find a world that is neither big nor bad, a world where I can be happy and successful if I can show the same fighting colors as men of my father's generation. My first impressions are hazy; it is difficult to reconcile the chaotic state of politics and national finance with the rigid formality of the business world. I am beginning life at a time when vast social changes are taking place in this country, and as a result my expectations are tuned to the new pace of American progress. I will be happier with less, but will want to do creative work in a warless world in which government takes an ever-larger part in the daily affairs of the average man. To achieve these hopes and to make the world a better place to live in, men and women of my generation are prepared to wage a tenacious fight. And we pitch eagerly into life with the hope of being pioneers in a free and more liberal America.

The very next day, the harried Temple had to go to Washington to meet the Forbes File directors, and before he took the train he rang for her again.

"Will you do me a favor?" he demanded.

"Certainly." Margaret's heart glowed. "What's the matter?"

"Pure, untarnished hell. Miss Littleton, Mrs. Bellruss' secretary, suddenly went screwy over the wedding invitations, and threw them all around—and I don't blame her, poor old thing—and Mrs. Bellruss is in bed with a cold, and Miss Bellruss has had to go to Jericho because one of her horses died, so will you go up there? First, get me all the papers on the Forbes File, and don't look like that. I'm pretty tired myself."

Why not leave him now? What was the use of managing the ridiculous women of such a stupid man? "Here am I," she wanted to say, "the nicest girl you'll ever meet, and you don't even look at me."

"The Bellrusses," he continued, "should know you better. You would do them good. They're pretty helpless."

He looked at her almost fondly, as if she were a human being, a girl, a woman.

"What is the matter with this country?" he asked. "Why aren't you getting married yourself? What's the matter with America's men?"

"You tell me."

"Don't you dare get married. Not this week. My dear girl, if you can bring order into Bellruss Palace, I will raise your salary."

"I will file the Bellrusses alphabetically, if I have to," she said. "Is there anything else?"

There was nothing else. Except he wished he could take her to Washington



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... FLIES!"



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with him, so that he would have, at his hand, what he needed, when he wanted it. His office was the most peaceful place he knew. His head ached, and his legs were weary. Last night Mrs. Bellruss' hysterics had annoyed him. How did Mr. Bellruss put up with her childishness?

Miss Cornish had not been an hour in the large duplex asylum where the Bellrusses lived in great style and endless confusion, before she had her finger on the Bellruss trouble. Mother Bellruss, aged fifty-five and weighing one hundred and eighty, was a little mad thing who never knew what she wanted, but always wanted something. There she lay in a fancy quilted bed, draped in lace and chiffon; she knew many words but she was certainly not college material.

MR. BELLRUSS, on his way to Washington to join Mr. Temple and the Forbes File magnates, came in to say good-by to his wife. It was obvious that the woman annoyed him, failed him and yet possessed him.

"You're an obliging girl," he said to Margaret. "We need you here and Temple says you're magic." Bellruss was a tall, solid non-gray man; she wished he weren't leaving. "Daisy, I'll know tomorrow whether we'll be having those Englishmen to dinner. I'll telephone."

Mrs. Bellruss said he should take those men to a club. "What do they care about meeting me? . . . There, there, Val, you shall have just what you want." She gave a small ball to a small dog, which lay on her bed panting.

"On the contrary, Daisy, I want to make it a nice party and very private. I want to get Eldon and Farris and the Forbes into this house, where no one will see them, so that they can talk freely. Bill says it's essential. The Forbes Files wants to get the entire order from the Englishmen."

"I can manage it," Margaret said mildly, "if you telephone, Mr. Bellruss."

"Good," he said, and kissed his wife, and went away.

Poor Mr. Bellruss paid rent for two floors of magnificently furnished grandeur, which were devoid of peace and system. Mrs. Bellruss was changeable, the butler was difficult, the chef was violent, the housemaids were fluttery, the personal maid was jittery. The room where Margaret sat down to work on the wedding list was a mélange of scattered envelopes, heaped-up boxes, cluttered bridge tables and torn-up paper.

"What happened here?" she asked the footman.

"Last night, when Miss Littleton burst into tears, miss, she threw things about a bit here, and Mrs. Bellruss rushed in, and Miss Baba started bawling, and I says to Victorine, 'Get the doctor before them vases goes.'"

"Dear, dear," thought Margaret, "I must keep calm."

THIS was not easy. Mrs. Bellruss perpetually got out of bed and ran in and out with new names and addresses. Many invitations had been ruined and had to be readdressed. The telephone rang steadily. Felice, the personal maid, tripped over the little dog and hurt her ankle. Miss Baba never came home all day.

"How am I going to check up on these friends of hers?" Margaret asked her mother. "What about her fitting? That dressmaker has been telephoning all day."

Barbara's mother had two fixed ideas: One, Baba was just a baby girl; two, no one could control her.

"I'll control her," thought Margaret. "Just let me meet her once."

The next morning Baba appeared, in a long velvet house gown, her hair set in waves, her spirit sunny. "To ink, to ink," she said gaily. "I hear you want to bite me, Miss Cornish."

"I want you to sit down," said Margaret. "Now listen, while I read these names, and tell me if they are correct."

BABA listened, but soon tired. She just couldn't remember which Allen lived in Peoria, and how many Stanley girls had been at St. Albans. The telephone rang; she was expected at the tailor's. The whole fantastic affair was utterly exhausting.

Margaret agreed. "You can't leave, though. This is your wedding, and you've got to help."

"Yes, Baba darling," cried her mother from the hall. "No escape this morning."

"Oh, do shut up, mother. Where is Bill Temple hiding today?"

"Washington, D. C."

"Well, I'm going to telephone him right away." She picked up the receiver.

"Oh, no, don't," said Margaret. "He's terribly busy this morning. Wait until tonight."

"It can't wait. It's pretty important. Mother, why can't we get married a month later so I can ride Mike's horses for him in Virginia?"

Mrs. Bellruss had never heard of such nonsense, and as she listened Margaret decided that Baba was mentally fourteen, and her mother not much older. How remarkable that J. G. Bellruss had got where he was.

And what was the role of Mr. Temple in this comedy? No doubt he had never seen these women *à deux au naturel*; always he had seen Baba dancing, or riding, or walking, or eating; and always and even now, giving battle in the ring, she was terribly pretty.

"Listen," said Margaret, intervening, "you can't change the wedding. The invitations are printed. October twenty-seventh."

"Print some more," cried the select bride.

"Nonsense!" yelled her mother. "What will Bill say? You just can't treat him like this, dearie. He is a man, with work to do."

"What of it? I want to show those horses."

"OH, PLEASE, don't be like this, Baba, baby," begged her mother, beginning to cry. "It isn't a bit nice. You said you'd never see that silly Mike Standish again, and then he comes back from England, and you start in all over again, behind Bill's back."

"Oh, nuts, what does Bill care? I've got to do something all day. Besides, I have fun with Mike. What will I do, if I don't go riding with him? Suggest something."

"You could go to lunch and concerts and play cards and go to the movies. Other girls do."

"Other girls give me the itch," said the heiress gloomily.

Mrs. Bellruss, sobbing, left the battlefield and made for her own boudoir.

"I'm going to get my hair cut," said Baba cheerfully.

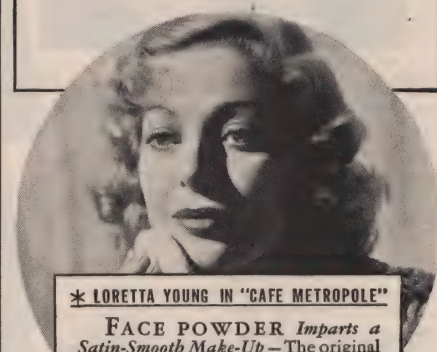
"Please come back this afternoon," implored Margaret, but Baba made no promises. In a few minutes Margaret went into Mrs. Bellruss' boudoir to ask her how to spell her maiden name.

Felice was lying in the chaise longue, nursing her ankle. "Madame iss gone for massage. Until time for luncheon," she said dramatically.

Aroused, Margaret arranged and boxed invitations and announcements, balanced checkbooks and paid bills. Imperceptibly, but relentlessly, peace and

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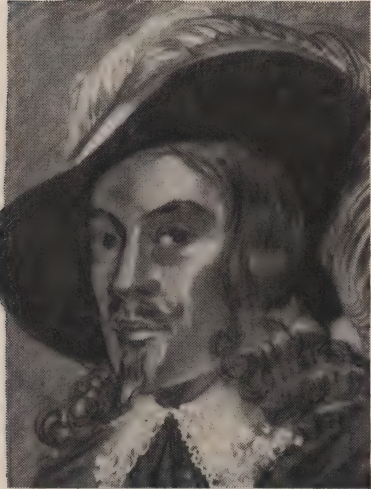
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Come to Quebec for your summer holidays. It's a land redolent with the charm of another age . . . dotted with the homes and souvenirs of intrepid makers of history.

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order sneaked up on their ménage. As if glad to recognize a mistress when they saw one, the servants began to ask Margaret for orders. They had to ask someone, for the Bellruss ladies, like the Holy Grail, were unattainable.

"You come here," called Margaret after Baba the next morning in the hall. "Have you been to the dressmaker's?" "I'm going. After Peg Braile's luncheon."

"You'd better go before."

"Miss CORNISH, why are you so pro-wedding?" Baba sat on the desk. "You don't look executive. What happened; did someone put a curse on you in your cradle?"

"I get paid for this job. Why are you so scatterbrained? Why can't you concentrate?"

"I can. I do, in the country. You should see me. I wish we were going to live out in Jericho."

How envisage Mr. Temple commuting?

"Mike Standish is going in for blooded cattle. Is that lease of ours signed?"

"You mean for your flat? Yes, it is."

"I loathe winter in this town."

"Aren't you a little late saying that?"

"I'm not late about anything. Do you know how old I am?"

"Twenty-two?"

"Twenty."

"Almost adult. I'm twenty-four."

"I certainly envy you. You can do just as you please."

"I can not. I have to please Mr. Temple."

"Oh, anyone can see a mile away that you don't have to work. I said to Bill, 'She is just a smart girl, looking for a thrill,' but he wouldn't believe me."

Margaret was angry. "I'm not getting any thrill working in this house. These invitations of yours are to go in the mail Saturday night. Did you know that?"

"Did I know? It's all I can think of," said Baba. "You're so cross you scare me. Good-by." She went away, and didn't come back that day.

The next morning, Margaret finished the invitations, audited the chef's book, inventoried the linen and rearranged the drawing room.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Bellruss, "it looks lovely. Why don't you be an interior decorator, and have a sweet little shop, all chintzy?"

That afternoon, Mr. Bellruss telephoned that on Saturday night he was giving a dinner for the Honorable Eldon and the Forbes File directors.

"MRS. BELLRUSS is at a concert," Margaret explained. "Miss Barbara is playing squash."

"Well, tell the cook, and tell Barbara that Temple wants her there. There'll be fourteen of us."

The next morning passed peacefully, since the servants were busy and the ladies were asleep. At lunch, the butler reported that Baba had gone out at 11:30 in her riding clothes. This was nothing to be alarmed about. Preparations for the banquet which was to join the file manufacturers of Pennsylvania to the armament makers of England went on; the cook cooked, the butler polished, the maids set the table. Margaret arranged the flowers and wrote place cards. The big, dark, Spanish dining room was not Margaret's idea of a cozy place in which to eat.

"The deal will fall through in this gloom unless the food is good," she thought.

At six o'clock the telephone rang in Mrs. Bellruss' boudoir. Was that Mrs. Bellruss screeching? Yes, there she was, yelling from the stairs. Margaret ran up and led her back into her room.

"Hush. Come in here. Shut the door. What's the matter?"

"Oh, oh," moaned Mrs. Bellruss, clutching her negligee. "I knew it. She says she's not coming home to dinner. Perhaps not ever, she says. She's going to a dance with that Mike Standish."

"Did you tell her about Mr. Temple?" Margaret asked.

"She said she didn't care what he thought. Now she's all for Mike again. He's crazy about her. He's nothing but a foolish horse breeder." Her pale blue eyes were frantic. "Oh, what shall we do? With all those British people coming. They are so formal. Bill will be furious and Mr. Bellruss will have indigestion. And such a lovely dinner! Oh, oh, oh." Her voice rose in the scale. "And the wedding invitations! Miss Cor-nish!"

Margaret laid her flat on a chaise longue and sent for ice and tonic. "Mrs. Bellruss," she said, "keep quiet. Mr. Bellruss will be here in a minute. Tell him, but don't you tell Mr. Temple. Not until after dinner."

**W**HY, if Temple liked the girl, he would be heartbroken, wild, savage; he might even dash out to New Jersey to seek her. If he did run away from the dinner, the Farris-Eldon-Forbes alliance might fail to blend. Later, how he would regret that!

"How old is this Standish?"

"Twenty-three. Just a baby."

"Where was she?"

"At his sister's house. Helen Cullen, in Jericho. She's a baby too."

Margaret got Baba on the telephone. "Listen, Barbara, your poor mother is having hysterics. Be in this house tonight by midnight or I'll mail those invitations."

"Didn't you mail them already?"

"No. I held them over."

"I'm not coming home. They'll lock me up."

"Ridiculous. Temple will let you go, if you tell him."

"How do you know?"

"I know him well. Better than you do. Now, come home." She hung up, and saw Mr. Bellruss, his face drawn, aware already that he would not digest tonight's dinner.

"Miss Cornish, there are now thirteen at table. We'll have to telephone someone who can fit in and help us out."

"Who in the name of heaven —" began his wife.

"Hush, hush. There must be someone." He looked helplessly at Margaret.

"I'll do it. I'll go home and dress."

"Oh, would you?" wailed his wife. "And stay beside me, dear Miss Cornish, every moment, while I talk to these dreadful people."

"They're not dreadful, Daisy. They're important." Bellruss turned to Margaret. "Are you sure that you don't mind?"

"Mind?" she said. "I love dinner parties. Just wait until you see me." She rushed home to dress.

**W**HEN she got back, the assembled personages were standing about the drawing room, and it was apparent that fun had not yet begun. Lord Eldon was sixtyish, deaf, distinguished; white-haired, stocky Mr. Farris and his dowdy wife were frightening Mrs. Bellruss, who was saying inanities fast. Herded by the fireplace were the Forbes company flanked by counsel, and anxious Bellruss was standing by the door waiting for Temple. He held her hand a second, and whispered, "I'm telling Temple a lie. Stand by."

After her, Mr. Temple burst in to hear that his Barbara had sprained her ankle



**DON'T  
COVER TOILET  
ODORS-KILL  
THEM WITH  
Sani-  
Flush**

A CLEAN toilet never smells. It's never necessary to use scented disinfectants to end the annoyance of toilet odors. Just clean the bowl with Sani-Flush.

This scientific powder is made especially to do this job. Shake a little in the toilet. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and stains vanish. The porcelain gleams like new. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is purified and safe. Sani-Flush saves rubbing and scrubbing. Cannot injure plumbing. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**

**CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING**



**Which Ink Would You  
Rather Spill on Your Rug?**

Make up your mind right now that ink will be spilled on your rug sooner or later. It happens in every home. So unless you pour your old ink down the drain and get WASHABLE Quink, your rugs are in constant danger of being ruined.

The Parker Pen Company spent \$68,000 to develop this revolutionary new ink that washes from hands, clothes and rugs without trace when soap and water are promptly used. Not only is Quink the *safest* ink for home and school, but also it does what no other ink can do: It cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other—because it contains a secret harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Also, Quink dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet will not dry in a pen. It dries by *penetration*, not by evaporation. Always rich, brilliant—never watery.

Parker Quink is made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT is for everlasting records—will not fade or wash out. But for home and school, get WASHABLE Quink today at any store selling ink. 15c, 25c and up.

**Parker  
Quink**



Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.



shooting rabbits at the Cullens'. He was greatly disturbed, and wanted to rush to the telephone, but Bellruss restrained him.

"She's sleeping now, Bill. Wait."

"Oh, dear," thought Margaret, "he loves her."

"Well," Temple said to her, "you do look lovely."

His surprise was obvious when from the Forbes army emerged Mr. Alexander Sicard, of St. Louis, her father's dearest friend.

"MARGARET, my dear child," he said, kissing her. "What are you doing here? Working? Oh, my dear little girl!" He revealed in a few words her whole past. How mean of her last winter not to stay with them at Nassau. And where was Rhoda now? "There's a woman," said Sicard. "If she weren't so rich she wouldn't be so single."

At the table, the rouge on Mrs. Bellruss' cheeks flamed like fireweed on a hill, her laugh rang out wildly at the wrong time.

Margaret sat between Eldon and Temple, who shouted figures across her. Then Margaret and Eldon started talking about Warwickshire, where her married cousin had a house and Eldon had a manor house, and Temple looked as if he had been sold something or other that he had never ordered.

After dinner, the sexes separated. At twelve o'clock the ladies stopped their bridge, and the capitalists emerged from the library in excellent humor.

Temple, with a certain eagerness, came up to Margaret.

"I'll take you home after I telephone Barbara."

"Uncle Alec wants to," she told him.

"Dear Miss Margaret, stay a minute. Bill, come here. I want her to stay, Mr. Sicard."

There was an intensity in Mrs. Bellruss' tones that would have given Hitler pause. So Uncle Alec, the Farrises, Eldon and the entire Forbes delegation went.

Temple strode back into the living room, where Mrs. Bellruss was beginning to cry, and Bellruss glowered from a chair, and Margaret stood waiting, her satin dress making a streak of color within her long silver coat.

"Barbara will be here," she said to Temple. "She promised me. Wait here. I'll go home alone."

"What's the matter?" Temple looked from one to another. "What are you crying about, Mrs. Bellruss?"

Mrs. Bellruss sobbed aloud. "Oh, she's just a baby. And so is he. And the invitations—oh, Miss Cornish, dear, tell him."

LAYING down his hat and taking off his coat, Temple turned to Margaret. "What has happened in this house?"

"When she wouldn't come to dinner, I filled in. And I didn't mail the invitations.

Things were a little queer. I thought so, from the start."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I? It wasn't my affair."

She met his eyes and her heart turned over. "Oh, dear heaven, help me," she thought, and turned to go.

A door opened in the hall, and into the room came Barbara, her hair wet with rain, her big eyes shining. Behind her was a solid, pink-cheeked, black-haired boy.

"Bill," Baba began, "you've got to listen to us. You're older than I am, and you can stand what I'm going to say. Listen, Bill —"

Margaret darted out of the room to the elevator, and out to the street. It was raining hard. The doorman had gone; all the taxis which shot by were filled.

She waited under the marquee, and the door opened behind her, and there was her employer, his face a mask.

Silently he joined her on the curb.

"I'M SEEING you home after all," he said. "You're too valuable a girl to risk losing."

"You think so?"

"It was a lovely dinner until Barbara came home. I've been to other dinners there. This was the best yet. After you left, Mrs. Bellruss had hysterics. And Barbara yelled at her father, and he swore at them both. You should have stayed to calm them."

"Why didn't you?"

"They didn't listen to me. So I left."

He had lost something, although only time would tell what it was. "I don't want to go back there. Don't ask me to," she said.

"Neither of us will go back," he said. "We're both finished. Except for Mr. Bellruss—he likes us."

"I like him. He's grown-up." She caught her breath.

"So am I," Temple said. "And so, I take it, are you."

"I hope so," said Margaret. "I am twenty-four."

HE LAUGHED at her and put her in the taxi which was at their feet. All the way home he never spoke. She sat, quivering, breathless, not watching him.

"So this is where you live," he said, as the taxi stopped.

"Yes. Here."

"One hundred and forty-two East—it is." He paid the taxi, and she ran up the steps of the brownstone house. He came up after her, took her key, opened her door and placed her inside the house.

"Monday morning, bright and early at the office?" he asked her somberly.

"I'll be there."

"None of this home-to-mother stuff?" His eyes were on her now. "Miss Margaret Cornish?"

"No, sir," she said to him fiercely. "Not me."

And, closing the door behind her, she ran upstairs like a bird to tell Libby the beautiful news.

# Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



Bernice J. Ruttingh  
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I am a secretary and due to long hours of sitting and lack of exercise I became run down by constipation and indigestion."

"A friend advised me to try Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now after three months trial I have been cured. I highly recommend them and will never be without Yeast Foam Tablets."

LAXATIVES?  
I NEVER NEED THEM  
ANYMORE!

NOTE: The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief. Such remedies merely bring about a drastic purging action. They do not correct the cause of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is almost completely lacking. When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular—complete.

## Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot ferment in the body. Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

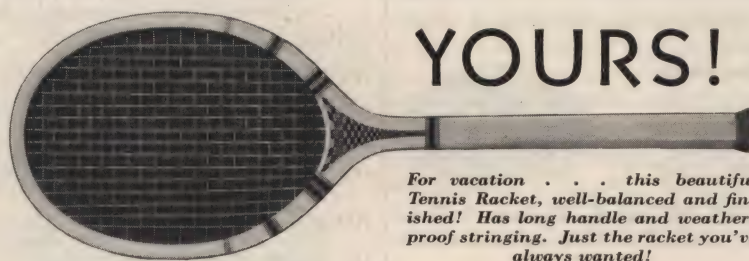
All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today... refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail This Coupon Today  
You may paste this on a penny postcard

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) L.H.J. 6-37

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



For vacation . . . this beautiful Tennis Racket, well-balanced and finished! Has long handle and weather-proof stringing. Just the racket you've always wanted!

YOU needn't spend a penny to own it! Just send four 1-year subscriptions for Ladies' Home Journal, sold at \$1 each to persons living outside your own home, and we'll send your racket. (This offer good in U. S. and Canada.)

Pin subscribers' names and addresses with your own to this ad. Then send with check or money order to

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 452 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

## CALLOUSES, PAINS HERE?

Callouses, pains or cramps at the ball of the foot; tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot and leg pains—all are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give relief by removing the cause—muscular and ligamentous strain. Molded to your feet; soon restore arches to normal. Can be changed from one shoe to another. Expertly fitted at Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. FREE Foot booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 223, Chicago.

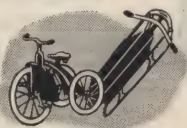
Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS  
There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble





SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
**ENAMELOID**  
THE COLORFUL SPARKLING  
ENAMEL

That rather shabby kitchen chair... that little table with the worn edges and many scratches...



why not make them sparkingly new again with Enameloid? » This brilliant, colorful, decorative enamel brushes out



so beautifully and smoothly. Just one coat covers solidly without brush marks. » Enameloid dries

rapidly to a finish that withstands extreme wear and tear. » The sparkling high gloss of Enameloid means

an easily washable surface. And you can wash Enameloid repeatedly without harm.



» Enameloid comes in many brilliant colors. See them at "Paint Headquarters" —

your local Sherwin-Williams dealer's

store. Get a trial can there today.

A new edition of the famous Home Decorator. For your free copy see your neighborhood S-W dealer... or write The Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. L-26, Cleveland, Ohio.



"ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT"

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS**

## WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING



So THAT the bride will be gaily feted, so that the hope chest will be adequately stocked, so that the trousseau will be correct and becoming, and the wedding itself flawless, we offer the booklets listed below. And if these do not solve the problems of parties, clothes and etiquette that perplex you, write to us about them. We'll be happy to answer personally any questions about June showers or weddings.

### JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

138. **ETIQUETTE OF THE WEDDING.** Explains the formalities of a wedding at church or at home; invitations, announcements and other worrisome little details that arise. 10c.
1155. **INFORMAL SUMMER WEDDINGS.** The all-important wedding dress, and the kind of bridesmaids' frocks to go best with each type. A chart for color schemes and fabrics. The groom is not forgotten either. 3c.
137. **THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.** Wedding dress, traveling attire, lingerie, sports clothes, and accessories; what is best to buy, and why. 3c.
135. **LET'S SHOWER THE BRIDE.** Ideas for novel showers you will like. And the bride herself will find interesting ideas for her engagement announcement party. 3c.
1126. **AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.** More ways for the bride to announce the happy news. Favours and table decorations too. 3c.
1108. **HEARTS TO EAT.** Serve heart-shaped dainties at luncheons and showers. 3c.
103. **WEDDING MENUS.** Ranging from a simple wedding breakfast to an elaborate evening repast. Menus to suit every kind of wedding, and recipes for the dishes named. 3c.
134. **THE BRIDE'S LINEN CHEST.** Table linens, bed linens, bathroom and kitchen linens; the kind to buy and the quantity you will need. How to monogram linens and care for them. 3c.
136. **THE BRIDE'S SILVER CHEST.** Flat silver you will need, and why; additional pieces you might add. How to have it marked, and how to care for it. 3c.
139. **THE BRIDE EQUIPS HER KITCHEN.** A practical list of kitchen utensils you will need, as well as suggestions about electrical equipment, ovenware, cutlery and accessories. The proper tools make kitchen work easy. 3c.
590. **COOKERY BOOK.** A primer for the bride, giving her the fundamentals in cookery practices on which success really depends. 10c.
1018. **THE MENU CALENDAR.** A chart of menus for every month helps the bride answer that age-old question, "What shall we eat?" 25c.
1302. **ALL SORTS OF SHOWERS.** Gala parties to honor the bride-to-be. 3c.

### ENTERTAINMENT

1032. **BOOK OF PARTIES.** 10c.
1077. **BOOK OF GAMES.** 10c.
1168. **FORTUNE TELLING.** 10c.
1023. **ETIQUETTE OF ENTERTAINING.** 10c.
1130. **ENTERTAINING AT BRIDGE.** 3c.
1121. **ETIQUETTE OF THE BUFFET.** 3c.
1098. **HOW CLUBS RAISE MONEY.** 25c.
577. **YOUNGSTERS' PARTIES.** 3c.

### FASHION

1254. **SHIPSHAPE CLOTHES.** Going on a ship anywhere? Then you need to learn what to pack and how to pack. 3c.
1062. **MODERN MATERNITY CLOTHES.** 3c.
1055. **HOW FIGURES CAN LIE.** 3c.
1172. **EDGES, BUTTONHOLES, SLOT POCKETS.** Short cuts to sewing. 3c.
1187. **QUICK CUTTING AND FITTING.** 3c.
1073. **YOUR WARDROBE FOR A SUMMER IN THE CITY.** The kind of clothes to take to New York, or any large city. 3c.
1222. **FRILLS FOR THE SHORE.** Contains pattern diagram for a printed cotton pareo bathing suit, a halter top, and directions for making a raffia halo hairband, crocheted initials and tiny signal flags to decorate hats, belts, bags. Also a knitted brimmed beach hat and two beach bags. 3c.
1191. **TOGS FROM TOWELS AND TABLECLOTHS.** Slacks, beach dress, shorts, coat, bag and a beach roll to be made from Turkish towels and checked luncheon cloths or plaid kitchen toweling. Pattern diagrams. 5c.
1282. **CALICO MADCAPS.** Old-fashioned sunbonnets for yourself and little girl, to make of calico bandannas. A bonnet brim, a visor cap, and a beach shoulder cape of denim. 3c.
1267. **BATHING SUIT.** You can knit a bathing suit like this one from the Riviera. 3c.
1272. **BEACH ACCESSORIES.** Directions for making fishnet hairbands, a tricolor skull cap and star emblems. 3c.
1189. **SUN SUITS FOR YOUNGSTERS.** Cunning little suits for children from 1 to 3 years, to be made of washcloths or mesh dish toweling. 3c.
1271. **SADDLEBAG HANDBAG.** To be crocheted. 3c.
1273. **SALLY VICTOR HAT PATTERN.** 3c.
1175. **CHINK.** A peaked hat. 5c.
1177. **TRIM.** A brimmed hat that is becoming to women. 5c.
1178. **PRIMP.** A brimmed hat easy to make, for bridesmaids or to wear with cotton dresses. 5c.
1019. **GINGHAM HAT PATTERN.** Brimmed hat and glove cuffs of checked taffeta or gingham. 5c.
1188. **TAILOR'S CANVAS HAT.** Here's a brimmed hat, to be made of real tailor's canvas, to trim with the new saddle stitching. 5c.
1182. **SONDRA.** Fichu décolletage to outline your last year's evening dress and make it look new. 5c.
1183. **SAMMY.** Ruffly choker cape for sub-debs. 5c.
1185. **SALLY.** Plaid taffeta short jacket. 5c.
1186. **SONNY.** Swagger wrap, sleeveless. 5c.

### HOMEMAKING

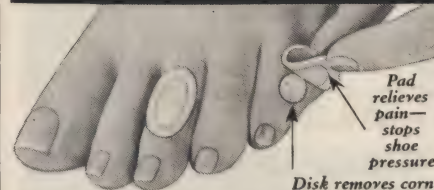
1257. **SMART STYLES IN DRAPERIES.** Choose your style, then make your own. Slip covers too. 15c.
573. **MENU BOOK.** 10c.
584. **RECIPE BOOK.** 10c.
1152. **SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS.** 3c.
1174. **LITTLE CAKES AND COOKIES.** 3c.
1136. **APPETIZING APPETIZERS.** 3c.
1072. **CANNING AND PRESERVING.** 10c.

### ARCHITECTURE

1223. **HOUSE-PLANNING WORKING MATERIAL.** This consists of patterns for making cardboard furniture, and a large ruled sheet to use for the floor. Both are the same scale. 10c.
555. **JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERN CATALOGUE** is 25 cents. Illustrates 75 houses. **JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS** are \$1.00 each. Purchase Catalogue 555. Order by number.
1224. **OUTDOOR FIREPLACE PATTERN.** Complete working plans, by two well-known architects, for construction of two different fireplaces. 10c.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, which can be purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Penna.

## SAFELY END CORNS



Pad relieves pain—stops shoe pressure. Disk removes corn.

### QUICK, SURE RELIEF!

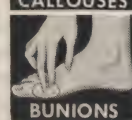
The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain vanishes. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box, your corns or callouses soon lift right out. Just the pad itself on a sore toe, caused by shoe pressure, will stop a corn before it can start! No other method gives you this remarkable triple-action, so don't accept a substitute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are *medically safe*, easy to apply; don't stick to stocking or come off in bath. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Sold everywhere.



SOFT CORNS



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

## GIRLS—



Win these lightning-fast roller skates! Will fit any size shoe, have one-piece straps and 1/4-inch A grade steel balls.

SEND us only two 1-year subscriptions for *Ladies' Home Journal*, sold at \$1 each to persons living outside your own home, and you'll receive these skates! (This Prize Offer good in U. S. and Canada.)

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper, together with your own. Then send with Check or Money Order for full amount to

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
453 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

## At Last A DOG SOAP THAT...

NEW! A 6-Use • Oils medicated dog soap. Stops itching; • Tones Oils dry skin. Promotes hide-health. • Grooms hair-growth. Kills fleas. • Kills Fleas Quick lather cleans, destroys dog odors, gives • Deodorizes "dog show" sheen. At pet and drug stores, 50c. More economical, outlasts 2 ordinary bars. • Cleans

**PULVEX**  
THE NEW DISCOVERY 6-USE DOG SOAP

ALL in one operation



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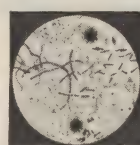
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## ATTENTION! *here comes the "Sanitary Squad"*



IN lightening housework and helping make homes hygienically clean, Clorox performs the service of an energetic "sanitary squad." In every home there are places where germs lurk and thrive, a menace to health. These "danger zones" should be regularly cleansed with a positive disinfectant—Clorox. For Clorox cleanliness is the kind of cleanliness health authorities recommend.



This microscopic view of germs commonly found on mediumly soiled towels, on wash basins and other "danger zones" indicates the imperative need for disinfected cleansing. Clorox is outstanding among those disinfectants which scientists proclaim best suited and safest for household use.




Germ-laden white cottons and linens spread infection. Clorox in the regular laundering process makes them snowy-white, sanitary. Clorox also removes numerous stubborn stains... even scorch and mildew.



Clorox in your regular cleansing disinfests, deodorizes and removes numerous stains from refrigerators, glassware, dishes, dish cloths, drainboards, sinks, garbage receptacles, wash basins, toilet bowls, bathtubs, tile, enamel, linoleum, woodwork, sickroom utensils. A Clorox-Clean home is a safer place to live in!

Familiarize yourself with the Clorox label... it will guide you to easier and safer housekeeping. It also lists many important personal uses. Clorox is made under strictest laboratory control, always uniform in quality, concentrated for economy. There is only one Clorox... order by name.



When it's CLOROX-CLEAN... it's DISINFECTED

# CLOROX

PURE • SAFE • DEPENDABLE

BLEACHES  
DEODORIZES  
DISINFECTS  
REMOVES  
NUMEROUS  
STAINS...  
Even Scorch,  
Mildew



# Suppose your New Baby is *Twins!*



Of course, you'll include Vanta Double-Breasted Vests in your new baby's wardrobe, to give double protection to that little chest and abdomen. If a second small somebody arrives, he'll expect little garments like that, too. Vanta Double-Breasted Vests have no pins—no buttons. They're fastened with Vanta Twistless Tape, so they're adjustable as the twins grow. Priced from \$ .50.



When you tuck the twins in their cribs at night, you can know they'll be warm and safe. Their Vanta Knit Kniekies will protect their hands and feet, even if they kick and stretch and become uncovered. These tiny Kniekies fasten at the bottom and over the hands with cunning bows of Vanta Twistless Tape. They have no pins—no buttons. So they're extraordinarily comfortable. Priced from \$1.00.



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- 1 Vanta are the only layette garments sterilized by hospital equipment and sealed in germ-proof packages.
- 2 Every Vanta Garment is full-sized, cut to the rigid requirements set by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.
- 3 Important features of Vanta Garments are guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.
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- 6 Most garments can be obtained in the exclusive Vanta Silvalining fabric.

## JOURNAL'S END

BY ANN BATCHELDER

### STILETTO IN THE HEART

A BETTER title for a story than Not for Love would be hard to find. That is, for the story I am speaking of. It is the new serial by Alice Duer Miller which begins in this month's JOURNAL.

I may not be the best judge of fiction that ever trod this earth, but my guess is that everyone who reads Not for Love will hang on pretty breathlessly for the parts that are to come. I'm in that condition now.

The story deals with a rich and beautiful young lady who has a broken heart. And with a young Roman prince who is unlucky in love. Of a mother who deals a double blow, boiling deceit down to a heavy and bitter brew. And of what came of a lie. The lie brought about a situation that you must discover and discuss yourselves. As they say, this story is on the "must" list.

### IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN

UP IN the beautiful village which used to be my home, there is an old covered bridge. Just above the Green, and spanning the Ottauquechee River, it has resisted time and the toll of time for well over a hundred years.

Now it is coming down. Still sturdy and stanch, its usefulness far from over, it must go. And all because it crosses the river to a bend in the road on the way to the upper stretches of the town. And on the way to Bridgewater and Plymouth, where Calvin Coolidge lived and where he sleeps forever with his kindred and his kind.

Because of this bend in the road where the bridge stands, it seems that it's unsafe for motors to travel more than forty miles an hour or so. They have to slow down and swing around the crook in the road, and that takes time. It takes as much as three or four seconds right out of a motorist's day. It's a shame. What the motorist would do with those lost seconds if they could be restored, I do not know. Something very valuable, I don't doubt. Perhaps he could get to Mendon Mountain that much sooner. So, in that incomparable spot, he could pass some other car at fifty, or make the grade in high at sixty-five. I do not know.

But now we are to have a nice new shiny bridge, set at an angle that will accommodate and please the tourist. And the old bridge that has stood so long in beauty and serenity is going.

Generations have passed over it on their daily goings and comings. It is as full of romance and associations as of hand-forged nails and hand-hewn timbers. It has looked on at strange lives and familiar village scenes. It has not forgotten, but it has *been* forgotten. The malady that attacks folks and makes them disparage anything old is abroad in that lovely little village. Let us be modern, no matter what it costs in beauty and memories of the past.

The Ottauquechee will still run down through the gulf and eventually, through other rivers, into the sea. Into the river the Brook Kedron will still, like sweet Afton, "flow gently." Those streams have not, as yet, been tinkered with and diverted. But the bridge that was part



of our youth and part of our daily experience shall go. As old people go when the young will have it so. There seems to be an inexplicable lack of respect for what has grown honorably old in this world. And that beauty should fail to stem this tide is, to my mind, a sure sign of trouble ahead. For it is, oh, so easy to destroy. But who is there competent to restore? Or even to dream of restoration—until it is too late! So it is with the old covered bridge. Once gone, it can't happen again.

### COMPLINE

HERE in this garden all her needs  
And all desires are satisfied;  
Now that another day has died,  
With downcast eyes she tells her beads.

The convent walls are not to her  
A way of censuring the sun,  
The pale leaf shadows subtly spun  
Make the poor world seem kindlier.

And now three times a silver bell  
Calls to the dreaming penitent.  
Beauty went in the way she went,  
That was this garden's sentinel.

### NOW YOU KNOW

I HOPE you were properly dumfounded when at last you discovered who the guilty party was in the Eberhart mystery story, The Pattern. It seems to me that this writer is at the top of the heap when it comes to hair curling and spine chilling. As to suspense—she practically coined the word!

### REFORM IN SUMMER

I LIKE the sandy seashore  
With its backless bathing suits,  
Its sunny little babies  
Sliding down the shiny chutes:  
I love to see the waters  
Come pounding on the shore,  
Ducking sundry sons and daughters,  
Then immersing them some more.  
But the things that I could cherish  
When beside the seven seas,  
As I lie and peel and perish—  
Are some old sea-maple trees!

### TEARS ON THE CHEEK

THAT is where they'll be when you come to the end of Blue Ribbon. A lump in the throat maybe, but the heart will beat a little higher for knowing that somewhere in this hard old world are love, strength and loyalties. And people who find them worth writing about.

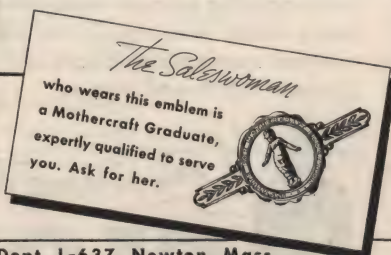
### BEEHIVES AND BASILS

THERE are beehives in my herb garden. Not the square old boxes set on stilts that one sees in the beekeepers' back yards. But beautiful dome-shaped straw hives, the kind you find in old English gardens. Hugging the ground beside gray mossy walls.

I have no bees to keep. Only transients visit the great basilis and hover humming above the hospitable hives. Maybe a stray swarm will be in residence before the summer goes. In the meantime this would-be beekeeper is advertising for a bee!

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# TABLE AND Contents NOTED



IT all came about one soft spring Saturday afternoon when we were invited out to the country to play badminton. But it was much too windy. The apple orchards, all in white, dipped and swayed like Degas dancers. We played baseball instead, the crowd of us, out in the pasture and afterwards trooped back to the wide screened porch for beans.

That supper lingers in my memory. The smell, the look and the taste of it.

There on the red-checked tablecloth was the portly, full-bosomed, red-brown crock just out of the oven, lusciously crusted—bubbling like mad. It was filled to the brim with brown beans glistening in a rich molasses sauce.

You can imagine the roar of approval that greeted those beans as they were lifted out of the crock with a cherished old, bone-handled ladle. Nobody would have dreamed (except she told us) that our hostess had dashed in to fill the old stone crock with beans from shiny Heinz 57-labeled tins, just half an hour before.

These beans baked by Heinz were real New England beans, seasoned with mustard and molasses. Beans redolent of ritual and tradition—"all-night soaking of a Friday night and long, slow, thorough baking all day Saturday." Even the pork was right—authentic salt pork like we used to cut off a brine-crusted slab. It showed streaks of fat which you need for richness, and streaks of ruddy lean for savor.

These beans were voted entirely worthy of the comely and capacious crock which must have presided at fully five thousand Saturday night bean-feasts, for it was

turned on a potter's wheel about a hundred years ago!

Time after time we filled those delft-blue plates with beans and plunged our fingers into the old-fashioned yellow mixing bowl landscaped with relishes. This was an idea borrowed from a famous New York eating place where the centerpiece at every table is a deep bowl, filled with fine-cracked ice, on which are arranged Heinz ripe mission olives (royal little morsels), Heinz plain and stuffed queen olives brought from Spain, Heinz sweet green gherkins (they make your mouth water just to look at them) and fronds of celery rising like a fountain from the ice.

Brown bread! Of course you must have brown bread with baked beans. Ours was served on an old Connecticut "slip-ware" dish decorated with a yellow scroll (which you can barely see in the picture) and the quaint inscription *Mary's Dish*, which is hidden here by brown bread sandwiches.

To make these sandwiches, the bread was sliced very

thin with a knife dipped in hot water. Some were filled with cream cheese and chopped chives from the herb garden. Others, spread thick with sweet, new butter livened with just a touch of Heinz evaporated horse-radish prepared according to directions on the bottle.

As the quiet dusk settled over the gracious old farmhouse and the far hills beyond, we felt as if we might have stepped back in time a hundred years except that we didn't eat with our knives—those broad-bladed antique Philadelphia knives, as trenchermen of olden times might (quite properly) have done. And except for the most important fact that our feast of beans had been prepared (beans washed in many waters, sorted, soaked thoroughly, baked, expertly sauced and sealed in tins, all ready to heat and eat) in great modern kitchens at the House of Heinz.

Why don't you invite the crowd over for baseball and beans—or badminton and beans—some fine week-end soon? Spread the table with a gingham cloth, a plain monk's cloth fringed out at the ends, or quaintly patterned dress calico, bound with bright bias tape.

The main dish is simplicity itself. All you do is empty into a bean pot several tins of Heinz oven-baked beans, Boston-style. If you haven't an old bean-crock you can get some very fine modern reproductions. They're most inexpensive. Put the crockful of beans in a moderate oven till the rich juices bubble up and the top beans are crisped and brown. But let me caution you! Always be sure to get Heinz beans, for they are really oven-baked through and through.

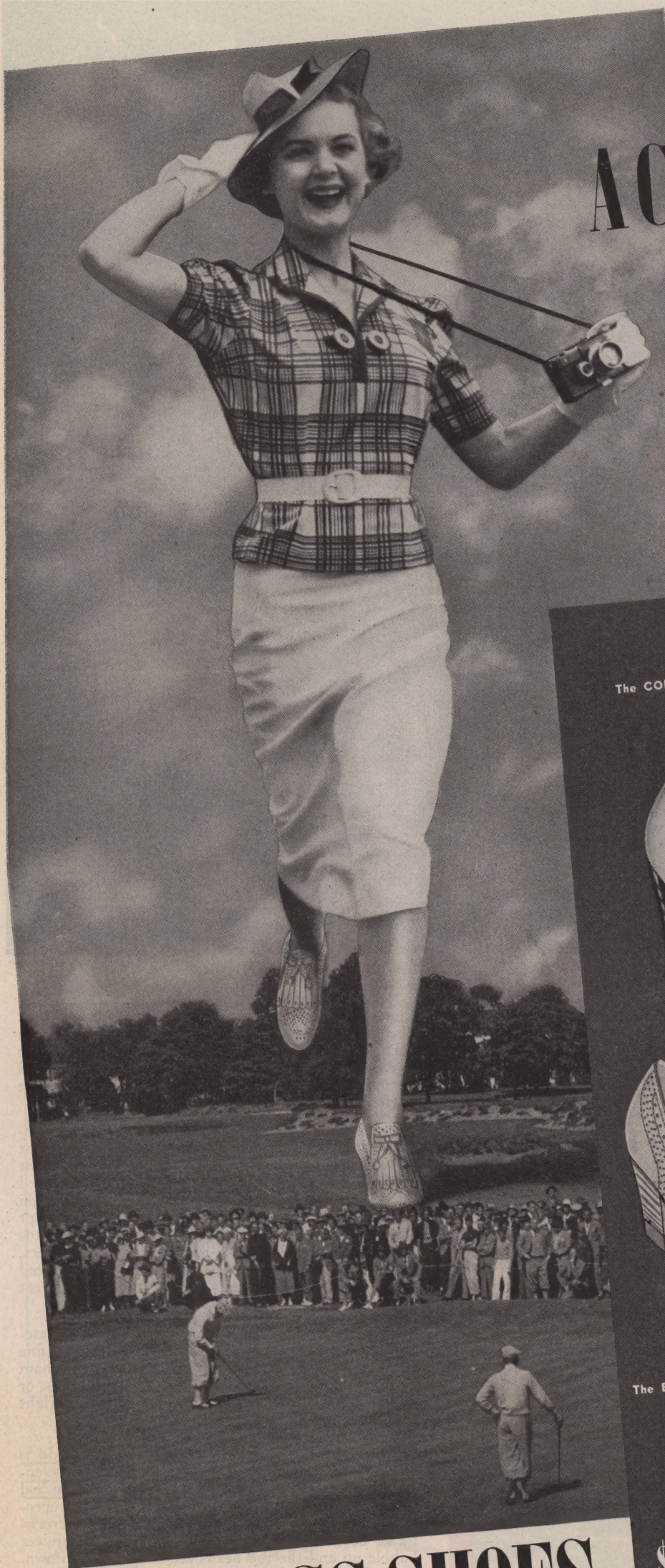
Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air*. Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E. D. S. T.; 10 E. S. T.; 9 C. S. T.; 12 Noon M. T.; 11 P. T.—Columbia Network.

## A KITCHEN NOTE

HEINZ makes four delicious kinds of beans, all oven-baked (1) with pork and tomato sauce, (2) in tomato sauce without pork (vegetarian), (3) with molasses sauce and pork, Boston-style, and (4) red kidney beans.





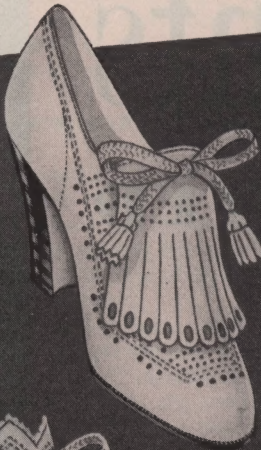


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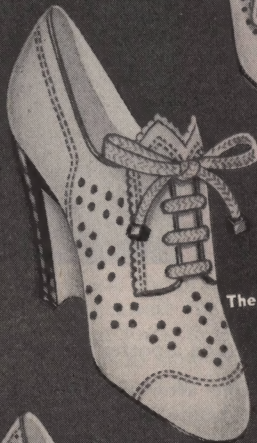
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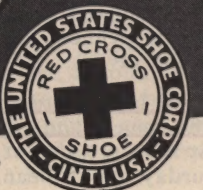


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FAMILY  
OF INDIANA**



Herman E. Phillips and family live in Indianapolis, Ind. They know all the secrets of keeping fit—fresh air, exercise, hobbies, the right foods. Crisp, golden-

brown Shredded Wheat is their star energy producer at breakfast. They know it helps supply the vital food essentials they need for active days.



## RECORD-SETTING OLYMPIC STAR

Energetic Herman Phillips is Butler University's crack track coach. Has organized Butler relays. Is well known for his Olympic and intercollegiate records. Says he: "Every athlete knows the importance of proper foods. Shredded Wheat is my pick for breakfast—because it helps build energy and stamina—aids in maintaining top condition."



## SCORE FOR FLAVOR

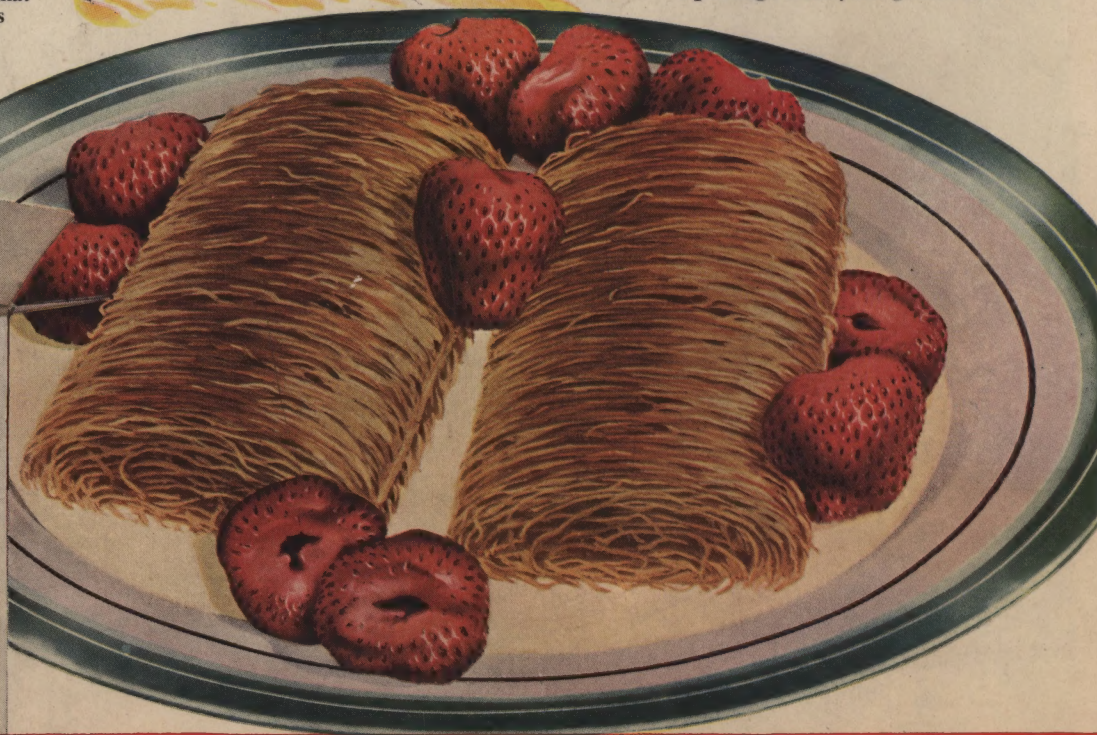
Mrs. Phillips takes her fresh air and exercise on the golf course. She's an excellent homemaker and knows her foods. Says she: "I know Shredded Wheat starts the day off right for my family—it supplies the vital food essentials everyone needs for active, alert days. And how they love that flavor—grand with fresh fruits or berries, too!" Try it yourself tomorrow morning!



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